Photo *Battell, Brooklyn.*

When Doris gazes at a peach
That's growing far beyond her reach,
Sad thoughts, unuttered, slowly chase
The sunny laughter from her face.
But oh! to win her grateful smile
With just one peach were well wortn while.

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Pho.o

Fyre & Spotiswoode.

GRANDMA'S XMAS VISITORS.

From the Picture in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.

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FROM THE STALLS

Photos *Campbell-Gray.*

ALICE NORTON.

Who Makes Rubies to Order.

Recently there appeared at the London Hippodrome a young lady who is, so to speak, a mine in herself—not a gold mine, but a mine of rubies and sapphires.

Her proceedings are still a great mystery.

She places some ordinary London clay in a crucible together with a secret powder. The crucible is heated to a great heat and, lo and behold! a quartz-like substance is evolved—the genuine article, so the experts declare.

At any rate, some very convincing little sapphires and rubies speedily make their appearance, and are duly distributed among a grateful audience.

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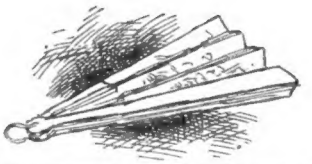

BILLIE BURKE.

England's Darling,
America's Pride.

Born in Washington in 1886, Miss Billie Burke made her name at the Lyric Theatre, London, England, in "The Blue Moon," when not quite nineteen.

She has been fined £10 for motoring beyond the speed limit on the Brighton road, has had more proposals than she can remember, and signed thousands of picture postcards.

Boys in the States have left their colleges to become extra chorus men in the same company with her. Her photograph, stained with blood, found on the body of a young officer, unknown to her, killed in the Tibet Expedition, was sent her by another officer, also unknown.

"If," wrote one admirer, asking her to be his bride, "you didn't like me after a week or two, you could always go back to your mother, and I'd allow you 400 dollars (£80) a week!"

And yet she is only twenty-one!

Photo, Campbell-Gray

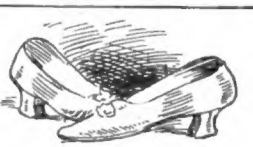

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

GABRIELLE RAY.

London's Daintiest Dancer.

No one could be more charming to the interviewer—once he has obtained his interview—or easier to interview than Miss Gabrielle Ray. Though hating them as a race—so she says—she treats them with the greatest gentleness when they are inevitable.

Fond of riding—"I'm just mad on it!"—she is even more attached to dancing. "I've got a big Gramophone at home," she says, "and when I'm alone I turn on the music—make it play any old thing, it doesn't matter what—and dance all to myself."

Miss Ray is *petite* and slight, and bubbling over with good spirits. She never walks—she always dances along, even in private life.

It was suggested that musical comedy audiences were chiefly ladies who came to see the frocks.

"Oh!" said Miss Ray plaintively, "don't you think just a *few* men like to come and see the pretty girls and the dancing?"

It may be so—who knows?

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Photo *Foulsham and Banfield.*

LILY ELSIE.

Who Has Recently Come into Her Kingdom.

There is a class of friend who always knows more about your business than you know yourself, and a few representatives of this class were very busy at the ear of Mr. George Edwardes at the time of the production of "The Merry Widow."

They thought his selection of Miss Lily Elsie as leading lady a "great mistake." She was so young, so comparatively unknown—surely there were "heaps about" more suitable than she.

However, "The Guv'nor," as usual, got his way, and a very short time sufficed to put the pessimists in the wrong. The famous German waltz, as danced by Miss Elsie, has proved the biggest attraction in London.

Her numerous fascinations have captivated all comers from Dukes' sons to humble galleryites.

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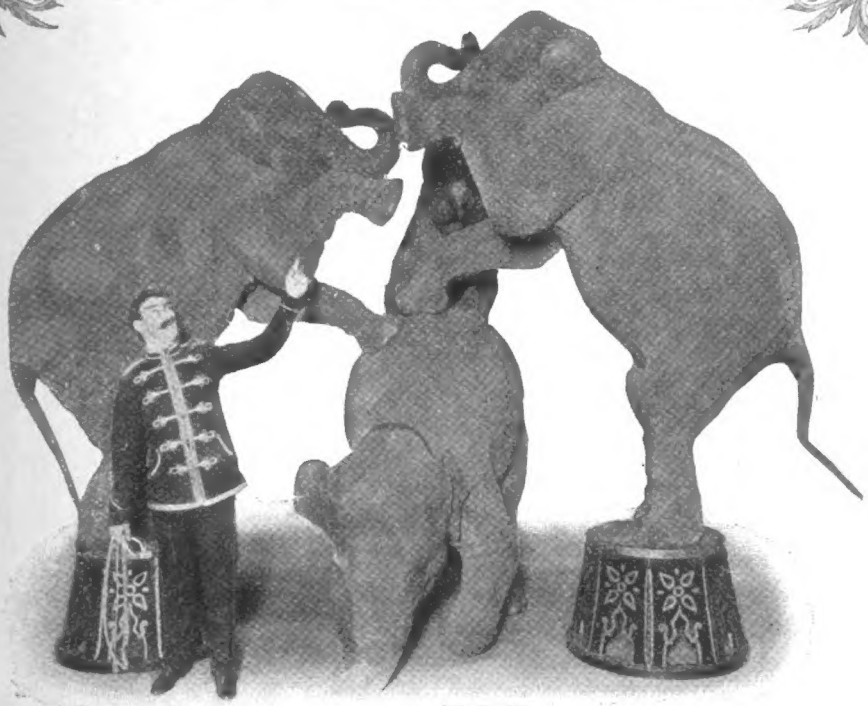

Photos Campbell-Gray

LOCKHART'S ELEPHANTS.

A Wonderful Troupe of Performing Animals.

For anyone who has once seen them there is only one troupe of elephants in the world—Lockhart's. There may be other elephants, but these are, well, just elephants—not Lockhart's.

Capt. Taylor, their trainer, had a joke not long ago.

The elephants were appearing at a South London hall during the variety artistes' strike. Every artiste was greeted with cries of "blackleg." When the elephants' heads appeared on the stage loud cries of "blacklegs" were raised, but the "strikers" themselves had to roar with laughter, for the elephants' legs had been white-washed!

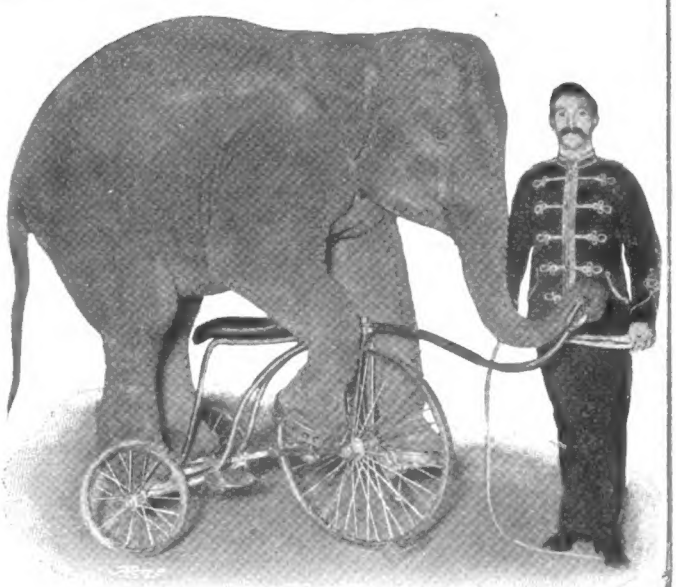

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Photo *Dover Street Studios.*

KITTY MELROSE.

But for an accident on the flying trapeze when a girl in her early teens, Miss Kitty Melrose might be appearing to-day as a lady Blondin instead of as a Comedy actress.

She and Mr. Seymour Hicks were performing together one night when Mr. Hicks' voice suddenly disappeared, and Miss Melrose took up the strain and sang his song.

On another occasion her shoe came off and shot into the midst of the audience. She finished her dance as best she could minus the shoe.

"I am awfully lucky at cards," says Miss Melrose, "especially at Bridge. I nearly always win." She also loves going to races; she nearly always wins there, too.

She likes dabbling in the water, but not in poetry. She despises poets. Does this account for the lack of them?

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Photos *Photo Publishing Co.*

HARRY LAUDER.

The King of the "Ha'ls."

When Harry Lauder steps on to the stage the audience is at once arrested by his wonderful smile. It is so canny, so confidential, and withal the essence of everything that is cheery, kind, and humorous.

He commenced life as a half-timer in a flax mill at 2s. a week, and when he grew up worked in a coal mine in Scotland.

The instinct of a pit pony—"wee Captain"—saved his life. The pony refused to go forward, and at that moment part of the mine caved in.

"The tears came into my eyes," says Mr. Lauder. "I threw my arms round 'wee Captain's' neck, and kissed and cuddled him again and again."

Mr. Lauder is an author as well as an actor, and has recently published a book of his experiences.

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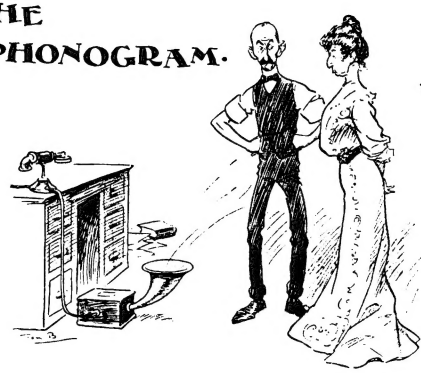
THE TELEPHONOGRAM.



BY C. LANGTON CLARKE.

The Story of an Invention and its Dreadful Work.

"Such ridiculous extravagance!" said Mrs. Scales, wrinkling her nose at a small rosewood box which Mr. Scales had just unwrapped after a hurried and imperfect description of its contents. "Telephonogram, indeed! Really, George, you are the easiest man to fool I ever saw. What on earth do we want with a telephonogram? Such a name!"

"But you don't understand—" began Mr. Scales.

"I understand this much," replied the wife. "I was looking at a costume at Gunther and Walkley's this morning. Direct from Paris—one of the loveliest things you ever saw. Did I buy it?"

"I'm sure I hope not," said Mr. Scales fervently.

"No, I didn't!" replied Mrs. Scales tartly. "I denied myself. And here you go and throw away ten pounds on an absurd plaything! I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you had bought another one for your office."

Mr. Scales hesitatingly admitted that he had done so.

Mrs. Scales threw out her hands with a despairing gesture.

"Twenty pounds!" she cried. "Only two pounds nineteen shillings and elevenpence less than I could have bought that dress for—I believe they would have let me have it for less. I suppose for the next week you'll be like a baby with a new toy!"

"But this isn't a toy," expostulated Mr. Scales warmly. "It's one of the greatest scientific inventions of the day."

"So was the patent dish-washer you brought home," said Mrs. Scales scathingly, "and we had to buy a new dinner set."

"This is something altogether different," the husband answered, greatly exasperated by this reference to a bygone domestic tragedy. "You weren't listening when I explained it—thinking about that dress I suppose. Now, if you can spare me two minutes of undivided attention I will explain it again."

Mrs. Scales heaved a patient sigh, and, with an air of boredom which greatly irritated her husband, composed herself to listen.

"Now," began Mr. Scales, with the air of a lecturer, and holding up what looked like a length of fancy cord, "you see this wire?"

"No, I don't!" replied Mrs. Scales.

"Don't see it?" vociferated Mr. Scales indignantly. "What's the matter with you? Are you blind?"

"No," returned Mrs. Scales calmly; "but I don't see any *wire*, I see a piece of string."

"String?" echoed the husband scornfully. "This is wire—insulated wire. Now, please attend. I insert this end of the wire in this little clamp at the side of the box. The other end, which, as you see, is divided into two strands, is attachable to the wires inside the telephone just behind the diaphragm. I wind up the machinery in the box by this

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little key at the side, and the instrument is ready——"

"Ready for what?" asked Mrs. Scales, with aggravating flippancy. "For you to play with?"

"Ready," said Mr. Scales in the most impressive manner, "to record every conversation which passes over the wire."

"Stuff!" said Mrs. Scales. "I suppose the man who sold it to you told you that rubbish."

"Will you please listen?" interrupted Mr. Scales explosively, "and I will tell you how it is done. Inside this little box is a long, thin ribbon which coils from one cylinder on to another. The sound-vibrations in the telephone are transmitted along this wire to a sapphire point, which makes minute indentations on the composition. These same vibrations set the clockwork in operation, so that the machine acts automatically. All you have to do is to reverse the motion of the cylinders, then attach this little horn, the same as in a phonograph, and you will hear the conversation correctly repeated. Now what have you got to say?"

"Nothing," responded Mrs. Scales, "except that when you've done with it I should like to have that little box to keep my few bits of jewellery in. It's really rather pretty."

Mr. Scales literally ground his teeth.

"What's the use of trying to explain anything to a woman?" he asked despairingly. "Look here—will you believe it if you hear it?"

"Certainly," agreed the wife. "Although you shouldn't believe everything you hear. If you can make that ridiculous thing talk I'll take it all back."

Mr. Scales, without more ado, divested himself of his coat, and having hunted up a small screwdriver, set to work on his desk telephone. He experienced considerable difficulty in removing portions of it, and his task was rendered the more trying by the pessimistic cautions volunteered by his wife, who sat watching him with an aggravating smile.

"There!" he said at last, "it's ready. Now I will go out of the room. You ring up anyone you like, and when I come back you shall hear over again exactly what you have said and the replies."

He proceeded to his bedroom, where he ensconced himself with an air of anticipatory triumph, and waited patiently for the summons.

When it came he found his wife seated at some distance from the machine, and wearing a slightly anxious air, which he attributed altogether to her interest in the experiment.

"Now," he said, "the laugh is going to be on my side."

"I am sure I hope so, George," replied Mrs. Scales piously.

Without any further waste of words Mr. Scales made the necessary adjustments to the machine, attached the horn, and, falling back a pace, smilingly watched his wife's face.

There was a faint whirr-r-r, and then Mrs. Scales' voice—or, rather, a grotesque imitation of her voice—was heard issuing from the horn. The following dialogue ensued:

"Is that Gunther & Walkley's?" demanded Mrs. Scales' voice.

"Yes, madam," replied an indistinct baritone.

"Will you please." said Mrs. Scales' voice, "tell Miss Pierce, in the dressmaking department, that Mrs. Scales—S-c-a-l-e-s—of William Street—yes, she'll understand—will take the Paris costume she was trying on this morning—the heliotrope one? Ask her to have it sent up this afternoon, and charged to Mr. Scales' account."

"Certainly, madam; thank you, madam," said the baritone, and the conversation ended.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Scales, after a somewhat painful silence. "I never heard anything like it."

"Neither did I," said Mr. Scales, meaningly.

The smile had faded from his countenance at the first few words of the dialogue, and he was regarding his wife with wrathful reproach.

"Well?" said Mrs. Scales defiantly. "Why are you staring at me like that? It's your own fault. You told me to say anything I liked, and I couldn't think of anything I liked to say more than that."

Mr. Scales maintained an offended silence, and his wife continued hurriedly:

"You were quite right, George. It's a wonderful thing, though I hope to goodness my voice doesn't sound like that. It just shows how much more men know about this sort of thing than women. I would never have believed it. Miss Grassam is always running in and asking to use your 'phone, and now I shall be able to hear everything she says. She was calling up some man the other day, and asked me if I would mind going out of the room. She might have known I wouldn't have listened — such cheek!"

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Mr. Scales emitted a grunt of disapproval.

"And there's Mr. Butterworth," continued Mrs. Scales, so enchanted with the prospect that she failed to notice this sign of dissent, "I'm sure he's in love with someone, though he's so sly about it. Sarah Wilkins told me the other day that he's always telephoning to some woman—Sarah thinks she's married, but I don't believe it. A girl who lodges in the same house as he does told her. Next time he comes we'll leave him alone here for half-an-hour. I shouldn't wonder if we could find out all about it."

"You won't do anything of the kind," said Mr. Scales indignantly. "Do you suppose I bought this for the purpose of spying on our friends and neighbours?"

"It wouldn't be *spying*," returned Mrs. Scales plaintively. "I didn't think you would accuse me of such a thing, George. If people come in and use our 'phone, and we happen to have a what-do-you-call-it attached to it, it isn't our fault, is it? Besides, there's an old proverb that all's fair in love and war, and I'm absolutely positive that Mr. Butterworth is in love."

Mr. Scales, realising the hopelessness of attempting to combat these sophistries, sternly forbade his wife to put the telephonogram to such base uses.

"Very well, George," said Mrs. Scales resignedly. "If you say so, of course, I've got to obey. And I suppose if I forget to disconnect the thing some time you'll accuse me of being a spy."

Mr. Scales' rejoinder, as he left the room in dudgeon, was indistinct; but Mrs. Scales, as her gaze fell again on the telephonogram, smiled pleasantly, as though anticipating future entertainment.

* * * * *

On his return to his office Mr. Scales found that the telephonogram which he had installed there had been keeping a faithful record, and he listened with mingled emotions to a conversation between his office boy and a young friend, in the course of which they arranged for the decease, next day, of two immediate relatives.

He also incidentally heard himself referred to as "Old Scaly Codfish," a sobriquet which outraged vanity assured him bore uncomplimentary reference to his unusually protuberant eyeballs.

His indignation was somewhat allayed by the alarm and confusion exhibited by the culprit when the conversation was repeated in his presence, and by an abject penitence, which postponed dismissal to that indefinite period known as "the next time."

Mr. Butterworth, who happened to drop in a little later, was greatly entertained by this incident, and insisted on having the dialogue repeated for his benefit. He commented with ill-judged admiration on the ingenuity in deception displayed by the young, and the nickname bestowed on Mr. Scales afforded him, in the opinion of that gentleman, an altogether disproportionate amount of amusement.

"Wonderful how kids manage to hit off the physical peculiarities of their elders, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Very," assented Mr. Scales drily. "From scraps of conversation which I have overheard, I have reason to believe that Tim invariably alludes to you as 'Fatty.'"

"Confound him," snapped Mr. Butterworth, who was morbidly sensitive on the subject of his rapidly increasing *embonpoint*. "I needn't ask whether you have sacked him."

"No," replied Mr. Scales. "The fact is, I forgave him. I don't want to lose him; he's a sharp boy."

"Sharp?" echoed Mr. Butterworth heatedly. "He's a good deal too sharp to suit me; I wouldn't keep him a minute."

"You seemed rather to admire his ingenuity just now," suggested the other, grinning, "and his way of hitting off physical peculiarities."

"He'll play you some trick, mark my words," insisted Mr. Butterworth, flushing.

"Not he," replied Mr. Scales airily; "I keep a good watch on him. I've got a pair of eyes, I suppose?"

Mr. Butterworth coughed with disagreeable emphasis.

"He seems to have noticed them, anyway," he said.

"And I'm quite capable of running my office without the advice of outsiders!" Mr. Scales continued, raising his voice and completing the readjustment of the telephonogram with an angry jerk. "Fatty! Ha—ha!"

Mr. Butterworth's angry rejoinder was interrupted by a sharp ring of the telephone bell, and Mr. Scales, checking his somewhat forced merriment, picked up the receiver.

"Hullo!" he cried. "Is that you, Minnie? Well, what is it? Go ahead—I'm rather busy."

The flush of wrath gradually faded from Mr. Butterworth's countenance, and gave way to a look of amused satisfaction as he noted the harassed expression of his friend.

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"Two yards of green velveteen?" repeated Mr. Scales, after listening impatiently for some seconds. "Well, why don't you ring them up and tell them yourself? . . . Aren't on the 'phone? Well, they ought to be. How do people expect to get along? I sometimes wish I weren't on myself. Ring up some other place. . . . Couldn't match it? . . . I'm really too busy. It'll take me nearly an hour to go there and back, and you know how I hate that sort of thing. . . . Must have it this evening? Why don't you put on your things and go yourself? . . . Headache? You seemed all right when I left. . . . Yes, I know. Of course, I'm very sorry. Hope it will be better soon; but it's very awkward. . . . Who's here? Butterworth. . . . No, I can't very well ask him to go. . . . I'm afraid he wouldn't see it in that light. . . . *All* right; I'll try to get it for you."

Mr. Scales wearily hung up the receiver and turned to his friend.

"What do you think of that?" he asked plaintively. "Here's my wife wants me to drop my work, and go trapesing up to some dressmaker in Bond Street."

"Good-looking?" queried Mr. Butterworth.

"How the deuce do I know?" returned Mr. Scales testily.

"Well, I'll take the chance," said Mr. Butterworth magnanimously. "I'll go for you. I need a little fresh air and exercise. I can get a 'bus right to the door. What are you smiling at?"

"Nothing," replied Mr. Scales hastily. "At least, something happened to cross my mind. Nothing that would interest you. It's uncommonly decent of you."

"Not at all," said Mr. Butterworth heartily. "It'll do me good. What is it I have to get?"

Mr Scales, scratching his head, looked hard at the floor, and then blankly at his friend.

"Hanged if I remember exactly," he replied. "Two yards of some kind of green velvet."

"Olive green," said Mr. Butterworth confidently.

"N-no," dissented Mr. Scales. "Not olive—at least, I don't think so. Why on earth can't women be more precise? Now, I suppose I shall have to ring up my wife again and waste another ten minutes."

Mr. Butterworth, with a superior smile, pointed to the telephonogram.

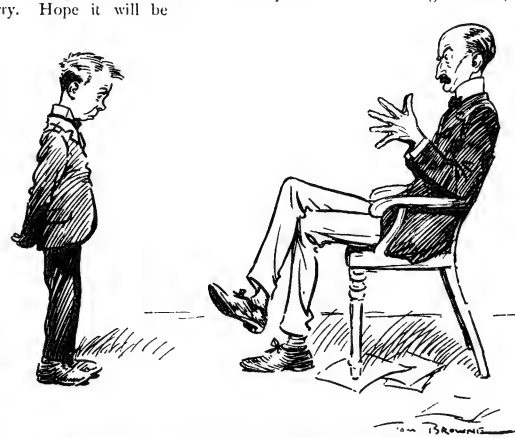
"What's the matter with turning on the talking-machine?" he asked.

"Bless my soul! I never thought of that," said the other, as he hastily adjusted the instrument. "There—what did I tell you?" as Mrs. Scales' voice issued quaveringly. "I knew it wasn't olive green."

"Well, you didn't know what it was," retorted Mr. Butterworth, "and you said velvet."

"Nothing of the kind," expostulated Mr. Scales warmly. "You must be getting deaf."

Mr. Butterworth was about to repel this charge with indignation, when he checked himself and held up his hand as he caught the sound of his own name issuing from the machine which had hitherto been grinding out the conversation unheeded.



His indignation was somewhat allayed by the alarm and confusion exhibited by the culprit.

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"Mr. Butterworth?" said Mrs. Scales' voice with great distinctness. "Make him go. He's getting so abominably fat and lazy that I have no patience with him. If he would take a little more exercise, instead of going about all the time in cabs and 'buses, it would do him a lot of good. He's getting to look like a regular hippopotamus."

"I don't see anything to get so angry about," Mr. Scales said, half apologetically, as Mr. Butterworth picked up his hat with an air of offended dignity. "You weren't intended to hear a private conversation. You ought to have reminded me to stop the machine at once. And, anyway, I don't see that there is any disgrace in being fat."

"And I don't know," retorted Mr. Butterworth, with concentrated essence of iceberg in his voice, "that there is anything disgraceful in the resemblance which your office boy seems to have discovered, but I notice that you don't seem to care so much for having it forced on your attention. You can go to that dressmaker yourself."

He stalked from the office with as much majesty as his rotund figure permitted, and Mr. Scales, having bestowed a few hearty curses on the telephonogram and several additional ones on the hypersensitiveness of some people, followed him a few minutes later.

His visit to the dressmaking establishment did not improve his temper. He was obliged to wait nearly a quarter of an hour while the proprietor conferred with two exacting patrons, and from the glances which they occasionally threw in his direction it was evident that they regarded him as an intruder.

He was finally able to explain his mission, and while the assistant was cutting off the desired material he ventured to suggest that a telephone was a necessary adjunct to a properly-conducted business establishment.

The dressmaker—a thin-featured, cold-eyed woman of fifty—received the implied censure with marked coldness.

"I haven't found the need of one," she said icily.

"Perhaps not," Mr. Scales insisted, with more warmth than he was aware of, "but your customers have. Take this case, for instance. Here I have lost a whole hour of valuable time. When people pay you good money you ought to study their convenience."

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir," replied the dressmaker with suspicious humility. "I didn't understand you'd come to pay Mrs. Scales' bill. I was afraid she had forgotten it. I have sent it in three times."

Mr. Scales was so taken aback by this wilful misinterpretation of his remark that at first he could only stare helplessly.

"I—I haven't got the bill with me," he faltered at last. "I'm sorry."

"It's no trouble," said the dressmaker cheerfully, as she dived into a desk and produced a small ledger.

Without giving her visitor time for more words, she seated herself at the desk, and with a rapidity which Mr. Scales had never seen equalled except on the stage, dashed off the bill and presented it to him.

"Ten pounds seven and twopence," she said pleasantly. "Call it ten pounds. It's always a pleasure to me to deal with gentlemen, they are so prompt."

Fairly trapped, Mr. Scales, putting as good a face on the matter as his perturbed feelings would permit, paid the account, and, with his parcel under his arm, made his escape as quickly as possible from a place which he felt was beset with pitfalls.

On his return to his office he found Mr. Butterworth, whose wrath, like that of many fat, easy-going men, was of a very volatile quality, and who had called in to make up the quarrel.

To him Mr. Scales, after some hesitation, recounted his experience, and their friendship came perilously near to another breach owing to Mr. Butterworth's lack of control over his risible muscles.

"She's a mighty smart woman that," was his comment. "Knows how to grasp an opportunity."

"She wouldn't have had the opportunity if you hadn't been so infernally sensitive," retorted Mr. Scales resentfully. "I've a good mind to smash that confounded machine. It's most inconvenient. I wanted that money for something else."

"To buy another telephonogram for the house?" queried the other, grinning.

"I've got one," groaned Mr. Scales, "and Heaven knows what trouble it will get me into."

He firmly refused to gratify the almost indecent curiosity which his friend exhibited, and finally compromised on an invitation to dinner, which the latter accepted with avidity.

"I'll get it out of Mrs. Scales," he said confidently. "She owes me something for those personal remarks. It's most unfair on your part to awaken an appetite which you don't intend to gratify."

* * * * *

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"Paid Mrs. Milliken's bill!" cried Mrs. Scales, as her husband, having left Mr. Butterworth in the study, was washing his hands for dinner. "What on earth did you do that for?"

Mr. Scales briefly recounted the circumstances.

"I couldn't get out of it," he said with some resentment. "I had no idea you owed her as much as that."

"Neither had I," replied his wife scrutinising the bill, "but it seems all right. Funny how things run up. It's a good thing, however," she added cheerfully, "because I really did hate to go there owing her money."

"I suppose that is why you sent me," said Mr. Scales crossly.

"Partly," assented Mrs. Scales; "but I really did have a headache, although you were so nasty about it. However, all's well that ends well."

Mr. Scales ventured to suggest that the appositeness of certain time-worn proverbs depends altogether on a correct application, but his wife paid no attention to him, and left him to mutter gloomily over his toilet.

During dinner Mr. Butterworth brought up the subject of the telephonogram, and found no difficulty in extracting from Mrs. Scales the full details of the initial experiment. Mr. Scales, on whom good food and drink always had a soothing influence, joined, though less heartily, in the laugh which followed the recital.

"Oh, by the way, George," Mrs. Scales said suddenly, "Miss Grassam was in again this afternoon. She came in just after I went out You needn't look like that; it was before my head got bad. I think she must have been watching, because I had hardly turned the corner when she arrived. She asked Mary if she might use the 'phone."

"Well," said Mr. Scales. "What of it?"

"Of course," replied the wife, "as I hadn't the least idea she was coming, I couldn't disconnect the what-do-you-call-it."

"And I suppose," said the husband grimly, "as soon as you learnt she had been here you immediately started off the machine to hear what she had been talking about."

"I didn't!" protested Mrs. Scales indignantly. "I wouldn't do such a thing. Besides, you didn't show me how it works."

"I suppose that last is reason enough," Mr. Scales retorted with a disagreeable laugh.

Both turned simultaneously to their guest, and were astounded by the expression of his countenance, on which annoyance was struggling with a sheepish self-consciousness. His cheeks, ordinarily pale, were suffused with a brilliant carmine.

"What's the matter?" asked husband and wife in one breath.

"Nothing," replied Mr. Butterworth, meeting their concentrated gaze with a defiant look. "Only, I don't think that is a very nice thing to have in a private house."

"You didn't seem to hold that opinion just now," said Mr. Scales, looking puzzled. "Why, you've just been laughing over it."

A sudden light broke on Mrs. Scales' more acute perceptions.

"Oh! oh! oh!" she cried, clapping her hands in delight. "I know—Miss Grassam was telephoning to Mr. Butterworth. *Now* I know why she sent me out of the room the other day."

Mr. Butterworth's confusion admitted of no concealment.

"I wish," he said angrily, "that I could have ten minutes with the man who invented that machine. Anything more atrocious than to have a private conversation with a lady—oh, well, I suppose it's got to come out now—with *the* lady a man is engaged to recorded for the entertainment of outsiders I can't conceive!"

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Scales warmly, and extending his hand, "we're not outsiders. Let me congratulate you most heartily. I always said you would shine as a married man. I knew you would come to it some day. And as for the conversation——"

"We can hear it after dinner," Mrs. Scales interrupted with a malicious laugh. "Won't it be fun?"

"And as for that conversation," repeated Mr. Scales, raising his voice and frowning severely on his wife's levity, "that is easily arranged. We will leave you alone with the instrument after dinner, and you can obliterate it. There's a cutter for that purpose."

Mr. Butterworth having been pacified by this arrangement, and the assurance that the premature disclosure of his engagement should be regarded as strictly confidential, waxed eloquent, and expatiated on the attractions and mental excellences of his fiancée to an extent which somewhat palled upon his hearers.

Dinner over, the meal being unduly protracted owing to the guest's discursiveness, Mr. Butterworth was provided with a chisel-shaped instrument, and after receiving full

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instructions how to remove the record, was left alone with the telephonogram.

When Mr. and Mrs. Scales returned to the study in response to his summons, they were surprised to find him regarding the machine with an expression of alarm.

"What's wrong?" demanded Mr. Scales. "Couldn't you get it off?"

"Certainly," replied the other. "That's all right, but—but there's another conversation here which I think you ought to hear."

"Another?" cried Mrs. Scales. "Impossible. No one but Miss Grassam was in, and I haven't used the telephone except when I rang up Mr. Scales."

"Someone," persisted Mr. Butterworth impressively, "has been using it to no good purpose. If I'm not mistaken, it was your own servant. I don't suppose you want to be robbed?"

"Robbed?" echoed the startled wife, while Mr. Scales, after some fumbling due to agitation, managed to start the instrument going.

"That's Mary's voice all right," said Mrs. Scales decisively. "I wonder who Joe is. Did you ever hear such ridiculous expressions. And Joe is just as bad. I shall have to speak to Mary about this. Oh!"

Mrs. Scales' horrified exclamation was due to a sudden turn in the conversation.

"Be in the back lane at nine sharp," said Mary's voice. "And I'll slip out and hand you—you know what—through the gate. They'll be safe upstairs, and they won't never know."

"What sort have you this time?" said a husky voice.

"Silver," replied Mary. "The very best. Now don't forget—nine o'clock sharp."

A few endearing epithets on both sides concluded the dialogue.

A breathless silence followed. Mrs. Scales, who had dropped into a convenient chair, was the first to break it.

"To think," she said, in a hollow voice, "of one's own servant, that one trusted so implicitly, being in league with thieves! It's simply awful. What's to be done?"

Mr. Scales, with a harassed look, took out his watch.

"It's a quarter to nine now," he said. "No time to fetch the police. What's to be done?" he added, echoing his wife's query.

Both looked to Mr. Butterworth for advice, but he shook his head gloomily.

"It's pretty sudden," he said.

"We know that, thank you," responded Mr. Scales tartly. "The question is, what are we to do?"

"There's only one thing to be done that I can see," said Mrs. Scales in decisive tones. "I'm not going to sit here and see our silver stolen under our very noses. You'll have to catch her in the act."

"Give her something to do upstairs that will keep her busy for an hour or two," suggested Mr. Butterworth uneasily.

"What good would that do?" protested Mrs. Scales. "She would only find some other opportunity, or disappear with it during the night. You've got to catch her, and I'll tell you how."

The two men waited with considerable anxiety for further enlightenment.

"On either side of the path, near the back gate," Mrs. Scales continued, "there is a fair-sized spruce-tree. You can slip into the garden by the side entrance and hide, each behind one. Then, when she comes along to hand the parcel to her confederate, you can spring out on her and take her red-handed."

"She'll be red-handed enough," said Mr. Butterworth pessimistically. "I'd sooner tackle a man. They don't scratch."

"Of course, if you're afraid——" began Mrs. Scales witheringly.

"And suppose her confederate is armed and comes over the fence to her assistance?" objected Mr. Scales. "I don't want to get shot in my own back garden."

"You can suppose anything you like," replied Mrs. Scales sharply, "but he won't. Thieves of that sort never do. They're too cowardly. And if he does, you can run, can't you?"

"One would think you'd been brought up in Scotland Yard to hear you talk," commented Mr. Scales bitterly. "What do you know about what burglars will do and what they won't do?"

"Burglars!" repeated Mrs. Scales scornfully. "Sneak-thieves, you mean. I never saw such a pair of cowards in my life—never Afraid to capture a woman. If you won't go, *I* will, before it's too late!"

In the face of this heroic attitude both men felt that any further objections on their part would place them in a false position, and signified, though with noticeable reluctance, their readiness to play the part of amateur thief-catchers.

"It's a precious good thing," said Mrs. Scales, who was standing with her hand on the door-key preparatory to locking herself

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in, "that you bought that tele-thing. If it hadn't been for that we should never have known

To this remark Mr. Scales and Mr. Butterworth gave a very half-hearted assent. As they descended the stairs on tiptoe they heard the bolt shot, and sounds as though Mrs. Scales were piling several articles of furniture against the door.

* * * * *

"I feel like a burglar myself," said Mr. Butterworth a few minutes later.

He was crouched on the damp grass behind his tree, and peering anxiously through the branches at the kitchen door.

"So do I," assented his companion in misfortune. "It must be a beastly trade. How are we going to tackle her when she comes?"

"Be sure you get hold of the hand on your side first thing," whispered Mr. Butterworth. "I don't want to get my face all clawed up. I know it isn't pretty, but it's the best I've got."

"S-sh," said Mr. Scales warningly, and the other drew himself into as small a compass as possible.

The dark wall of the house was suddenly broken by a vertical streak of yellow light, and the kitchen door opened slowly, revealing the form of the servant.

She stood for some seconds in a listening attitude, and then, apparently having satisfied herself that the coast was clear, descended the steps and advanced stealthily along the path. Her hands were beneath her apron, and it was evident that they bore a concealed burden.

Mr. Scales' heart thumped violently against his ribs, and Mr. Butterworth's hand, which rested on a branch, shook so much that the whole tree was agitated.

Just as the girl was about to pass between them, both men sprang out and seized her, each by an arm. A frenzied shriek of terror burst from her lips, and something which she had been carrying fell with a shattering sound on the path.

Before either Mr. Scales or Mr. Butterworth could control their voices, the back gate was burst violently open and a bulky policeman, who in the uncertain light appeared to be about seven feet high, towered above the little group.

"You're just in time," gasped Mr. Scales. "This——"

The remainder of the sentence was strangled in his throat. To his intense consternation he found his neck compressed in a grip which might fairly be likened to iron,

He found his neck compressed in a grip which might fairly be likened to iron.

and rolling his eyes in the direction of Mr. Butterworth, he saw that the policeman's left hand was similarly occupied with his friend.

The girl, released, uttered another wild shriek and fled back into the house.

Then followed an agonising and humiliating experience. The two men were shaken back and forth for the space of a full minute with a violence which deprived them of what little breath their previous agitation had left them, and the demonstration was brought to an abrupt and painful conclusion by their swaying heads being knocked together with great force."

"I'll learn you," cried the policeman, his voice raucous with wrath. "I'll learn you

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two tramps to assault a lady. You come along with me. And resisting an officer, too. I'll settle you."

Any resistance on the part of his victims must have existed entirely in the officer's imagination, as both were physically and mentally incompetent to offer any.

"I'll settle you," said the officer again, and began to lead them towards the side gate.

Mr. Scales was the first to recover his senses.

"What does this mean?" he demanded in a weak voice. "How dare you?"

The policeman stopped and eyed the speaker ferociously.

"You hold your tongue," he said.

"I am the owner of this house," went on Mr. Scales, speaking faintly but with great rapidity of utterance. "That girl is my servant. She was on her way to hand a package of my silver to a confederate in the lane. She dropped it, when my friend and I seized her. You'll get into trouble over this."

The policeman, after a closer scrutiny of his captives, released his grip a .d fell back a pace.

"Silver?" he repeated with a puzzled look. "Package of silver?"

He returned several paces and picked up something from the path.

"This ain't a package of silver," he said. "This is a beer-bottle—a broken beer-bottle. And a lot of good ale spilt on the path," he added morosely.

He lighted a match and proceeded to examine the fragments in his hand.

"Car-na-han's Sil-ver Ale. Three X," he read slowly.

He threw it into a near-by bush and frowned severely.

A ray of light broke through the clouds which had hitherto obscured Mr. Scales' intellect.

"Aha!" he said with intense meaning. "Now I begin to see."

"See what?" demanded the policeman, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Somebody," said Mr. Scales, looking hard at the officer—"somebody was waiting outside the gate to get that bottle of beer from the girl. Her young man, I suppose. It's a wonder you didn't see him. I shouldn't be at a'l surprised if he were to get into trouble over this. I wonder who he is?"

"Ah!" returned the policeman, pursing his lips. "I wonder. I think we'd better see the girl and ask her."

Without further words he led the way to the kitchen, followed closely by Mr. Scales, and at a greater distance by Mr. Butterworth, who appeared to have lost all sense of everything but physical pain, and was tenderly rubbing a large bump on his forehead.

Mary was discovered limply huddled in a chair, and her disordered nerves received a fresh shock from the dishevelled appearance of her employer.

The officer was the first to enter, and Mr. Scales, catching sight of his face in a small mirror, saw that his eyes telegraphed a secret warning.

"Now listen to me, my girl," the policeman began with a magisterial air, and producing a large note-book from some recess beneath his tunic, "and be careful what you say. What was you carrying when these two gentlemen seized you?"

"Only a bottle of ale," whimpered Mary.

"A bottle of ale, eh?" said the inquisitor, pretending to make a note. "What kind of a e?"

"Silver," replied the girl.

"Silver Ale," said the policeman with a deprecatory shake of the head. "Poor stuff, I believe, though I've never tasted it. And who was you intending it for?"

"For my young man," replied Mary, with a flash in her eyes, which she kept fixed on her interrogator. "He always liked it; I'm sure he drinks enough of it. Perhaps it 'ud be better for him——"

The officer raised his hand which held the pencil, enjoining silence.

"Never mind about that," he interrupted hastily. "What's the young man's name? His *first* name, I mean?"

"Joe," replied the girl.

"Joe, eh?" said the constable, making another fictitious note. "And what does he do? What's his *trade?*"

"He's a p-p-pol—" began Mary, but stopped in confusion, for a terrible scowl corrugated the questioner's brow. "I mean a pup-pup-plumber."

"H'm! H'm!" commented the officer, visibly relieved and making a third entry. "A plumber, eh? I suppose you bought the ale with your own money—didn't steal it?"

Mary's indignation at this question was so unfeigned that the policeman, knowing from his court experience that a too voluble witness is dangerous, promptly cut short her reply.

"That will do," he said with a paternal air. "You can go now, and don't——"

Whatever he was about to say, he evidently thought better of it, and checked himself abruptly.

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"I won't," said the girl with great earnestness. "Never a-gain. People as wants ale can buy it for themselves!"

Without waiting for a reply, she vanished up the back stairs.

"Well?" said the policeman, smoothing his brow with the back of his hand and turning to Mr. Scales, who had been listening open-mouthed to this exhaustive cross-examination. "I suppose you two gentlemen are satisfied?"

"*Satis ed?*" echoed Mr. Scales, putting his hand to his throat, on which he still felt the imprint of muscular fingers, and glancing at Mr. Butterworth, whose countenance betokened anything but satisfaction. "You must think we're hard to satisfy."

"Of course," continued the policeman meditatively, and ignoring the sarcasm. "my duty is to report this at the station. There ain't no shadow of a doubt as you and your friend here committed an assault. People as takes the law into their own hands often does, without meaning it. The girl wasn't doing no harm, and you grabbed her pretty rough. I'd hate to do it, too. Them reporters is the mischief on a case they think they can get a little fun out of and make folk look ridiculous. The fine wouldn't be anything."

"Now listen to me, my girl," the policeman began with a magisterial air.

He grasped his chin in one hand and stared abstractedly at a kettle on the range. It was evident to the two breathless onlookers that a severe struggle between a strong sense of duty and a naturally kindly disposition was going on in his bosom.

Mr. Scales and Mr. Butterworth exchanged alarmed glances. Both were keenly sensitive and would do almost anything rather than lay themselves open to ridicule.

"Ale," continued the policeman, soliloquising in a gentle voice and apparently unaware that his words were audible. "Silver Ale. Poor stuff! If I had a girl as wanted to give me a drink over the back fence, I'd say: 'No ale for me, thank you. If you want to spend your money on me give me a drink of whisky—a good stiff glass of Scotch whisky. That's the stuff.'"

Mr. Butterworth, who by this time had fully recovered his senses, looked at Mr. Scales with a query in his raised eyebrows. The latter, after a moment's hesitation, nodded, and his friend disappeared into the dining-room.

"I suppose," said Mr. Scales, breaking an awkward silence, "that it won't be very long before you're a sergeant?"

"I don't know," replied the policeman dubiously. "I hope not. Why?"

"Because," went on Mr. Scales, "you deserve to be. It's a pity they don't recruit the diplomatic service from the force."

The officer was striving to master the meaning of this remark, which was a little beyond his comprehension, when he was interrupted by the re-entry of Mr. Butterworth, who bore a glass half filled with a pale amber fluid. His astonishment when this was presented to him with a pert inquiry whether he preferred soda or water was so overpowering as to awaken some doubt as to its genuineness.

"For me?" he said, delicately sniffing at

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the contents. "Whisky? Well, gents, it's strictly against my rule to drink in business hours, and the merest trifle at any time, but that was a pretty stiff scrap you two gentlemen put up. I'm sure I'm very sorry, but mistakes are bound to occur sometimes, and it's took it out of me considerable. Never mind troubling about the water, sir.

He consumed the whisky with every mark of appreciation, and smiled benignly on his entertainers.

"I fancy it'll be best for all to say nothing about this little mess," he remarked, smacking his lips. "Least said, soonest mended. That's a good motter."

He winked solemnly, and after again expressing his regret at the little misunderstanding, and excusing his violence by assuring his victims that he had far too tender a heart for a policeman, and could never bear to see a woman roughly treated, he took his departure.

Mr. Scales followed him out, and when he returned carried an axe in his hand.

"What's that for?" Mr. Butterworth inquired nervously. "You—you didn't hit him?"

"I'll show you," replied Mr. Scales grimly. "Come upstairs."

It took some little time to obtain admittance to the study, its inmate, who was suffering from nervous agitation, finding difficulty in removing the rampart of furniture, but at last the door was opened.

"Good gracious!" Mrs. Scales cried with a suppressed shriek, as she noted the battered appearance of the two men. "What on earth has happened? Where is Mary and the silver? What are you going to do with that axe, George? Put it down at once."

Mr. Scales vouchsafed no reply, but, putting his wife aside, marched over to his desk.

Twice he swung the axe, and twice it descended with fearful force on a little rosewood box which stood on the floor.

"There," he said, as he gloomily regarded the shattered remains of the telephonogram, "so much for that one, and to-morrow I'll take a little more exercise of the same kind at the office."

A strained silence followed the act of destruction. Mrs. Scales broke it.

"I told you, George," she said severely, "when you bought those things that you were simply throwing away your money. Perhaps you'll believe me next time!"

PATERNAL POEM.

Dear cherubs, as a hope and solace given,
(Or for my sins?)
Bringing a twofold light, of earth and heaven,
(Just hear those twins!)
How shall I speak my fond paternal joy?
(My head is aching.)
How tell a father's love? (Confound that boy,
The noise he's making!)

Where did you come from, little baby dear?
(They're glad to lose her.)
Was it my longing wish that brought you here?
(I was no chooser.)
Do you come straight from paradise away?
(Do stop that bawling!)
Are these sweet angel-greetings that you say?
('Tis just appalling!)

O Childhood, time of innocence and bliss
(He's stol'n a tart!)
Was I myself an innocent like this?
(I'll make him smart!)
Sent to remind me of those happy days
(Don't pull my sleeve so.)
When I pursued the same delightful ways.
(I'll not believe so!)

Drawn from above like soilless rays of light,
(Yes, far too many!)
Your spotless souls desire the true and bright;
(He wants a penny!)
Fair images—(Won't somebody come down?
This is most wearing.)
Seraphs of light—(I'm going into town;
'Tis past all bearing.)

A. L. S.

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Picture - - Paragraphs.

The Editor is Always Pleased to Purchase Photographs Suitable for These Pages. Pictures should be Accompanied by a Short Description.

A UNIQUE GARDEN ORNAMENT.

THIS vase is composed of thousands of bedding-out plants, and was recently to be seen in the garden of a house at Eltham Road, Lee, S.E.

The vase was designed and planted by the head gardener to the King of the Belgians, who constructed it while staying with some of his relations in this country.

When the plants had arrived at their full growth, the ornament was one mass of flowers, and presented a most beautiful and unusual appearance.

Photo *Sturdee.*

This vase was constructed by the head gardener to the King of the Belgians, and contains thousands of plants.

Stereograph Copyright *Keystone View Co.*

Japanese flute-players. The basket-work headgear they are wearing was their exclusive privilege.

JAPANESE FLUTE-PLAYERS.

THE illustration represents two individuals of a practically extinct class—the Japanese flute-player. Though they were quite a feature of the country many years ago, they are very rarely seen nowadays, having disappeared like many other picturesque Japanese institutions.

Although itinerant musicians, they were by no means of the same class as the German bands, organ grinders, and other musical phenomena which add to the gaiety and pleasure of existence in this country.

To earn one's living as a strolling flute-player was considered no degradation in the land of the chrysanthemum. On the contrary, men of fairly high birth frequently adopted the profession as an honourable and lucrative livelihood.

The peculiar erections on the heads of the executants are made of wickerwork. This headgear was the exclusive privilege of the flute-players, and was worn by no one else.

Wearing these peculiar headdresses and playing their flutes, these people presented, to the foreign eye, a quaint and remarkable appearance. And though with the passage of time they have departed, in old-fashioned Japanese villages they are still affectionately remembered.

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An Orkney meadow mouse and an Albino meadow mouse fighting.

MOUSE PORTRAITURE.

ALL the mice illustrated on this page are harvest mice, with the exception of the brown one and the white one fighting, which are respectively an Orkney meadow mouse and an Albino meadow mouse.

Harvest mice make ideal pets, but more than about three should not be kept, as if many share a home one will occasionally begin fighting another, and at the smell of blood the remainder immediately join in the fray, usually with fatal results to several combatants.

A bell-shaped aquarium glass, which should be uncovered, is the best contrivance in which to keep mice. In the case of the harvest mouse, grain is the staple food.

An interesting point about the picture of the Albino and Orkney meadow mouse fighting is the obvious discomfiture of the bigger mouse. The Albino was caught in Wales, and is an extremely perfect specimen.

Mice and meadow mice when fighting face each other on their hind legs, half close their eyes, and endeavour to get a grip on one another's throats with their teeth. They use their fore-paws both for attack and defence.

If neither of two mice is very anxious to fight, they squeak incessantly. Meadow mice, on the other hand, make a chattering noise, like worn out clockwork.

A charming study of harvest mice.

Photo *Douglas English.*

Two harvest mice fighting. Their great aim is to get a grip of one another's throats.

However, in the case of a duel to the death, the battle is fought without a sound. These pictures are reproduced from an interesting little work, "Nature Book No. 1," in which Mr. Douglas English treats the subject of mice in a novel and entertaining manner, while introducing much original and unique information concerning their habits.

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THE CURVE-SHOE.

A Device for Doubling the Speed of Pedestrians.

In these latter days when no one ever walks if he can help it, a device to increase the speed of walking two-fold would appear to be merely a useless anachronism. But perhaps it will serve to bring about a "Renaissance of Pedestrianism" and act as a much-needed check on motoring.

The curve shoe, which, it is claimed, doubles the pace of a pedestrian, is fastened on to the foot and calf by three hooked buckles.

The device in question is known as the curve-shoe, and appears to resemble a perambulator wheel. It has a broad sole, and is attached to the foot and the calf of the leg by three hooked buckles. The appliance consists of the curve-shoe itself, a foot holder, and a leg rod with an ankle joint.

The happy possessor of this eccentric footwear uses the ordinary movements of walking. Instead of touching the ground with his heel he plants his trusty curve-shoe on Mother Earth and completes the step by a forward, rolling movement of the sole.

When the sole goes forward a spring is tightened, and this swings the shoe on when it is raised for a second step.

The curve shoe as we see it is not the result of one happy inspiration. It represents much careful thought, devoted, martyr-like experimenting—perhaps even a doctor's bill or two—and many modifications and designs.

One can learn to walk on curve-shoes sooner than to skate, and the shoes are no heavier than skates.

There is not the least doubt that the pastime of curve-shoeing will speedily become the latest fad among the Smart Set. Also will be seen the business man flitting to town at the rate of twelve miles an hour—faster than his morning train takes him at present.

We shall soon read in the Police Court news that "John Smith was fined £2 for walking at an illegal speed, the magistrate remarking that it was a very bad case."

The new walk is easier to learn than skating, and the shoes are no heavier than skates. The ordinary movements of walking are employed.

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QUEER PETS.

GLADYS DITMARS, the four-year-old daughter of Mr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of the reptile house in the New York Zoological Park, and her younger sister Beatrice play with snakes.

Evidently Gladys in particular inherits the paternal taste for serpents, as her dearest playfellow is a big, ten feet long snake, which she calls Indigo because it is blue.

Far from finding the snake repulsive, Gladys lets it twine itself round her, and, as may be seen from the picture, the two are quite happy together. Mr. Ditmars has taught his little girl how to unwind the snake's coils, beginning at the tail instead of at the head, so that there is no danger of the child's suffering unbearable pressure from constriction. Though Gladys and her sister may outgrow their passion for serpents, at least it is highly improbable that either of them will ever display that pious horror of a snake which is a feature of so many ladies.

Gladys Ditmars, the four-year-old daughter of Mr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of the New York Zoological Park reptile house, and Indigo, her pet snake.

A DAY'S SPORT.

THE sight of an American millionaire sportsman's car hung with trophies of the chase the result of a day among the birds, almost suggests to the spectator that rich gentlemen in the United States go out shooting armed with Maxim guns. Certainly the wildfowl must have been very tame, or the sportsmen remarkably good shots.

Hung around the wheels of the car, the corpses of the dead birds are reminiscent of the good old days when unfortunate prisoners of war were dragged through the streets at the chariot wheels of the victorious general and his staff.

The expression of modest pride in a good deed well done which appears on the faces of the "guns" heightens this illusion considerably.

Truly, in these days of weapons of precision, the lot of a pheasant is far from a sinecure, and it is no joke to be a partridge.

The result of a good day's sport in America—the land of big things.

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KOOROOPORE SAHIB

By John Le Breton

The Story of a Rajah's Revenge.

THE Rajah of Kooroopore was bringing his visit to Colonel Boyne to a close. Farewells of most distinguished courtesy passed between the tall, bronzed Irishman, and his dark-skinned guest. The Rajah was on the point of leaving Bombay for his ancient stronghold among the Linwari hills, and he had just given the Colonel a greatly coveted invitation for some tiger shooting, an offer which had been reluctantly declined.

"Then I cannot really persuade you?" inquired Kooroopore in his queer, clipped English; "it will be a great loss to our party, Colonel, I assure you, if you do not come."

He was looking out from the cool, dark veranda into the blazing sunlight of the compound as he spoke. There was a curly-headed Irish boy out there, and a slim, fresh-coloured, wide-eyed girl of about seventeen. Brother and sister they were, undoubtedly, and the two were romping with a tiny fox-terrier, throwing a vigour and whole-hearted glee into the performance, which proved that they were new-comers to the enervating East, and that the climate of India had not had its way with them yet. The Colonel waved his hands towards them with a rueful laugh.

"There are my two reasons for declining your tempting invitation, Rajah Sahib. Six months ago my brother died in Co. Mayo, and I became the guardian of those two young people, my niece and nephew. I am a bachelor, as you know, but that didn't prevent them from insisting on coming out to place themselves personally under my care. They did not ask permission, knowing it would be refused. However, there they are, and I can't leave them in Bombay."

The Rajah's tigers made fine trophies, and Colonel Boyne's mind dwelt on the thought of them regretfully.

"Bring your young relatives also, I beg of you," said the Rajah, speaking with polite precision. "Why not? There will be English ladies of the party also. They are keen on sport, some of your countrywomen, Colonel, eh? Perhaps I may be presented to Miss Boyne, and hear if she will honour us?"

Genially protesting, the Colonel allowed himself to yield. The introductions were made, and the illustrious visitor went away, leaving Bride and Terry Boyne wild with delight at the prospect he offered them.

Kooroopore is an old Sikh stronghold, standing on a spur of a great hill that overlooks a marshy plain. In the bungalows beneath its walls, the Rajah's guests were quartered. Behind the hills are other hills, and in the jungles there are tigers, conserved as carefully as foxes are in England. The young Boynes wondered that the British allowed a "nigger" to own such fine country. They were not over careful in their speech. The Rajah heard of their remarks, but he only smiled. He looked meditatively at the bright-faced girl with her grey-blue eyes, although he did not speak to her. Terry noticed the slow, attentive regard at last, and he flushed angrily, and directed his sister as to her future

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treatment of the "nigger" with appalling clearness of meaning and of voice.

Bride whispered angrily to her brother that the Rajah was within earshot.

"I don't care! A good job, too! It'll help to teach him manners if he did hear," the boy retorted. Then he broke into uproarious laughter. In his mind he was already planning an impudent scheme "to take the nigger down."

In the afternoon a Gymkhana was held in honour of the guests. The usual motley collection of beasts and birds were to compete in the animal race, from donkeys to ducks, and the Europeans present took an energetic interest in the affair.

The competitors were all in line when young Terry Boyne appeared with a large bag in which something struggled and squealed. He pulled out a little black pig, one half of its body painted white. Then he solemnly tied a paper crown about its ears, and pasted a label ostentatiously on its back.

The onlookers could not see the inscription on the label, for the competitors started at once. Amid great laughter a turkey came in first, a donkey second, and the pig third. Then Terry picked the racer up and took it round to be admired.

The first Englishwoman who read the label tittered, and the next tried not to laugh. Colonel Boyne came up and read on the label, "Kooroopore." The Rajah was close behind, and he understood also that the black pig, half whitewashed, represented himself. In spite of his Eastern self-command, and his British good breeding, his usual smile vanished.

The Colonel got the label off hastily, and a "sub." hurried the piebald offender away. The Rajah passed on, and chatted with others of the party. Colonel Boyne, fuming with just wrath, led his unrepentant nephew aside.

"I am ashamed of you!" he declared furiously; "it was the trick of a ragamuffin! How dare you insult your host so! Are these the manners of an Irish gentleman, as imagined by you? I can't even apologise, for that would make matters worse. Don't you know, you young fool, that to liken the Rajah to a black pig is the most unforgivable insult you could have put upon the man? Thank your lucky stars that the Rajah is civilised, and a dependant of the Indian Government, or you'd have found out what thousands came to know in the Mutiny—how a native can punish an enemy."

"Let him," grunted Terry defiantly; "he knows what I think of him now, and the story will go round! He *is* a pig—a whitewashed pig," he added, blazing with new resentment, "and I'm glad he knows what Bride and I think of him."

"The sooner I get you home the better, young man," the Colonel said sternly, walking him off to the bungalows. "I shall make our excuses, and get back to Bombay as soon as possible. Now, don't leave me again. You understand."

Very early next morning a party of the men with the Rajah went off to the hills for two days' shooting. The Rajah pleasantly suggested to Colonel Boyne that Terry was too young to go with them, and would be better with his sister. The Colonel acquiesced promptly.

The boy was furious, and complained bitterly to Bride of the Rajah's "spite"; but her uncle had enlightened her as to the enormity of Terry's offence, and she was glad that he was not going into possible danger.

He flung himself away in a rage, and went for a walk. At night he had not returned. The ladies tried to comfort Bride, whose excitable nature made her a prey to the most torturing fears. The Rajah's officials, all eagerness to allay the anxiety of their master's European guests, sent people far and wide to seek the missing lad.

In the morning he was still absent, and his young sister, who had not slept that night, was sick with apprehension. She sent messengers flying after Colonel Boyne, and she and the other ladies took horses, and themselves tried to pick up news concerning the missing boy. They learnt, at length, that he had been seen near the lake about four miles distant. The lake water, it was added, swarmed with crocodiles.

The shooting party returned the same afternoon. They had bagged two tigers and had tracked down two others, but they would not wait for these as the Colonel was so desperately anxious about the boy. The Rajah had insisted upon coming back to direct the search operations himself, and so they all came back together.

When Kooroopore heard that Terry had been seen near the lake his face saddened.

"We must hope for the best," he said quietly. "The whole population is on the look out for him; but what the gods hide is hidden."

They grew chill as he spoke. They saw the boy being torn limb from limb by the cold-eyed reptiles, as they struggled in the bloodstained water and ended their victim's screams in the deeps. The women wept

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openly, and the Colonel's lips quivered as he thought of the bright, mischievous, lovable young scamp. In his heart he cursed Kooroopore, and cursed the day when he left the safety of Bombay.

Bride stood like a beautiful statue. Those who had witnessed her anxieties and despairs of the night now saw no emotion on her face. While the Rajah spoke she watched him.

Later, when she was alone with Colonel Boyne, she clutched his arm and said under her breath:

"If my Terry is dead that man has had him killed. I don't believe it has been done yet. I saw in his eyes that he was glad, when he said he was sorry. I believe that such a monster is not content with a quick death for those he hates — and he hates Terry! We must keep on searching!"

The Rajah was close behind, and he understood also that the black pig, half whitewashed, represented himself.

* * * * *

When Terry, in a full-fledged fit of sulks, left his sister, he fully intended to walk after the shooting party and make one of them, without invitation. He was going smartly towards the hills when he met a party of natives, of whom he asked news of the sportsmen.

The headman spoke English well. He said that it was impossible for a man on foot to overtake the elephants. Terry stubbornly announced that he meant to try. The headman, with great respect, argued against the plan, and offered, as a great favour, to show the young sahib what no European had ever seen before—the breeding island from which the Rajah eked out his supply of tigers.

"The sahib might perhaps come back another day and shoot one."

They turned back, went past the bungalows, and on to the lake. The sheet of water was about two miles across, and about ten miles in length. In the centre could be seen a tiny island, about forty acres in extent. There were no trees upon it, and it lay low, with a dense covering of scrub and bushes.

They entered a boat which lay up on the sandy shore, and two men pulled them out to the island.

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Terry was bubbling over with renewed spirits and excitement. He was going to see the hidden place of tigers, and afterwards he would have the laugh of the rest of the party, and tell them that he had seen what they had missed. The spirit of boyish emulation stifled all prudence, and the devil-may-care spirit of his race forbade all thought of fear.

The rowers stopped the boat a little way from the island and sent ashore three goats, which they had taken on board for the tigers.

The frightened animals began to bleat, and a muffled roar was heard. The boat pulled out a little way, and Terry watched where the bushes quivered without the help of wind. He could not see the yellow and black creeping against the yellow sand and the dark bushes, the colours toned in so perfectly; but the goats knew that an enemy was there and they gathered together, a pitiful sacrifice, bleating and trembling.

Then a huge bulk flashed above the bushes and on to the goats. Two fell, and the third fled. Terry saw a tiger crouching over the dead, and soon a second stealthy creature came growling up to its mate. Timidly some cubs stole out of the bushes, and sighting their meal became joyful and kittenish, and sprang at the dead goat which their mother held, and growled over it and tore it asunder.

"Now they are feeding here the sahib can land on the other side to see the shooting-hut," the headman suggested.

Terry agreed, and the boat pulled right round and grounded.

Almost hidden among the bushes was a strongly-built wooden hut with tiny windows, from which it would be safe to shoot. A stout door that could have almost resisted an elephant stood open. The headman, landing, invited Terry to see if he could fasten the heavy iron bar that secured it inside.

It was a tremendously heavy bar, but Terry moved it, and in the security of the little refuge he took a good look round. There was nothing in the hut excepting coir mats and a basket of rice, with a few cooking pots. The survey was soon made, and Terry cautiously let down the bar, and looking around to make sure that no tiger was marking him down, slipped out and ran to the shore.

There was no boat in sight. He gasped with horror, and in a moment saw that he had been tricked. The boat had no doubt pulled to the other side of the island, which he could not reach because of the tigers, and from there it was probably going back to the mainland.

He shouted to the men to return, but no answer came. There was a pause. Then he yelled out that he would give a thousand rupees to the rowers if they came for him immediately. The tigers growled as they heard his voice. There was no reply from the men. The poor boy's voice quavered as he cried out once more, threatening vengeance from the British Government, vengeance on those who had led him into this trap, and on the Rajah, and on everybody in Kooroopore. The tigers roared this time, angry at being disturbed while they fed.

He ran back to the hut, and barricaded himself in, and sat down to consider the situation. He understood that he was getting full payment for the little joke about the whitewashed pig at the Gymkhana.

He came to the conclusion that his only hope was to wait until the boat brought more goats for the tigers, and then to make a dash for it and board it.

When night came on he made a bed of the mats, and with it he tried to block the space under the door where the mosquitos might creep in. The hut was excessively hot, but if he opened the window the mosquitos would flood it. So he kept it shut, and grew terribly thirsty.

He awoke early, hungry, and consumed with thirst. Unbarring the door, he crept to the water with two bowls, and filling them he returned and barred up again. He felt better after drinking, and munched some raw rice.

He wondered where Colonel Boyne was, and guessed that the Rajah would send him on the wrong track. He believed that Bride would refuse to leave Kooroopore until every inch of it had been searched, and that gave him hope. He had great faith in Bride, and kept crying out: "Dear old Bride; good old girl," as an encouragement to himself.

The day dragged silently, for the tigers were sleeping after their meal, and the tigress had found and killed the third goat. At night he was roused by hollow roaring, sometimes at the very door. He could not repress a shudder as he heard one of the beasts breathe deeply on the threshold.

It was evident that no goats or other food had been brought to the tigers that day, for they were restless, and the cubs were crying to their parents. Terry guessed why they were being starved. He looked out of the little window, and saw the great creatures slinking about disconsolately.

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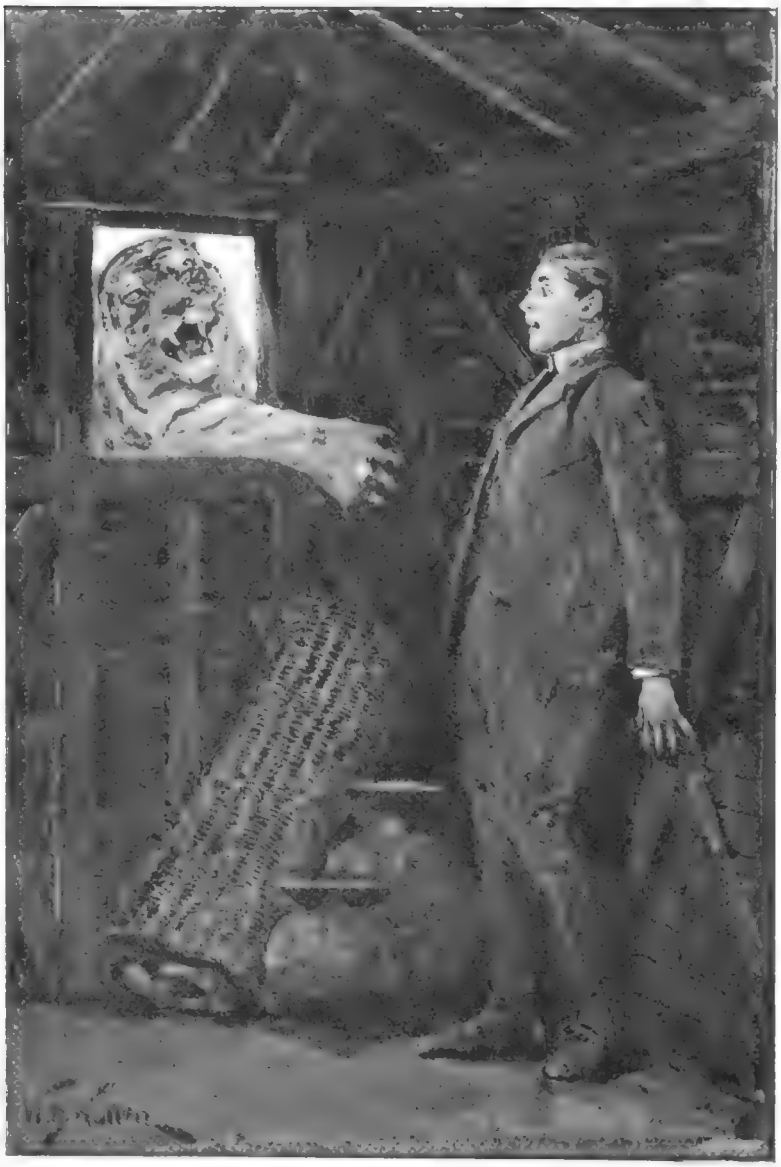
His thirst was becoming intolerable; his mouth was so parched that he could not eat the rice, and he was growing faint with hunger. He wished that he had tried to swim after the boat. He was a good swimmer, and might have escaped the crocodiles and reached it.

When darkness fell on the second day his thirst was more than he could endure. It seemed to be drying up his brain, and he began to imagine horrors, and to talk to fearful creatures that came to torture him. He could hear the gentle plash-plash of the water upon the shore, and suddenly, conscious only of his suffering and his urgent need, he threw the bar clattering down, and ran to the water and threw himself into it, wallowing and drinking.



She began tearing off long flakes of wood to make the aperture larger, and a massive forepaw armed with murderously working claws swept in.

Then with a sigh of terror he came to his senses and remembered his danger. He had not brought the bowls with him, but his clothes were wet, and if he could get back unobserved by the tigers he could squeeze out the water and fill at least one bowl.

He listened beside a bush and heard nothing, and so began to creep back to shelter. Some bushes rustled slightly—ever so slightly. He waited with his heart beating so heavily that it almost took his breath from him. He heard breathing—smelt the fetid breath as it poured towards him on the faint breeze.

From the west a low, thunderous roar rolled over the waters, but the waiting beast near him made no answer. The bush moved and another bush nearer swayed, and he knew that the tiger was stalking him.

With a shriek he went full pace for the hut, and at the same moment the tigress leapt. He swerved in his run, as he had

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learnt to do at football, and a great paw struck at him and passed, the claws tearing a sleeve of his coat away.

In that moment of respite he doubled again, reached the hut and shut the door just as the tigress sprang against the wall, making the whole place rock. He got the bar up with trembling hands, and fell back almost fainting. The tigress leapt against the window and sent the glass flying.

She stood upright, with her fierce head peering in, so that her breath filled the hut and almost choked him. Roar after roar poured into the place, deafening and stupefying the exhausted boy. She began tearing off long flakes of wood to make the aperture larger, and a massive forepaw armed with murderously working claws swept in and around so that he stood up in the far corner for very fear of it.

The male tiger raced up to join its mate, and leapt to the roof, tearing strongly at it. The cubs mewed plaintively about the door, and encouraged their parents to persevere. Every moment it seemed as though a plank must rip off under the tremendous attack, and leave the helpless victim exposed.

For two dreadful hours they tested the strength of the hut, and tore at it with tooth and talons, but it withstood their every effort. Growling out their rage and disappointment they went away to wait for the boat, leaving Terry to fall upon the coir matting, and pass imperceptibly into a dead sleep.

All the next day he heard them prowling close by, and agonised though he was by thirst, he did not dare to open the door. He felt that the end must now be near, for he could bear no more. It must be the water —and the crocodiles—if he managed to get so far. He must drink, or go mad, and he knew that the tigers would never allow him to return.

He scribbled a note for Bride in pencil, and tucked it between the boards, hoping that it might some day reach her. Then he waited for night, but as soon as darkness fell he realised that there was no chance of a rush to the water. The tigers besieged the hut, and again and again the curving forepaws swept round inside groping for him. They were making the window-opening larger by degrees, and every time they tried for him the paw reached farther in.

The fire of his thirst ravaged his brain. He jeered at the tigers, he laughed—roared with laughter—and threw handfuls of rice against the bared teeth. He gave them the coir mats to play with, and danced, scarcely beyond reach of the working claws, so near that once they touched his arm and ripped up wounds that bled.

The bleeding eased his head, and he fell down, groaning and crying, and did not know how the hours passed until daylight had come, and he could no longer hear his enemies.

He staggered to his feet, and with eyes wandering and staring, looked through the broken window. There were no tigers in sight, and so he attempted to move the heavy bar.

Twice he tried, but his weakness made the task impossible. He scrambled through the window and dropped down outside. Reeling like a drunken man, he went uncertainly to the water's edge, and on the shore beyond he saw white men. He forgot the tigers, and he screeched out a cry like a night-bird's threat, and knew that he was recognised.

They ran to a boat. Terry threw himself into the water, and as he did so a yellow flash passed clear over his head, and the tigress missed her mark and fell into the water. The water rushed away from her huge body and sent a wave above him. Then came roars—quickly silenced—more splashing, and the water was red.

The wave had washed Terry backward, and he stood up to his knees in the lake, swaying to and fro like corn in the wind, never hearing the stealthy footsteps behind him.

In the boat the rescuers were gesticulating and shouting, but he did not understand. Two men with rifles stood up and fired.

A long, choking snarl from behind him made him turn. The male tiger was writhing on the sand bleeding its life out. Terry stood laughing and lapping water from his hands.

The boat shot up beside him, and strong hands snatched him roughly across its bows. The "muggers" had disposed of the tigress, and one of them snapped at the boy's feet as he was lifted from the water.

"Not a second too soon," a man's voice said.

He heard Colonel Boyne speak hurriedly.

"Thank God—and thank God for poor Bride's sake."

Terry fainted then. He woke when his sister was snuggled down beside him on the shore, ecstatic with joy and gratitude, and weeping inconsolably all the while. Also he heard the Rajah's soft voice gravely saying that he was "most immensely relieved—thank Heaven."

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SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

No. XXXV.—THE WATERLOO CAMPAIGN: NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF LIGNY.

From the Narrative of Madame Anne Joséphine Rubay, the Ligny Centenarian and the only Person Still Alive To Whom the Emperor Napoleon Spoke.

As Told To Walter Wood.

This momentous story of the actual campaign of Waterloo is based on the narrative of a remarkable old lady, who is probably the only living link with Napoleon. This is Madame Anne Joséphine Rubay, who is now in her hundred and third year. Yet she is full of energy and spirit, has a marvellous memory, and with wonderful dramatic power describes how she looked upon the Emperor, and felt his hand upon her cheek, two days before Waterloo. This was at the terrible battle of Ligny, when Napoleon's advance to Waterloo, twenty miles away, was obstructed by Marshal Blucher and his Prussians.

Napoleon had resolved to interpose his forces, in one mass, between the armies of Wellington and Blucher, and strike to the right and left. He had 120,000 splendid troops, including the immortal Old Guard, against 190,000. Blucher commanded 110,000, nearly all Prussians. Wellington had 80,000, many of whom were worthless Belgians.

At dawn on June 15th, 1815, the French crossed the frontier and moved on Charleroi, which the Prussians evacuated. Marshal Ney, with 46,000 troops, moved on to Quatre Bras, seven miles from Ligny, while Napoleon himself, with 72,000, marched straight against the main Prussian army at Ligny. The Prussians were 80,000 strong, including 12,000 horse, with 288 guns; Napoleon had 72,000, of whom 8000 were cavalry, with 248 guns.

At Ligny Napoleon awaited the coming of Ney, whom he had directed, after occupying Quatre Bras, to fall on the Pruss an rear; but as nothing indicated Ney's approach, the Emperor, at four o'clock on June 16th, attacked the Prussians.

This famous battle, fought mostly at Ligny, was an appalling butchery. The Prussians were driven out, after losing 15,000 officers and men and 21 guns, besides 10,000 stragglers; while the French loss was less than 7000. In killed alone, at Ligny, the Prussians lost 66 officers and 3441 men, and enormous numbers of the wounded on both sides perished.

Madame Rubay was with Napoleon shortly before he made the signal for that battle, which was to be his last victory—his final triumph before the downfall at Waterloo.

While the Emperor was victorious at Ligny, the valiant Ney was desperately fighting Wellington at Quatre Bras; but at nightfall he was forced to retire, with the loss of 4000 men. Wellington, who had lost more than 5000, on hearing of the defeat of the Prussians, fell back on the morning of the 17th through Genappe to Waterloo. Napoleon, having detached 31,000 men to observe the Prussians, followed the British with 80,000 men, only to be utterly defeated on the 18th at Waterloo.

Madame Rubay is an actual link with Napoleon and that sanguinary campaign which, in three days—at Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo itself, cost more than 80,000 in killed and wounded.

Ah, yes, indeed, monsieur! Here in Ligny I saw the Emperor Napoleon. I listened to his voice, and on this right cheek, dry and wrinkled now, I felt the touch of his hand. Just as I am doing now so the Emperor did then. He patted me, like this, on the cheek—it was a smooth, plump, childish cheek then, and stroked it kindly and softly as he told my mother to save herself and me.

Think of it, monsieur! And remember that two days later, on the field of Waterloo, he declared despairingly that all was lost, and that he should save himself who could.

I heard the dreadful booming of the guns at Waterloo which sounded the knell of his downfall—the distant, terrible artillery-thunder that rolled in towards Ligny, and mingled with the groans and cries of the soldiers

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who were still living in my own burning, blood-bathed village.

What an age of war and suffering it was! Everywhere the name of the Emperor was known and dreaded, and there was not a child who did not understand what a mighty soldier he was. He had won so many victories, he had conquered so many countries, and now he was amongst us, at our very doors, in Ligny, to meet and beat the Prussians under Blucher and the English under your famous Wellington.

I had been brought up to understand what war and all its horrors meant, for my uncle had marched with the Emperor to Moscow, and veterans had told their awful tales of sufferings even in successful wars. All my life I had heard of Napoleon; and now he had escaped from Elba and had marched from France across the frontier into Belgium at the head of his victorious troops, and had come to Ligny, on his way to do battle with Wellington, whom he had never fought against in person.

It was not Ligny alone, monsieur, that was overrun with soldiers. All the country for many miles around was thick with them—French, and Prussians, and English; but the English fought at Waterloo, and I did not see them. Terror filled us in Ligny when, first of all, the Prussians came; and the terror grew when the Emperor himself was said to be advancing. The people dared not stay, and yet they loved their homes too dearly to go and leave them. But it was certain death to remain, and so many of them buried their most precious things in their gardens, or hid them in their houses, or even tried to take them away into the neighbouring forest of Sombreffe, hoping that when the battle was over they could come back and find their little treasures and their homes uninjured. But, ah! monsieur, what a merciless thing is war, and how it ruins the innocent and guilty alike!

My mother was a sister of one of the Emperor's soldiers, and she loved her home and her belongings. Besides, she had no fear, not even of the monarch of whom so many were afraid. Other people fled in panic, but my mother did not go. She remained in the village, even when it was certain that a great battle was to be fought; and she determined to see the Emperor, and try to secure safety for herself and her child and her property.

It was a daring, a desperate thing to do; but what will not a woman hazard for the things she loves?

The Emperor was at that time in the very garden which is behind the cottage where we are talking now, surrounded by his brilliant staff, and with him the unconquered soldiers of the Imperial Guard, with their famous Eagles. Soldiers everywhere, monsieur, soldiers of all sorts and ranks; the Old Guard, the Artillery of the Guard, and the terrible Cuirassiers, those celebrated horsemen with the breastplates, whose valour was excited to madness in the service of their beloved Emperor.

How in such a vast throng, and at such a time, could a mere woman obtain speech with a monarch who had the power to deny speech even to kings themselves? There was but one way, my mother thought, and she took it. That was to practise deceit; not a serious trick, monsieur, but enough to get for herself the attention of Napoleon.

She took me by the hand, and putting her own hand to her face, as if she suffered agony from toothache, she made her way into the very presence of the Emperor.

I was terrified—terrified at the thought of going near the Emperor, and dreadfully afraid of the grim, grizzled soldiers with their long muskets and bayonets; of the artillery and cavalry horses, and those Cuirassiers in their gleaming breastplates. But I never lessened my hold, and at last I knew that we were at the very side of the Emperor himself, and that he was looking at us, at me and my mother, and asking why we were there and what we wanted.

I dared not at the outset look up at him—not that he was so tall, monsieur. I always think of him as a little man with a big nose; but in a short time I stole glances at him, and saw him just as he must have been not many hours later at Waterloo, when his power was shattered for ever, when for the first and last time he had met your own great soldier, Wellington.

"What is it that you want, madam?"

It was the Emperor's own voice—not a hard or unkind voice, but at the very sound of it I clung closer to my mother and was more afraid than ever.

"Sire," she answered, and her own tones were low and trembling, "I am a woman living here on this small farm with only my child. Such little treasure as I possess I have buried in the garden, and I fear to leave it, yet I dare not stay."

"Madam," replied Napoleon, "you cannot stay here, where so soon there will be so many cannon balls and bullets. And the cavalry, too—those terrible fellows the Cuirassiers

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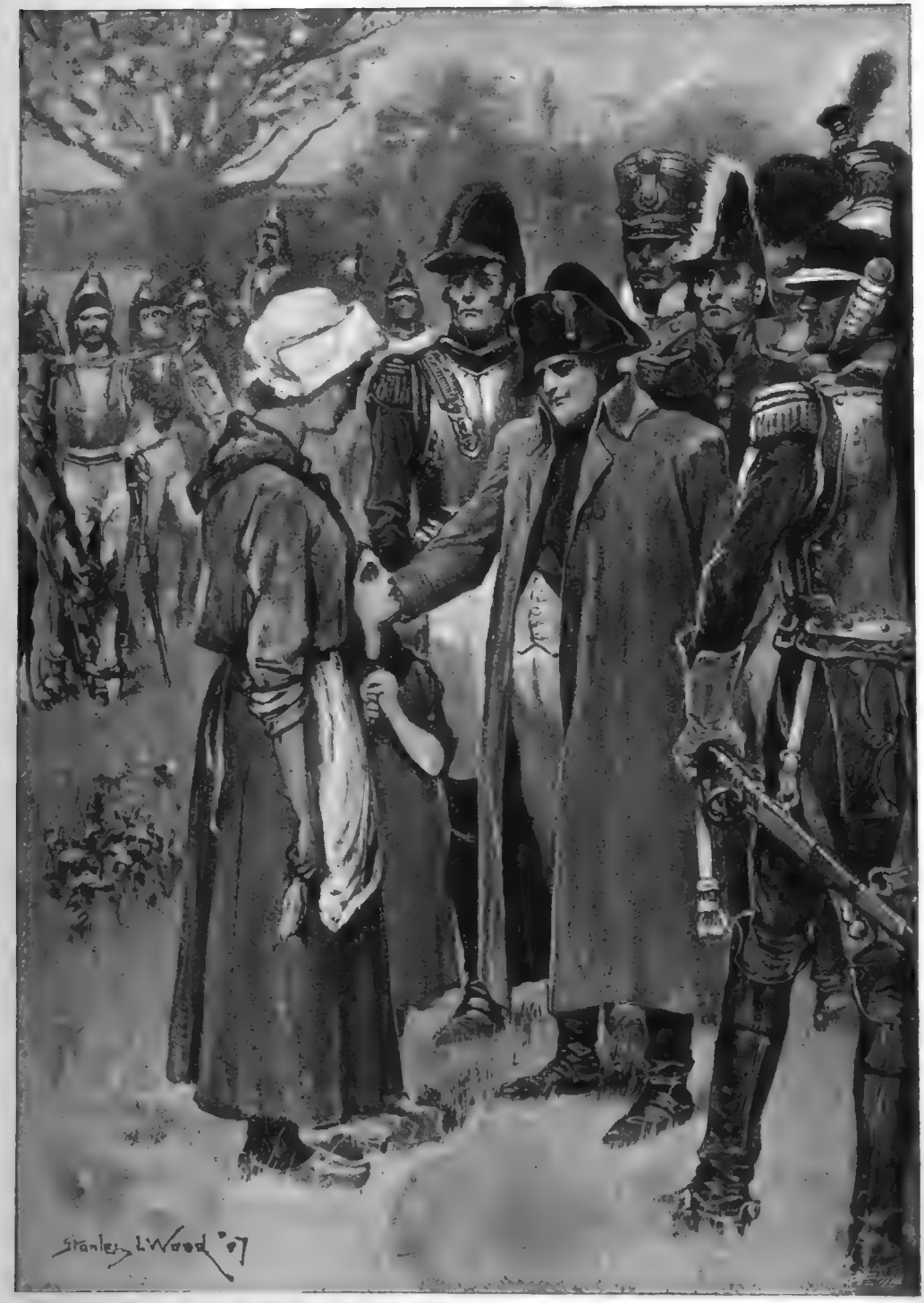

Then came that part of the meeting with the Emperor which I remember best. He bent over towards me and stroked my cheek and patted it.

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will be charging along the roads and about the village. You will both be killed. You must take yourself and your child to the forest of Sombreffe till the fight is over; then you can come back. You must not be afraid. And this is your little girl, you say?"

With that he looked at me and I glanced up, but I dared not gaze at the mighty Emperor of whom I had heard so much, and I clung more tightly to my mother's hand and skirt.

I trembled. I was more frightened than ever, and I began to cry; but my mother seemed to have no fear of him, for she went on talking, telling him that I was her little daughter, and that she had a brother who had served in one of His Majesty's regiments of cavalry.

"Then," the Emperor told her, "from what you say, your brother must have marched with me to Moscow, and perhaps he came back. I will have the matter inquired into. Now you must go away to the safety of the forest."

Then came that part of the meeting with the Emperor which I remember best. He bent over towards me and stroked my cheek and patted it, just as a kind father might have done to his child. And he spoke to me, too—actually to me myself, monsieur.

"You must be a good little girl," he said, "and take care of your mother." And then I was no longer afraid, and looked up fearlessly at the Emperor as my mother and myself walked away, past the brilliant staff and the grizzled veterans who stared at us so curiously, wondering what such humble people could have to do with their Imperial master.

These very men whom I saw at Ligny, whose frantic shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoléon!*" I heard just here by this cottage, were the famous veterans of the Old Guard who had done such marvellous things in Napoleon's campaigns, and were now once more going into battle for him. Some of them had marched to Moscow, and had returned to tell of the horrors of the dreadful retreat through the snow. All these years since I saw them they have been buried in the garden where they laughed and chatted, and where I listened to my mother talking with the Emperor.

What can I tell more of the Emperor than that he was so kind and merciful—he who had slain his legions, and yet could find the time to tell my mother to save herself and me?

And we were saved; but he, the Emperor, was taken prisoner, and died in far-away captivity.

The forest of Sombreffe lies very near to Ligny, towards Quatre Bras, and we hurried to it, terrified all the more when we heard the crashing of the guns at Quatre Bras, where Marshal Ney, the bravest of the brave, and Wellington were fighting fiercely before the Emperor and Marshal Blucher began their struggle at Ligny. We sheltered as best we could behind the trees and stones and in hollows, and lived on such food and drink as we had taken with us or could find. But that was little indeed, because those hungry soldiers, especially the Prussians, wanted everything. I did not learn to love the Prussians, who stripped our farm of everything, taking our pigs and poultry, so that when the battle was over and we came back to Ligny, we had to start afresh in this little cottage where we are talking now. My son, who sits beside you, was born here more than seventy-five years ago.

How shall I describe that dreadful battle which I witnessed from the forest? Ah! the fierceness and the pity of it! Did they not in those days—the Imperial Guard, the Artillery of the Guard, and the terrible Cuirassiers—struggle to the death, not knowing when they were beaten, craving only the praise of their beloved Emperor, who was now commanding them in action against the Prussians?

My son will show monsieur the little streamlet which runs at the foot of the rising ground where the church is standing—La Ligne it is named, because it is so straight—and will also show him the Debry Farm and the Evras Farm, and other places where the bloodiest of the battle scenes were witnessed. Let monsieur examine the bullet marks which are in the heavy oak gates still and on the walls, and let him look closely at the well at the Debry Farm, because I have to tell a strange tale about it.

The streamlet by the church is dark in these days, but I have seen it darker, for after the battle, when I crept out of the forest, I looked upon it three successive days when it ran red with blood—the blood of the best and bravest of France's troops, the veterans of the Old Guard, and Blucher's gallant Prussians. And my son will show the old houses and the cobbled streets and the yards where men were huddled together in their death agonies—the men who had not given and had not taken quarter. These places are clean and peaceful now, but I have seen them

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Every little wall gave shelter to the men with musket and bayonet; every bit of rising ground was a resting place for a gun.

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glutted with the dying and the dead. The air is peaceful, too—is it not the Sabbath, monsieur?—and listen! the bells are ringing for evensong; but then the air rang with the cries of furious soldiers who were slaying one another, and the atmosphere, which is now so pure, was thick and choking with the powder-smoke. Remember what a host of guns were cannonading, and how many thousands of muskets were firing.

Can monsieur understand what it meant to me, a child of ten, seeing vividly, hearing acutely—in the forest of Sombreffe? Can he picture in his mind my terror as I listened to the awful crashes of the cannon, more frightful than thunder, and the flashes of the guns themselves, more destructive even than the forked lightning of Heaven?

They say of the battle of Ligny that never was there a more pitiless and savage struggle, and surely they speak the truth. The area of fighting was so small and the number of the combatants so great. Wherever cannon-ball or musket-bullet, or sabre or bayonet was heard or seen, there also was death beheld in hideous shape, or that mutilation which was worse. Every little wall gave shelter to the men with musket and bayonet; every bit of rising ground was a resting-place for a gun; every farmyard, barn, building, field, and road, and path was a spot on which a part at least of Ligny's battle could be fought. It was a noise too terrible to be described in words, a spectacle too awful to be understood from spoken sentences. And yet there was something of the sublime, something of grandeur in it all, a fascination which we who were watching and listening from the forest could not conquer.

I know from what I saw myself and from what I heard so often told by my mother and my aunts, and by the very men who shared in the battle, what the fight was like.

Let monsieur remember that I have lived in Ligny all my life, more than a hundred and two years; that I have scarcely ever been out of the village—have I not already said that I have not seen Waterloo, although it is only a few miles away? In Ligny I was born, to Ligny I belong in the very bone of me; here in Ligny I sit and tell my beads, as monsieur sees me tell them now, and from time to time I take up my crucifix and perhaps pray to God to give me yet a little more of life. For, as monsieur sees, I am full of spirit and energy; till two or three weeks ago I was fresher still, and particularly in the morning. It is now eventide, and it may be that I am more weary at the finish of the day than in the morning. And I get excited, too, when I am asked again to tell the story of the famous battle of Ligny—or rather, as monsieur plainly sees, the story of my meeting with the Emperor.

Yes, I will come back to myself in the forest of Sombreffe; but I must let my memory do its work in its own way.

Well, I was speaking of the terrible struggle in the village. It was not merely fighting; it was slaughter, butchery—Blucher himself was overridden in a mad rush by the Cuirassiers, and was taken from beneath his dead charger and mounted on a stray dragoon horse.

It was a long, wild *mêlée*, and so fierce that many wondered whether it would be possible for even the Emperor's own veterans to conquer. But there was no resisting the valour of the unvanquished soldiers of the Old Guard—the enthusiastic men who had shouted themselves hoarse with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" before the battle, and who did not know the meaning of surrender or defeat.

Ah! monsieur. Just as the Emperor himself was forced to fly from Waterloo, so the Imperial Guard of France broke and fled when that despairing cry arose from their chief that all was lost, leaving some of their Eagles, the Eagles I had seen at Ligny, to the English.

The battle of Ligny began at four o'clock—already, at Quatre Bras, the French and Prussians were in savage conflict. So, when Napoleon himself gave the signal for attack, the afternoon was wearing late. But it was June, the time when the days are longest, and there were yet nearly six hours of light and twilight. There was furious fighting until darkness fell; then we who were watching in the forest knew that for the time the fiercest of the struggle was over. By this time, too, a dreadful thunderstorm was raging.

We did not at the moment know who was the victor; but we learnt the awful truth that our beloved village was not to be spared. As if through sword and cannon-ball and bullet it had not suffered enough, there rose in the black night forks of fire which could mean only one thing, and that was that Ligny was being utterly crushed. And so, indeed, it proved to be, for the Emperor himself commanded that the village should be destroyed by fire. Having done that he rode away towards the field of Waterloo, conqueror of Ligny, just as Marshal Ney, repulsed, was sullenly withdrawing from Quatre Bras.

I cannot clearly tell when my mother and

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Then there was a mad, wild charge of the Cuirassiers and twenty other squadrons of cavalry.

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myself, and the rest of us who had fled from Ligny to the forest for safety, dared to steal out, and go back to what had been our home. But by that time the Emperor had marched away, his Imperial Guard with him, and the Prussians had disappeared.

But was this burning hell Ligny? Could this place, which no words can describe, no picture illustrate, be really the smiling little village which a few days earlier had been so prosperous and peaceful? Why, there was no spot where I could walk which was not littered with the dead and dying; no sound which I could utter that would rise above the dreadful cries of the wounded. It seemed too terrible, too monstrous to be true; yet here were the burning remnants of the houses that I knew so well, here familiar doors and windows wrecked by cannon-ball and bullet; and everywhere, inside and outside the buildings, as far as the eye could reach, the bodies of the dead, the mutilated forms of the living: shattered tumbrils, waggons, limbers, and slain or mangled horses.

My own home was wrecked and burning, and the garden that I loved so well, where so lately I had listened to the voice of the Emperor and had felt the touch of his hand on my cheek—the garden was thick with the bodies of the fallen and the dying. Monsieur must walk round it with my son—and he will go over the spot where they said that more than three hundred of the men who fell at Ligny, French and Prussians alike, are buried. But is not Ligny one great soldiers' cemetery?

Yes, is it not strange and awesome that below the turf there, where the trees are sighing in the gentle breeze and the bright flowers are growing, where the red earth is cultivated for the produce which during so many years has come into my cottage to support me—is it not a solemn thought that there are resting some of the invincible Old Guard of the Emperor, the veterans who, with their great bearskins and long muskets and bayonets, gazed at me and smiled in their stern manner when my mother held me by the hand, and Napoleon patted my cheek and stroked it?

They are resting now, those Imperial soldiers whose fame rang throughout the world in those far-off days of which I speak—ninety-two years ago—and whose frantic greetings of their adored master I heard before I ran for shelter to the forest.

Monsieur must bear with me if I go from my story into musings like these; but I have lived so long in my own spirit with the spirits of the dead, I have communed so much with the souls of the departed warriors, who knew so well how to fight and suffer—and even better how to die.

Monsieur, by looking at our little streets and at our buildings, can picture for himself what Ligny looked like when the Emperor was here. The fire did not destroy everything; there were strong houses and walls that the flames could not consume, and the cannonade and musket-firing could not take away our streets. The church has been rebuilt; but when monsieur sees the farm-buildings that I have named to-day, he can picture them as they were in the time of the great Napoleon. He can fill the great yards of the farms with masses of soldiers who were wedged together, struggling and panting with the work of slaying one another; he can look up at the old, stout timber of the gates, and seeing the holes which the bullets made—the ploughs still turn them up at Ligny—he can picture the Frenchmen storming and charging with all the valour of their ancient race, and he can fancy that he sees the sullen Prussians steadfastly holding their ground, and refusing to retire until they know that even their stout courage is no match for the impetuous onslaught of the Emperor's invincibles. And he will remember that no quarter was either given or taken.

I have told monsieur of the well in the courtyard at the Debry Farm. He will go and see it, and, as I say, will find that it is covered in; but when the battle raged the well was open to the sky.

The struggle in the farmyard was terrible. The French hurled themselves against the Prussians, and forced them to give way. There were those amongst the Prussians who were glad to fly; but they did not know that there was more than one way out of the courtyard, a gate leading to the open country. They believed that there was only one entrance—that by which they had come—and so, despairingly, they died where they made their last stand, slain in heaps.

But one Prussian, more crafty than his comrades, rushed to the well, and in the noise and confusion of the fight scrambled down the rough, slimy side, putting his feet into the crevices, and holding on with his torn hands—hiding in the damp gloom, while all the time the steel was clashing near him, and the mad shouts told of the last stand of his comrades. There, for many, many hours, he remained.

At last, when the Emperor had gone from Ligny, marching to Waterloo, the Prussian

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prisoner in the well cried and cried out until he was heard, and was pulled up to the surface—taken out by friends because he had not strength enough left in his body to save himself. I saw him many times after that, and looked upon him, in my childish way, as one of the greatest heroes of the fight at Ligny.

It was heartbreaking, terrible to return to my home with my mother, and see what war had done for us and for Ligny.

Three times, monsieur, Ligny had been taken by the French at the point of the bayonet, and three times the Emperor's troops had been driven out by the Prussians with the bayonet, too. The village, the country around, were crowded with fighting soldiers; but it was in the village where they were thickest, and where the fiercest of the fighting was. There had been three hours of cannonading and musket-firing—all the time I was listening and watching in the forest, and at seven o'clock the armies of Napoleon and Blucher were fighting hand to hand in the streets, in the farmyards, in the barns and houses—and in the garden where the Emperor had stroked my cheek. Then there was a mad, wild charge of the Cuirassiers and twenty other squadrons of cavalry, and the Prussians were driven out of Ligny, and the Emperor remained a victor.

What a butchery it was, monsieur! And how furiously they had fought! I saw the dead lying in their thousands, and the wounded in many thousands more. No quarter had been given, and when there was no more ammunition, when the bayonets were snapped or twisted, and the butts of the muskets broken off, the very rafters had been wrenched from the burning roofs and used as weapons. I came back from the forest to the garden, and, oh! how sad the change! It was torn and trampled, its flowers were crushed, its little trees were destroyed, the big trees near it were torn and shattered by the cannon-balls, and the face of it was covered with the dead and dying. The air was heavy with cries and groans, and the soil was bathed in blood. Have I not already told monsieur that the little streamlet by the church had turned to red?

Ligny was burning—it was the funeral pyre of many a veteran of the Old Guard and the terrible Cuirassiers and the French Artillery of the Guard; and the heavy thunder-rain was washing the streets and reddening the streamlet.

All the armies that I saw have vanished; the Emperor, his veterans, Blucher and his stubborn Prussians. They tell me that not a soul is left. But I am here, you see, on this placid Sabbath evening, sitting in my chair near the open door, looking on the quiet street which I saw glutted with the dying and the dead, and red with the blood that trickled to the streamlet.

And near me—near us both, monsieur—just behind the cottage where we are speaking now, is the garden in which I clung to my mother's skirt, and cried when the Emperor told us that the terrible Cuirassiers would be charging the Prussians, and where he stroked my cheek to comfort me, and told me not to be afraid.

And it was in this little village of Ligny too, monsieur, that I heard, two days after our own dreadful battle, the sullen thunder of the guns at Waterloo.

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PHŒBE'S FORTUNE.

Phœbe has a dimpled chin,
A skin of milk and roses,
Her mouth's a perfect Cupid's bow,
While purely Greek her nose is.

Phœbe has a fairy foot,
A waist that's trim and slender;
Phœbe's hand is soft and white,
And Phœbe's heart is tender.

And Phœbe's hand and Phœbe's heart,
With ardour, I'd importune
But for the fact that Phœbe's face
Comprises Phœbe's fortune.

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A Play for Children.

By H. Alexander.

(This little piece is especially suitable for performance at children's parties and similar entertainments. Those wishing to produce it should apply for permission to the Editor of the Royal Magazine *18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.)*

Lucie Farley (widowed mother of Tim and Mary).
Tim and Mary (her children).
Ethel Paton (mother of Archie, Joan, and George).
Kicking Horse (otherwise Archie Paton).
Pulling Pony (son of K.H., otherwise George Paton).
Iowa (wife of K.H., otherwise Joan Paton).

Scene I.

Nursery at Mrs. Farley's house (or part of lawn outside). Table and chairs set for lessons. Mrs. Farley, Tim, and Mary are seated ready to begin work.

Mrs. F. (*opening book*). Now, children dear, I am going to read to you about Indians this morning; and if you are attentive and behave nicely, you shall stop lessons five minutes early.

Tim. Mummy, what's the name of the people who've come to live at the White House?

Mrs. F. Never mind them now, dear; I haven't heard who they are yet or anything about them. (*Reads*) "The United States of America were not always dotted with large and small towns, linked together by railways and canals, as they are to-day. About two hundred years ago——"

Mary. Mummy, do you think we shall ever get to know the new people at the White House? It would be jolly for us to have someone to play with.

Mrs. F. I dare say you will, but we mustn't talk about that now. (*Reads*) "The English settlers in America lived mostly near the sea, and only a few of the more daring journeyed inland to look for new homes and wealth. In their search for gold they met with many difficulties, of which the greatest was the hostility of —" Tim, please take that pen out of your mouth, and listen; and Mary, (*louder*) Mary, how often have I told you not to twist your handkerchief up like that?— "was the hostility of the native Indians."

Tim. Go on about the Injuns, please, mummy.

Tim. They're the same as niggers, aren't they, mummy?

Mrs. F. No, no, child; these are what are known as Red Indians. No Indians are black—Africans are black.

Tim. Are they red like the big red lobsters we saw in the fish-shop?

Mary. The ones the man said shake hands very earnestly when they're alive.

Mrs. F. (*laughing*). No; they are reddish-brown, not much darker than the boatmen you saw at Cromer this summer.

Tim. Go on about the Injuns, please, mummy.

Mrs. F. "They were hunters, and lived a wandering life, moving from

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place to place in search of beasts to shoot and trap. Owing to their mode of life, the Indians developed a very keen sense of observation, enabling them to see and hear things which would pass unnoticed by a European."

TIM (*who with* MARY *has been getting gradually more interested*). Could a Injun see me if I wasn't there, mummy?

MRS. F. No, dear, of course he couldn't. But he would be able to hear you coming down the road long before I should, and he would be able to see your footmarks when I should see nothing.

MARY. How nice!

MRS. F. (*reads*). "Anyone who is personally acquainted with the wonderful powers of the Indians in tracking animals, or in following up the trail of human beings, will readily understand the terror with which they were regarded by the early settlers."

MARY. Mummy, could an Indian smell a tennis-ball as well as Ponto, d'you think?

TIM. Oh, do shut up, Mary; I want to hear about the fighting

MRS. F. (*reads*). "They had no houses in our sense of the word, but wigwams—that is, a sort of bell-tent, made of poles interwoven with dried grasses. Here the squaw, or Indian's wife, spent the day with her children, skinning the bison or buck which he had hunted down, and making out of the hides the rough garments which they wore."

MARY. Mummy, could an Indian smell a tennis-ball as well as Ponto?

MARY. Would hide be more a yard than the muslin for my new dress?

MRS. F. (*laughing*). You queer little creature! There were no dressmakers and milliners for them! Well, (*reads*) "Their weapons were lassoes and bows and arrows, with which they were most skilful, while each brave carried a small axe, which served many purposes, including that of a knife."

MARY. How lovely it must have been! I wish I'd been born an Indian, don't you, Tim?

TIM. Rather! I should think I do.

(*Persisten knocking heard at door.*)

MRS. F. (*to herself*). How often have I told the servants there are to be no interruptions during lessons; it is most tiresome. Mary, run and see what it is. (MARY *goes out of door.*)

TIM (*calling loudly*). Hurry up! It's just getting interesting.

MARY (*returning with a note*). It's a note that has just come, and has "Urgent" written on it; so Martha thought she'd better bring it at once.

MRS. F. (*reading note*). Oh, good gracious! This is a note from Mrs. Paton, at the White House, to say that her children went off blackberrying early this morning, and can't be found.

JIM. Injuns could find them easy enough, couldn't they, mummy?

MARY (*running round and looking over note*). Then their surname's Paton. I wonder what their other names are! Does it say?

MRS. F. (*looking at watch*). It is nearly time, dears, so we will stop now, and finish about the Indians next reading day, as I think I ought to go at once and tell John and William to keep a good look-out as they go their rounds. (*Kisses each.*) Good-bye, dears. (*Exit.*)

(MARY *and* TIM *take toy bow, arrows, and axe from cupboard and pretend to fight and then to track an enemy, saying "H'sh!" to each other continually, with one finger on their lips, as they creep round.*)

MARY. What fun it would be to play at being Indians now we know all about them.

TIM. Yes, yes, let's! And let's track the lost little Patons and find them, and give them back to their mother.

MARY. Oh, yes; and then we'll be sure to be asked to tea at the White House. Come along.

TIM. Hooray! I want to go to tea there ever such a lot. Come on, Mary. Hooray, hooray!

(*Run off with their arms round each other, laughing and shouting.*)

SCENE II.

Part of Mrs. Farley's woods; a wigwam centre. Mrs. Paton's children, under pretence of blackberrying, are putting into execution a long-prepared plan for playing at Indians. Much care and ingenuity have been employed in making their representation as life-like as possible. Kicking Horse is seated on a bucket at wigwam door. Iowa is squatting beside him, and Pulling Pony is playing near. Kicking Horse is armed, and weapons lie handy.

K. H. Listen, Iowa. What is that?

IOWA. I heard nothing.

K. H. (*putting his ear to the ground*). Someone approaches.

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K. H. Hands up or you die!

IOWA (*ditto*). True.

K. H. White men! I hear their voices. Be ready!

IOWA. Come, Pulling Pony, come for safety. (PULLING PONY *runs up. They all take up weapons. Enter* TIM *and* MARY *hand in hand.*)

TIM. Well, we may as well go this way as any other, you know. I told you if—— (*clutching Mary*). Look there! (*They shrink back.*)

K. H. Hands up or you die! (*They obey.*) Who are you?

MARY. Please, we are Mrs. Farley's children. I'm Mary and he's Tim, and we're very sorry for interrupting you.

K. H. (*to Tim*) Withdraw, white-face, and take the white-faced squaw with you. But move not far. Pulling Pony, give the war-cry of the Scalpo braves if they run, and remember (*to Tim and Mary*), I could track you for a hundred miles.

P. P. Right oh, Archie—sorry! I mean your orders shall be obeyed, great Kicking Horse. (TIM *and* MARY *retire, R.*)

IOWA. What shall we do with the white-faces?

K. H. They must not escape, or we shall be found out. Think, Iowa.

IOWA. I think. (*Pause.*) A thought comes swift as the eagle.

K. H. Speak!

IOWA. Among the stores are dresses, paints, and weapons. They must be made members of the Scalpo tribe.

P. P. Hooray, that will mean someone for me to play with; you two are so grand now.

K. H. What means the child? (*To P. P.*) Call back the white-faces. (*Re-enter* TIM *and* MARY.)

K.H. What think you of becoming members of the Scalpo tribe? We have raiment to clothe you, and can make you even like us.

K,H. Hasten, Munching Bull.

TIM (*whispering*). What d'you think, Mary? It would be rather fun. You know we were only saying just now how we wished we could be Indians.

MARY. I think it's just lovely. Let's, Tim—yes, let's.

TIM. Please, Kicking Horse, we should like to be Scalpos very much, and shall be very glad if you will dress us up to be real Indians, and teach us to shoot and track things.

IOWA. I will bring the garments. Prepare yourselves, white-faces. (*Enters wigwam.*)

K. H. It is cold, my children, in the woods. Cold crawling on hands and knees after Bigbull, the bison. The Scalpos' dress is thin. White-faces, you shall put our raiment over your own.

MARY. Please, Kicking Horse, can't we have names like you when we're done?

K. H. Ha, I think. (*Pause.*) The man white-face shall be called Munching Bull (*Pause.*); his squaw shall be called Lily Liver.

TIM. Oh, thank you ever so much, Kicking Horse. (*To Mary.*) That is a pretty name he's given you, isn't it? Fancy you being Lily Liver. It's grand. I don't know why I should be called Munching Bull, but I like it very much.

IOWA (*coming out of wigwam with clothes, paints, etc. She holds up Indian trousers and coat*). Pulling Pony, help Munching Bull to put on this (*holding out dress*). I will help Lily Liver with this. (TIM *and* MARY *put on clothes.*)

MARY. Isn't it just beautiful? How clever of you to make such a lovely dress, Iowa.

TIM (*fastening waist of trousers*). It'll only just meet round here. (*Stroking outside fringe.*) What splendid whiskers they have all down here.

K. H. Hasten, Munching Bull (*holding up grease paint*). I wait to put colour on your white face.

P. P. (*helping* TIM *with poncho*). No, not like that; you put your head through here.

MARY. Do you think anyone would know me when I'm done, Iowa?

IOWA. No white-face knows the home of the Scalpos, Lily Liver; here you are safe.

MARY. When I get good at being an Indian, and can track bisons, can I have some beads like you, Iowa?

IOWA. Each bead I wear is the token of a white-face I have killed.

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K. H. Kneel down, new Scalpos.

MARY. Oh, good gracious! I don't think I could ever do that. But do put on the hat thing. I'm quite ready for it.

TIM (*being painted*). Please not so hard, Kicking Horse; it feels as if it would go right through my cheek into my mouth, and I'm sure it wouldn't taste nice.

P. P. (*clapping his hands*). You're beginning to look quite real now, Munching Bull; you're almost finished.

IOWA (*who has painted* MARY). There, Lily Liver, no one could recognise you now! You may hope to be a great squaw like me, some day.

K. H. Kneel down, new Scalpos. (*They kneel before him while he holds an axe uplifted over each head.*) Swear to be for ever friendly to the Scalpos. Betray us, and beware!

TIM and MARY. We swear!

K. H. To-night you shall be tested. Munching Bull, you are the sentry for this night. Walk to and fro, and see that all is well. If you hear a sound, listen well, follow it on hands and knees, and if it prove a white-face, kill! (*Swings axes murderously*).

TIM. I'll promise to try, Kicking Horse. I expect I shall be rather frightened.

MARY (*runs and whispers to* TIM). Don't be frightened, Tim dear; I'll lie near the door and keep awake, so you'll have me to talk to. (*Kisses him.*) Good-night, Tim.

K. H. To your couch, Lily Liver. (*Creeps into wigwam after* MARY. *Pause, while* TIM *walks up and down.*)

TIM. Kicking Horse is very little for a Injun, and it all seems to have happened very funnily. He looks so fierce, I daren't do anything except what he tells me. All the same, I shan't cut mummy's throat if she comes. I don't think I like Iowa much, though; she seems very cruel-blooded. (*Longer pause.*) I wonder if it's nearly morning yet, I'm sure I've been sentry here for hours.

MARY (*putting her head out of wigwam*). Tim, Tim! Hush, hush! They're asleep.

TIM. Oh, Mary, I thought you were never coming to talk to me.

MARY. I know, Tim; I've been lying awake ages. I thought they'd never go to sleep. Then—hush! Something moved. (*Withdraws quickly.*)

TIM. It would be dreadful if Mary was caught talking to me.

MARY (*reappearing*). It's all right. Kicking Horse's snores sound so funny through a blanket. He's got his head tied up just like a plum pudding in a bag.

TIM. It's getting very cold out here, Mary; do you think it would be very unbrave if I came in and got warm for a bit?

MARY. No. Besides, I'm sure mother would say that you oughtn't to be out at this time of night at all, specially without your woolly muffler.

TIM. Of course, I shouldn't like to do anything that would bring disgrace to the Scalpos, but it's somehow quite different being Indians with lots of others about, from being sentry all alone.

MARY. I know, Tim, it's just like apples; they're not nearly so nice when you have to eat them by yourself.

TIM. I should like to come in dreadfully. Is it very cosy in there?

MARY. Rather, lovely.

TIM. The only thing is, Kicking Horse will be very angry in the morning if I haven't killed enough white-faces.

MARY. Well, come in for a very little—just enough to get tepid.

TIM. I think I will, just for a very little. (*Enters wigwam.*)

MARY (*within*). No, not there; that's Pulling Pony. Put your head here.

TIM. What shall I do with my feet; is that right?

MARY. Oh, do be careful: that's Kicking Horse's face—you musn't put them there, or he's sure to wake.

TIM. I *am* comfy, Mary; let me hold your hand.

MARY. In a minute. (*Looks out.*) It's all right, there's no one about. (*Lights are very low. Silence for a while. Enter* MRS. FARLEY *carrying large basket containing food, L. She looks about, searching for her children.*)

TIM. It's getting very cold out here, Mary.

MRS. FARLEY (*putting down basket by wigwam*). Oh, how my

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arms ache! I must put this basket down. I shall know exactly where it is, and be able to come and get it the moment I find my darlings. (*Checking sobs.*) No, I will not give way. I must go on, and search harder still. (*Exit L.*)

(*Enter* MRS. PATON, *R., carrying quantities of wraps.*)

MRS. PATON. Oh, my poor back, what a weight these things are! If I put them by this pile of straw, I shall find them again at once when my treasures are restored to me. (*Checking sobs.*) Courage, courage! This is the time for diligent search, not tears. (*Exit, R.*)

MARY (*putting head out of wigwam*). What was that? It woke me up. It sounded like people talking. (*Whispers loudly.*) Tim, Tim, here, quick! Someone's been past here, I'm certain. You mustn't be found asleep by Kicking Horse while the enemy's about.

TIM (*appearing, rubbing eyes*). Who can it be, Mary? It couldn't be real people now in the middle of the night. It must be ghosts or fairies.

MARY (*subdued voice*). Fairies, Tim. We're quite near the Fairy Dell, you know. (*Both creep out of wigwam.*)

TIM (*seeing wraps and basket*). Mary. Mary, look here! look here!

TIM (*seeing wraps and basket*). Mary, Mary, look here!

MARY (*examining the things*). Fairy clothes — a fairy basket! Yet they seem just like real ones. (*Passing basket.*) Look inside, Tim.

TIM (*looking inside*). Fairy food! (*Takes a bite of something, and passes basket to* MARY, *who also eats.*) Go on, Mary. Isn't it good? I almost think I'd rather be a fairy than a Injun if they have lovely things like this to eat.

MARY. We'd better wake the others and tell them. They'll be awfully pleased with us for finding all this. (*Puts head in wigwam and calls.*) Iowa! Kicking Horse! Pulling Pony! wake up, wake up! We've something dreadfully important to show you.

K. H. (*within*). Who's that? Where am I? Who's calling?

TIM. It's only us.

K. H. (*sleepily*). Who's us?

TIM. I'm Munching Bull. I'm sentry. Me and Mary—Lily Liver, I mean—have found something wonderful. (K. H. *crawls out, followed by* IOWA *and* P. P.) Look here. A lot of fairy clothes, and a lot of fairy food, left by the fairies from the dell. We're quite close to the Fairy Dell, you know.

K. H. (*resuming manner of a chief*). Let us eat. I am hungry. (*All sit round basket.*)

K. H. (*eating greedily*). The food of the fairies is good (*reaching out for it*). The basket. (*All eat steadily.*)

TIM (*looking in basket*). There's still quite a lot left.

IOWA. The Scalpos were always favoured by fortune. Great chief, no fairy must be killed by a Scalpo for a month hence.

K. H. Let none slay a fairy for a month, on pain of death. I have spoken.

MARY (*listening*). H'sh! (*All put their ears to the ground and listen, saying "H'sh!"*)

K. H. (*whispering*). Remove all trace of the feast. (*Each seizes something.*) Enter swiftly! (*All crawl into wigwam,* TIM *last.*)

TIM (*looking out again*). Blow! I've left my chopper, and have nothing to kill them with, as the string of Mary's bow has come untied. (*Re-enters. Sounds of approaching feet.*)

(*Enter* MRS. FARLEY, *L.;* MR. *and* MRS. PATON, *R.*) *They both approach wigwam, and suddenly meet before the opening.*)

MRS. FARLEY. Madam!

MRS. PATON. Madam! (*They look at each other.*)

MRS. FARLEY (*recognising her*). Ethel!

MRS. PATON (*ditto*). Lucie. (*They embrace.*)

MRS. FARLEY. Ethel, whatever are you doing here? I have never seen you or heard from you since we were at school together, over fifteen years ago, and you suddenly appear before me in my woods at midnight.

MRS. PATON. It was I who wrote to you this morning, asking for leave to search your woods. Dearest, I've lost my darling children.

MRS. FARLEY. So have I, dearest. My lambs have gone—oh, shall I ever find them again? (*Taking* MRS. PATON'S *hand and listening.*) Listen, listen! (*Noise inside wigwam.*)

MRS. FARLEY. Listen, listen!

MRS. PATON (*seizes* MRS. FARLEY'S *arm*). It is; that's Archie—I know it's Archie.

TIM (*within*). Well, I think you're very

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greedy, Kicking Horse. You've eaten lots more than me and Mary put together, and now you want all the coats. Besides, I found them, to start with, not you —so there!

K. H. Silence, Munching Bull! You and Lily Liver are only white-faces, learning to be like us. The Scalpos take their pick first.

TIM (*gripping wooden axe*). (*To* K. H.) Greedy, greedy, grumpy!

MARY. Don't quarrel, Tim; it really isn't worth it.

TIM. I don't care. I think you're a beast, Kicking Horse. Now!

K. H. (*losing control*). Don't put your tongue out at me, you cheeky brat!

IOWA. Munching Bull has insulted the great chief, Kicking Horse; he must fight for his life.

TIM. All right, Iowa, I'm not afraid of him.

K. H. Come, then. (*All crawl out and prepare for the fight.*)

TIM (*gripping wooden axe*). (*To* K. H.) Greedy, greedy, grumpy!

K. H. Dog, prepare to die!

(*As they rush at each other their mothers run forward, and each seizes her son round the waist.*)

MRS. PATON. Archie! Archie!

MRS. FARLEY. Tim! Tim!

(*They recognise the voices, drop their weapons, and hug their mothers.* IOWA *and* P. P. *run to* MRS. PATON, *and* MARY *to* MRS. FARLEY.)

MRS. PATON (*to* MRS. FARLEY). And you will bring them to tea to the White House to-morrow, won't you? Tea is at four.

MRS. FARLEY. Yes, dear, indeed, I will. We must celebrate this joyful hour as soon as possible. (*Clutching her children.*) Oh, I am so happy!

THE TRAGEDY OF BELINDA JANE.

Belinda Jane had had a bath;
I left her in the sun to dry
Her lovely hair so long and fair;
But when I came again, oh, my!

No sweet Belinda Jane I saw—
A dreadful thing with bogie face
No eyes, no nose, no cheeks of rose,
Was sitting in my darling's place!

"Belinda Jane, my darling child,
Where have you gone?" I cried in tears.
"This is your hair all goldy fair,
But not your face, my dear of dears!"

Ah, foolish little maid was I!
I'd left my dolly in the sun,
To melt her face so full of grace,
And found out too late what I'd done.

I took my bogie baby home
And laid her in her little bed,
And sat and cried there by her side,
For oh, I knew she was quite dead!

Oh, little girls with dolls of wax,
Don't *you* so very foolish be,
Lest, just through nought but want of thought,
You lose your babies like poor me!

I. Hudson.

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How Its Inhabitants Spend Their Laborious Days.

By an Etonian.

This is only the account of the life of a colleger. I speak as one among seventy, and I can speak of the other thousand only from hearsay. But I hope my views are untinged by prejudice, for, though formerly the oppidans (such is the name given to the bulk of the school) used to look upon "tugs" with scorn, returned in kind by the suffering minority, there exists to-day a perfect understanding which late generations have established, and coming generations are likely to maintain.

At a quarter to seven in the morning we are called by a servant. A cold morning—let us make it winter, for in winter everything is so compact—and it costs something of an effort to get out of bed, unless, indeed, we are of the favoured few who can boast a fire in their rooms; yet there are many who have their bath cold all the year round—such is the endurance of man.

Dressing is, as a rule, hasty, and perhaps interspersed with references to some classical author we may have to study for early school. This melancholy function takes place at half-past seven, in summer at seven o'clock; and should anyone be so overcome with sleep as to absent himself, he is "put on tardy-book," that is, he has to rise up early for the next week, in order to sign his name in a book kept at the school office—with sundry other penalties attaching thereto. Lately, indeed, this sentence has generally been commuted to that of writing out dates of historical events, in the hope of combining education with chastisement, and this system works perhaps less clumsily than the former one.

To early school, then, the colleger goes out, clad in his gown over black clothes, and wearing, unless one of the first sixteen in college, a silk hat more or less brushed. In very cold weather he probably wears a great-coat indoors and out the whole day. He stands with the rest of his division outside the schoolroom door, waiting for the master to come.

Formerly the school lasted for an hour, but since the latest alteration of the time-table, he gets away after three-quarters of an hour. Breakfast follows as soon as may be In the houses, that is to say, outside college, the whole house often breakfasts together under the supervision of the house-master; but in college and some houses breakfast, like tea, is a meal left to the individual conscience. The lowest twenty feed together in "Lower Tea-room," and the thirty above them in "Upper Tea-room" next door.

Over each of these presides a captain, who is the highest in school order, and his power, though largely nominal, suffices to keep some

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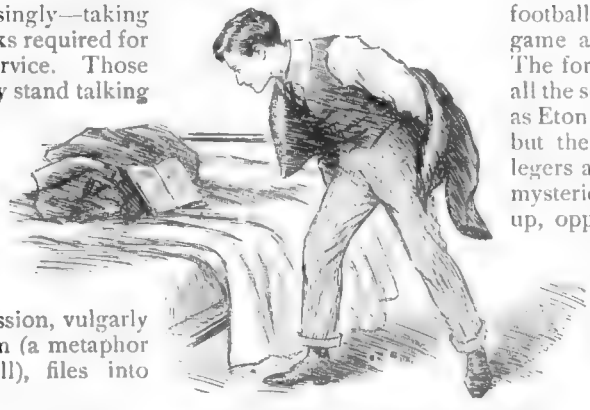
kind of order. The twenty remaining mess in their own rooms, for the most part clubbing together to form messes of two or three, sometimes even four. The top ten, who are in Sixth Form, have fags, who perform such menial duties as the making of toast and the fetching of kettles.

The necessities of life at breakfast: bread, butter, milk, and tea, are provided by college, and some hot dish is also supplied. Extras must be bought by private enterprise. The meal does not take long—none do at Eton, in spite of Gladstone's example. Between this and chapel time is occupied with stray pieces of work or reading the papers.

At five minutes past nine the bell begins to toll for chapel, and when it has been going about seven minutes people stroll leisurely out in twos—for it is an important feature in the Etonian temperament that no one does anything singly—taking with them the books required for the school after service. Those who arrive too early stand talking outside or in the ante-chapel, till time or magisterial pressure compels them to come in. At a quarter-past the clock strikes, the bell ceases tolling, and the procession, vulgarly known as the Ram (a metaphor from Eton football), files into chapel.



Dressing is, as a rule, hasty, and perhaps interspersed with references to some classical author.

First come the twenty Sixth Form in pairs, colleger with oppidan, then the paid choir, then the conduct or chaplain, then the verger with a poker, and finally the provost, vice-provost, and head-master, or any of them who may be present. College wear gowns in chapel, except on Sundays and Saints' days, when they wear surplices.

The service consists of morning prayer extensively mutilated, and does not last more than twenty minutes, after which everybody goes to the schoolroom where he is "up" for the next lesson. In the highest part of the school this is devoted to "extras," that is, work on special subjects, or with a special master outside the ordinary divisions, and everyone, of course, takes the subject he likes. From these we escape at a quarter or twenty past ten, though the majority come out later.

The time between this and the next school is spent by the masters in conclave of an informal character, where they discuss the frailties of their pupils and bring cases before the notice of the head; by the boys in finishing arrears of work or idling about. Some, for their health, drink milk and eat biscuits. The next school is at eleven, though the time is exceedingly elastic, and no one is surprised to see the master turn up a quarter of an hour late. School continues till 11.45, and now on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays work is over for the day.

Lower boys, who are always putting their noses to the grindstone under the tinkering hand of their tutors, spend their after twelves in pupil-room, which they designate (infamous habit!) by the sobriquet of "puppy-hole." But all right-minded people play football after twelve, in houses by scratch games for the most part, but in college under organised conditions.

There are two kinds of football at Eton, the field game and the wall game. The former is common to all the school, and is known as Eton football generally; but the latter, while collegers are instructed in its mysteries from their youth up, oppidans do not play till they are proficient enough at football to be numbered among the twenty-two most likely players for the match between collegers and oppidans on St. Andrew's Day.

Of course, in range of selection and strength the oppidans make up, and often (if the truth must be told) more than make up, for their lack of experience. There is only one wall where this remarkable game can be played; it is unique among public school games as being made to suit one particular spot.

But to return to our muttons. All right-minded people play football now. Those who have not a game till the afternoon sit indoors and read, or go down town and "sock," fortify, that is, the inner man. Some, of course, will play racquets or squash, and some may even do their work then, if they have a studious turn of mind. Heaven knows how much time I have wasted in this way myself! To enter into the regulations of Eton football would be a lengthy and hazardous task; suffice it to say that there are few games so

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heating, or which give you such good appetite for the next meal. A little before 1.30 the footballer returns, very muddy and rather bruised, to have a bath and change before Hall.

That is, before lunch. In houses lunch takes place in a dining-room decorated with old house-photographs. In college we go into Hall, a part of the very old foundation, and there we can look at the same old walls that generations of our fathers have looked at, and warm our hands at the same old fireplaces, and sit on the same old benches, and eat the s——, but stay, I become too romantic.

The highest person present at 1.30 says in a loud voice "*Surgite*" and when the rest have complied somewhat unwillingly with this direction, he adds, "*Benedicat Deus.*" The meal then proceeds, the meat being served out to the majority by the servants, but provided in special joints for Sixth Form and "Liberty," the six highest outside that body, so that each may carve its own joint.

These privileged individuals have several other luxuries, for which, let me hasten to state, they pay through the nose. The days are happily past when college food was practically uneaten; but it is undeniable that a few extras make a great difference to the repast. People, outside Sixth Form and Liberty, who wish to arrive later than half-past one, have to get leave from a member of the former body, and anyone arriving without this is liable to a penalty not exceeding thirty lines, or to an epigram in a given language on a given subject. These latter are read out to Sixth Form by their authors during supper, and can be made extremely amusing.

At the end of the meal the captain of the school rises, and says again, "*Surgite*"; this time it is followed by "*Benedicatur Deo*," and the rest reply, "*Deo gratias.*"

It is now about five minutes to two, and there is nothing to be done till 2.15, when we go out into school yard for "absence"; that is, roll-call, or call-over, or whatever you please to term it. At Eton it is always "absence." Each boy as he is called takes off his hat, and answers, "Here, sir," and as there are four absences going on at the same time (not including the Lower boys), this does not take above ten minutes at most.

In the afternoon, which lasts from 2.15 to 4.30, and is consequently called the "after four," the unhappy Lower boys, who have been working all the morning, get their games, and all matches, whether school matches or scratch teams against houses, come off. School matches are played in a large field, called in guide-books "the Timbralls," but at Eton, School Field; there are always plenty of spectators, enough to rouse the wrath of Mr. Kipling if he saw them; and in front of these, between them and the game, goes the line of Pops to keep them back. Pop is, as is well known, an institution, containing about thirty members, elected on the severest system of black-balling known to Pall Mall, their outward privileges being mere efflorescences of attire, but their moral influence very hard to exaggerate. Many of them are naturally playing on these occasions, but the remnant form a very efficient police.

There are college matches, too, scratches, of course, for no other school plays Eton football, but providing (some say) better football than the above described. And there are wall matches, which to the initiated are better watching than anything. The weary athletes and the chilly spectators alike return to their houses for lock-up, which varies, according to the length of the days, from half-past four to half-past five in the winter months. At the moment of lock-up a small and less formal absence is held in the houses, to insure the presence of everyone indoors at that time, and thus the half-holiday afternoon ends.

But on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays the whole scheme is different from lunch onwards. At 2.15 comes school, which means to the *illuminati*, a saying-lesson (never called repetition), which may take any time from five minutes to half-an-hour, but to the majority of the school a three-quarters of an hour lesson. Between this and the last school there is an interval, which used to be of an hour and a quarter's duration, but may have altered with the changing times. It may be spent in any form of work or idling; in college we have kick-about, attendance at which is compulsory.

The "bloods," or swells, stand in the middle, and the rest form two circles round them; thus the people inside kick the balls (about eight or ten in number) to the outside, and those on the circumference return them with difficulty to the centre. It will readily be conceived that this is not a very democratic form of game, but it is the universal rule at Eton that everyone must bide his time.

The last school is not as a rule a very energetic one; indeed, in the top part of the school it usually means doing private reading under the eye of a master, and instances are not wanting in which outraged Nature has

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"Absence," as it is termed at Eton, which corresponds to call-over or roll-call, takes place at 2.15. On the 4th of Jun', "absence" is a very picturesque ceremony, as all the parents and relations of the "present" attend.

claimed her due, and the wearied head has sunk gently but firmly on the slumbering breast, to be rudely awakened, it may be, by the hoarse shouts of the presiding pedagogue. But it is over at last, and we are free to resume the narrative where we left it at the end of the half-holiday afternoon.

Tea in winter is a serious and lengthy event. The dispositions are the same in college as for breakfast; in houses it is always taken singly or in small groups. There is nothing more wholly satisfying than this meal if you have not to go out again afterwards.

As a rule, two nights are devoted to private business, commonly known as "private," which means doing some book with your tutor among his other pupils. If you are in the house of a classical master, of course he is both your house tutor and your classical tutor, and it merely means going downstairs to his pupil-room; but those unfortunates who are in college or board with a mathematical master have to go out of doors to their classical tutors' houses, armed with tickets to be signed by them with the time of their arrival and departure. This is a very obvious precaution against people wandering about at all hours of the night.

A further refinement on these tortures is known as translation papers, or rather as T.P. Besides the ordinary privates, all people at the top of the school, and, if the tutor be a hard taskmaster, others lower down, have to sit in pupil-room translating pieces of Greek or Latin into English. The labour of this is to most people incredible, for the papers are of scholarship standard, and have to be done by people who are not scholars, without any of that generous rivalry which makes scholarship work tolerable.

Moreover, the victim has to stop in pupil-room till he finishes the papers somehow, or till the evening is spent. It is a happy time when the toiler arrives at the height of Sixth Form, when, unless his tutor be also a tartar, he is allowed to do these abominations in his own room and at his leisure.

But let us turn from this melancholy side of the picture to the occupations of an ordinary half-holiday evening. It is extremely hard to give an account of one's time at Eton in its leisure moments. There are few places where so much talking gets done one way and another, few places where so much trash is read, so many friendships formed; in fact, where so much time is deliberately wasted.

But there is generally a good deal of private reading and out-of-school work to be done, and there is football to be played in

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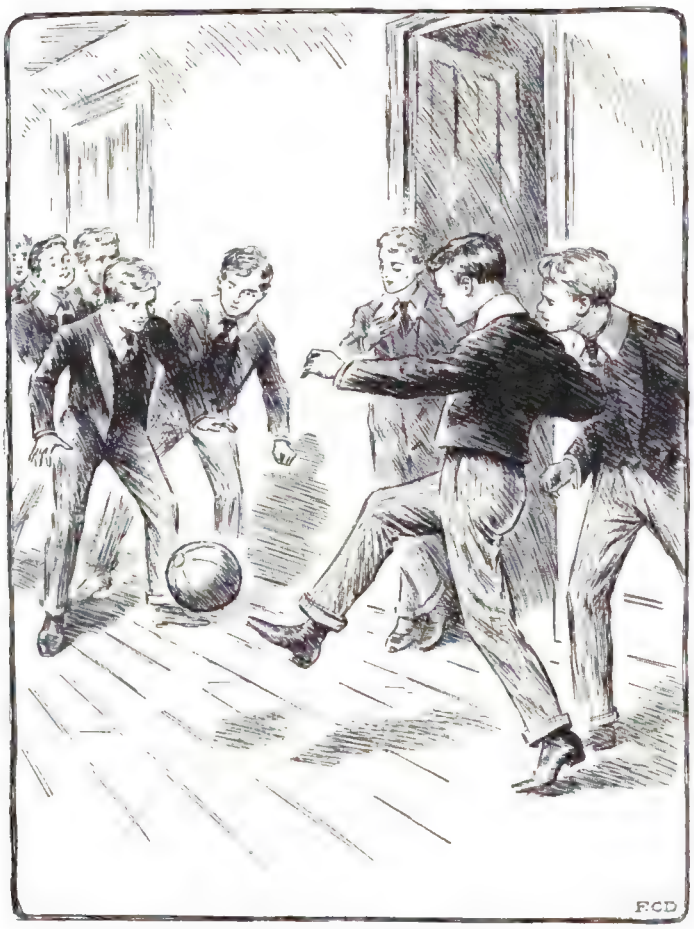

In the evenings there is a good deal of out-of-school work to be done, and there is also football to be played in the passages.

the passages, and interprandial food to be devoured, and somehow those winter evenings do pass all too soon, the happiest part of Eton life.

Of course, there are sometimes events. Soon after the beginning of the winter half "Chamber Singing" takes place. Chamber is really Long Chamber, or what is left of it. It is a long room partitioned off into cubicles called "stalls," with a passage in between them, with an old table and a fireplace.

The fire used to be kept up by all the fags in turn, each taking a day. If the fire went down below the second bar, the responsible person was corporally punished by the Captain of Chamber, himself only just, if at all, above the status of the fag. But in the last three or four years these and many other rules of Chamber, with appropriate penalties, have died out, with the result that the fags are never so active or so subdued now as formerly.

Chamber Singing is a function at which all the new boys of the last year in college get up on to the table in front of the fire in turn, and each, according to his ability, sings a song. After this the rest of those present call on anyone whom they choose, and if he show signs of reluctance, he is dragged forward by his friends and made to sing. But this festival resembles Christmas in only coming once a year. There are other forms of amusement in the shape of lectures and concerts, and on Sundays occasional organ recitals. In winter there is never any real lack of something to do.

At half-past eight the bulk of college has supper. I do not speak of oppidans because I do not know. Supper consists of cold and hot meat alternately, with any other supports of life that individual enterprise may suggest.

Only beer, water, meat, and bread are provided by college. Sixth Form can sup there too if they care to, but they always have their meal in college. Attendance at Hall in the evening is not compulsory. Prayers follow hard on supper, and are conducted in a school-room which has a door into Chamber. In all houses they take the place of an absence, to make sure everyone is in his house before bed-time, and "leave to go to bed early" can be procured (in college, at any rate) only from the matron. College boasts a rather antique harmonium on which the chief musician at the time plays the familiar hymn, which is sung with considerable verve by the congregation. The master in college reads prayers in a gown, and we wear ours to match.

The period after prayers is, for most people, rather unprofitable, but it is a time for the élite to exercise their intellectual powers. Thus on Wednesday there is the Shakespeare Society, for which six of college Sixth Form

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and six oppidans meet in the house of a master who is president, to flesh their histrionic teeth on the hard sayings of the immortal William.

Coffee and sandwiches render this something of a social function, but we get through a stern hour's business every week. The Essay Society sometimes meets on Thursday night. This consists of twelve boys and a master, and any other master can come and listen. One of the members reads an essay, and the masters join in pulverising him. His fellows do not as a rule volunteer criticism, remembering that their own turn, however long (and it is generally very long) delayed, will come at last. On Friday Pop., or the Eton Society, meets for debate, but in this the college contingent is representative rather than numerous.

Its debates last for an hour by the clock, and each member has to contribute his words of wisdom. And, finally, on Saturdays, College Debating Society, commonly known as College Pop., debates in college reading-room. All the week this room is used for reading the papers or novels, and generally for wasting time, but to-night its appearance is transformed. The presidental chair faces the semi-circle of seats, with its back to the fire, and the academic calm that pervades the proceedings proclaims that this is really the premier debating society of Eton.

This society has twenty members, so that the rest of college enjoys a brief respite from authority during its sittings. But on other nights the majority is little affected by the movements of an intellectual few. Sixth Form supper takes place immediately after prayers in Upper Tea-room (mentioned previously), and is at once a banquet and a tribunal.

One of the fags comes in and gives the names of those who have books to return to college library; afterwards he is sent to fetch anyone against whom Sixth Form has a quarrel. The offence may only be the leaving of a book in reading-room, which is visited with confiscation or a fine of sixpence. But there are weightier crimes, for which even corporal punishment is inflicted, and that in the presence of the rest of Sixth Form; an arrangement equally nervous for the victim and the executioner.

At half-past nine the fags in Chamber have their lights put out, and one of Sixth Form goes into each of the two long passages in which the rest of college lives, calling out "Rooms, please, upper" (or "lower," as the case may be) "passage."

After this no one may come out of his room without stating his purpose and getting leave from the official above-mentioned. Nor does even this privilege last for long, for when a quarter of an hour has elapsed, he calls out again "Rooms, please," and no more leave is given. At ten he says similarly, "Lights, please," and except on some special plea, lights have to be extinguished.

Only Sixth Form and Liberty are now allowed to light up or go about, and a strange feeling of rest, unobservable before, comes into the air. Altogether it is a most delightful time, and admirably suited to work or conversation.

But in half-an-hour a heavy tread sounds through the passages, and lights are turned off in them. Then one by one all the lights, save a very few, are turned off at the main, and there is nothing for it but to disperse and go to bed, whither the servant is by now summoning us in his most aggressive voice. And so with a last good-night we go to rest, to sleep, we will hope, the sleep popularly attributed to the just.

Chamber Singing is a function at which all the new boys of the last year in college get up on to a table and sing. Afterwards anyone is called on, and passive resisters are given no quarter.

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Christmas comes but once a year; and here it is again! In honour of the festive season "Mr. X" has three pages this month, and hopes that his readers will enjoy his humble efforts to amuse three times as much as usual. About to send out the season's greetings to all his readers at home and abroad, "Mr. X" cannot help reflecting how numerous they are, and how enthusiastic regarding his modest pages. From the uttermost corners of the Empire he receives daily some message of congratulation, often enough written by a lonely exile hundreds of miles from the next white man.

"Mr. X" wants all his readers to make a New Year's resolution: namely, to send him a postcard stating their opinion of his pages, and any ideas they may have for improvements. And last, but not least, **to all his readers, throughout the Empire, and in the rest of the world, "Mr. X" wishes the best of Christmases, and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.**

Puzzle Penknives, Puzzle Purses, or Packs of ROYAL Playing Cards, will be given as prizes to readers who forward new puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. All readers communicating with "Mr. X." and wishing for a reply must inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A CHANCE FOR POETS.

In the September ROYAL "Mr. X" offered a prize of five shillings for the best verse of not more than ten lines containing various words composed of identical letters.

The competition proved extremely popular, and the merit of the entries, which were very numerous, reached a high standard. There was, as usual, a depressing sameness about some of the efforts. The number of "*vile* old women on *evil* bent" who sought out "Mr. X" appalled even his stout heart, while the practice apparently common among sutlers of sitting in "ulsters gray," was enthusiastically commemorated.

"Mr. X" has much pleasure in awarding the prize of five shillings to Miss Alice Robertson, 42 Wardie Road, Edinburgh, who achieved the following verse:

Dearly I love my favourite Keats to take,
And o'er him daily with a juicy steak.
I'd stake a pound, and make the wager good,
This is for mind and body priceless food.
And he that takes such diet every day
Will find his sinews strong for work or play;
To golf in summer and in frost to skate
Will like hard teaks his muscles indurate.
Then, like Petruchio's, firm will be his stand,
And "Kate's" submission follow his command.

Here are a few good specimens of the verses sent in:

A Frenchman on races spent all that he had,
He mortgaged his acres and went to the bad;
Soon after his cares so afflicted his brain
That, murmuring "sacré" he leapt in the Seine.

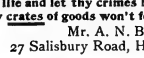
Miss Norah Barnesley,
Earlsfield, Edgbas on, Birmingham

Man of the dark room, traces now I find
Upon these cartes of likeness to my features.
Carest thou naught, O man of evil mind
Who racest thus to libel fellow creatures?
Evil thus done reacts upon the doer;
The carets in thy conduct, sir, are many.
Recast thy life and let thy crimes be fewer,
Or all thy crates of goods won't fetch a penny.

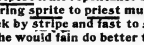
Mr. A. N. Burr,
27 Salisbury Road, Hove, Sussex.

The dullest esprit e'en should know
That ripest fruit repentance brings.
Each erring sprite to priest must go
And seek by stripe and fast to show
That he would fain do better things.

Miss Helen L. Mead,
27 Ladbroke Gardens, London, W.



Q. What is the difference between cycling up a hill and a train full of merchandise?
A. One is a good strain, and the other is a goods train.

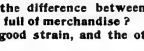


A COURTEOUS ACTION.

BLIMMINS: "Last summer I was watering my garden, and a lady went past the fence with her stockings on wrong side out."

PLIMMINS: "Indeed! very interesting, but what could you do in the matter?"

BLIMMINS: "Oh, I simply turned the hose on her."



Q. Why are well-brought-up children like jellies?
A. Because they are moulded so that they will turn out well.

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Eggs-actly.

A farmer went to market with eggs and offered them for sale. Up came a customer.

"How much are your eggs?" he inquired.

"A penny each," replied the farmer.

"How many eggs have you?"

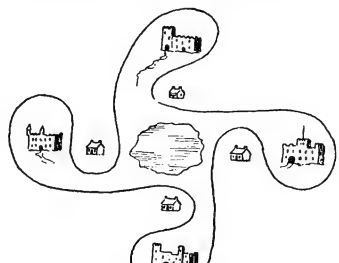
"If," replied the farmer, who never used one word where six would do, "if I sold you 4s. 2d. worth and you sold me back 1s. worth I should have remaining $\frac{3}{5}$ the amount of eggs I had originally."

How many eggs had he?

Q. Why have bulls a special aversion to crimson?
A. Because their frenzy is a species of hate-red.

The Wicked Noblemen.

There once was a lake round which four humble cottagers lived, north, south, east, and west; behind each cottage lived a nobleman. These noblemen bought the lake, and built a wall so as to prevent the cottagers from reaching the lake, and so that they themselves were able to reach it. The wall was all in one line, without doors or windows or ladders. This is how they managed it.



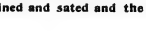
An Eye to the Main Chance.

Uncle James: "Now, Herbert, which would you prefer for a Christmas present, a five-pound note or £5 in gold?"

Herbert: "Oh uncle, it's very kind of you, and I would much, *much* rather have a five-pound note."

Uncle James: "Really! and why?"

Herbert: "Well, you see, Uncle, when you put a five-pound note in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you find it increases" (in creases).



Q. What is the difference between a man who has had a good dinner and a letter?
A. One's dined and sated and the other's signed and dated.

High Finance.

Little Alfred: "Papa, if I ask you a small question in arithmetic that I can answer right and you can't, will you give me a penny?"

Papa (in a satisfied tone): "Certainly, my son."

Little Alfred: "How many stamps can I buy for four and twopence?"

Papa (suavely): "Fifty, Alfred."

Little Alfred: "Oh, no, papa—I can buy a hundred." (Collects the penny.)

Q. When is the weather most like a crockery shop?
A. When it is muggy.

An Astonishing Offer.

It sounds absurd to offer to creep into a bottle or a jug, but if you are acquainted with this simple catch, such an offer and its fulfilment will cause a good deal of fun.

A great amount of mystery should be made in connection with the trick, and the bottle must be placed very ceremoniously on a table.

Request absolute silence, and ask the audience to keep their eyes fixed on the bottle. Then go out of the room, and creep *in* and up *to* the bottle on hands and knees.

Thus you will, indeed, have crept "in to" the bottle.

Strange and Peculiar.

Pink: "Queer, isn't it?"
Gray: "What's queer?"
Pink: "Why, the night falls—"
Gray: "Yes?"
Pink: "—But it doesn't break."
Gray: "No."
Pink: "And the day breaks—"
Gray: "That's so."
Pink: "—But it doesn't fall."
And he was gone.

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A PAGE OF XMAS PUZZLE TRICKS.

"Mr. X" is indebted for the following interesting tricks and puzzles to the Rev. A. Cyril Pearson, from whose recently published work, "The Twentieth Century Standard Puzzle Book," they are reprinted by kind permission.

Was It Scandal?

Dick and Harry meet in a dim hotel passage.

Dick: "Did you ever hear that story about No. 288?"

Harry (all ears): "No, what was it?"

Dick: "Oh, it's too gross, too gross entirely."

Harry: "Tell away. I'll try to stand it."

Dick: "Well; 288 *is* two gross, isnt it?"

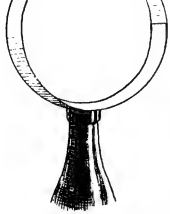
An Amusing Charade.

This amusing charade is from the pen of an Irish bishop:

True to the trumpet call of fame and duty
The soldier arms and hastens to depart,
Nor casts one look behind, though love and beauty
Whisper *my first* in tones that thrill his heart.

The war is o'er; with wealth and honour laden
The hero seeks the well-remembered Hall:
He woos and wins the unreluctant maiden,
And bids *my second* o'er her blushes fall.

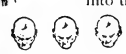
He takes her hand—a mist of rapture thickens
Before her eyes. Such bliss succeeding pain
O'ertasks her strength, and fainting Nature sickens
Until *my whole* is rudely snapt in twain.



The Nimble Coin.

Prepare a circular band of stiff paper, as is shown in the diagram, and balance it, with a coin on the top, on the lip of a bottle.

How can you most effectively transfer the coin into the bottle?



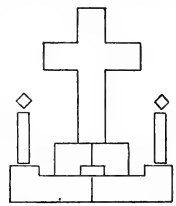
Mind Your Stops.

How would you punctuate the following sentence?

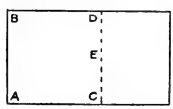
Maud like the pretty girl that she was went for a walk in the meadows

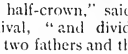
A Paper Puzzle.

Take a piece of paper, say five inches by three inches, but any oblong shape and size will do, and after folding it four times cut it lengthwise up the centre. Unfold the pieces, and to your surprise you will find a perfect cross and other pieces in pairs of the shapes shown in the diagram. The puzzle is, how to fold the paper.



The paper must be folded so that B comes upon C, then so that A comes upon D, then from D to C, and lastly from E to C. If it is now cut lengthwise exactly along the centre, the figures shown in the first diagram will be formed, which resemble a cross and lighted candles on an altar.





A Division Sum.

"Take this half-crown," said the vicar at a village festival, "and divide it equally between those two fathers and their two sons, but give nothing of less value than a penny to either of them."

The schoolboy, who was a sharp lad, changed the half-crown and divided it equally among them. How was this possible?

SOLUTIONS.

Eggs-actly: 50 eggs.

An Amusing Charade: Stay-lace.

The Nimble Coin: Strike a smart blow with a can; or any small stick, on the inside of the paper band. There is not time for the coin to be influenced in the same direction, and it falls plumb into the neck of the bottle.

Mind Your Stops: Many might punctuate this sentence merely by putting a full stop at the end of it. But why not *make a dash after Maud?*

A Division Sum: The lad gave tenpence each to a grandfather, his son, and his grandson.

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The Influence of "Ippy."

The Story of a Bachelor's Christmas Generosity.

By C. Malcolm Hincks.

I.

Mr. Paul Blurton sat in the pleasant room of his lodgings near Lancaster Gate, toying with his breakfast and staring out of the window across Hyde Park, which, strange as it may seem on Christmas Eve, was white with a thin layer of snow.

"Confound Christmas!" muttered Mr. Blurton for about the sixth time in as many minutes, as, having struggled to consume a poached egg, he stroked his closely-clipped moustache.

From which it may reasonably be assumed that Mr. Blurton did not appreciate the joys of the festive season.

He did not; he was a bachelor in a groove, and he detested to have the regular order of things interfered with.

Now, in what seemed an absurdly short time, Christmas had come round and upset his arrangements.

His landlady, a stolid, homely-featured woman, brought in his boots and placed them in the fender before the blazing fire, and then quietly removed the breakfast things without a word—Mrs. Briggs understood the value of silence.

"Oh, Lord!" growled the bachelor, "that reminds me, I must buy Mrs. Briggs a present of some sort. The old lady won't take money. Hang it, I think I'll go now and get it over before the shops get impassable."

With the air of a martyr he pulled on his boots, and donning his heavy astrakhan overcoat and felt hat, he went down the stairs, announcing in a loud voice in the little hall that he would not be in to lunch.

"I'll go to the club," he thought to himself; "it will be fairly quiet there at all events, and the waiters cannot indulge in promiscuous brigandage."

He walked rapidly along, past the Marble Arch and into Oxford Street, racking his brains as to the form of present he was to buy his estimable landlady.

Suddenly he pulled up abruptly outside a toy and fancy goods shop, the windows of which were tastefully set out with articles of all kinds and prices, as they advertised, "to suit every pocket." One of the large windows was given up to writing-cases, handkerchief and glove boxes, Christmas cards, etc., and the other was filled with toys of every description. Mr. Blurton was glancing carelessly at the former window, when his

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attention was suddenly arrested by a piercing voice from someone close to him.

"Oh, Ippy, d'yer see that there dolls' 'ouse? Jest look at the furnitchure, an' rahnd the corner is a coach 'ouse wiv 'orses an' kerridges to tike 'em inter the park. Oh, 'ow 'eavenly!"

Mr. Blurton turned and regarded the speaker with idle curiosity. She was a girl of perhaps ten or eleven; her by no means clean face was flattened against the plate-glass window. Her dress was ragged, and a small oval of rusty black straw served the purpose of a hat. She carried a very diminutive and very grimy baby in her arms.

The individual to whom the remarks were addressed was a boy, who might have been twelve according to his size, and forty according to his face. He was slightly more ragged and slightly grimier than the girl; his hands were deep in the pockets of the remnants of knickerbockers that he wore. He was endeavouring to assume a bored, superior air, the while with one little black, beady eye fixed covetously upon a railway track, round which a small clockwork train was erratically moving at a speed which should most certainly have been vetoed by the Board of Trade for toy trains.

"'Ow much money 'ave yer got?" he asked.

"'A'penny."

"Well, yer won't get that there dolls' 'ouse for a 'a'penny, so wot's the good er lookin' at it? It only mikes yer envious, it does! Bli'me!" he ejaculated, suddenly fixing his attention on the clockwork train. "Jest look at that injin, nearly off the rails it was—there—look, Mattie—'e's off, 'e's off—lumme, no 'e ain't, an' nah 'e's slowin' up."

His disappointment at the averted catastrophe was lost upon the girl, who, despite the interruption, was still gazing longingly at the dolls' house.

"D'yer believe in Santa Claus?" she asked abruptly.

The boy, his eyes on the young assistant who was winding up the clockwork locomotive, carefully considered the question.

"I don't say there ain't a cove of that nime, an' I don't say there is," he said non-committally. "Orl I know is that 'e don't come to the likes o' us."

"Yer never knows," replied the girl in awed tones. "Sometimes I fink as 'ow he's a sorter hangel wot sees fings as uvver folks don't. 'E might even bring me a dolls' 'ouse like this one."

The idea seemed to please the boy, despite his air of worldly wisdom.

"An the injin wiv the kerridges, lines, stashins, an' all," he remarked wistfully.

"Four bedrooms an' two sittin'-rooms, kitchen——"

Then Mr. Blurton interrupted, why he could never exactly say.

"Would you like that dolls' house?" he asked almost roughly, surprised to find that his voice was not as cold and clear as usual.

The girl stared at him in dull amazement.

"Like it!" she ejaculated at last. "Like it!"

"Come in, then," said Mr. Blurton; "and you, too, boy."

With a grim smile on his hard face, the bachelor led the way into the shop, which at that comparatively early hour was almost deserted. A young lady dressed in black, with a marvellous head of auburn hair, came forward and stared at him curiously.

"I want that dolls' house in the window," he said, and then, after a slight pause, "and the clockwork railway affair."

The girl with the auburn hair was deeply impressed. The two things mentioned were the most expensive toys in the window. She hurried away.

"What's your name?" asked the man, turning to the girl.

"Mattie Saunders," she replied, and then feeling that an introduction was needed, "this is my brother Ippy."

Mr. Blurton stared.

"Ippy?" he repeated.

"Yes. Yer see 'e was dropped wen 'e was a kid, an' 'urt his 'ip, so we calls 'im Ippy, 'is real nime bein' a long 'un, Halbert Montgomery Saunders."

The bachelor fixed his eyes on the boy, and for the first time noticed that he walked with a perceptible limp. Ippy was returning his curious gaze with interest.

Presently the lady with the auburn hair and a pale-faced, worried-looking youth appeared carrying the dolls' house. This they set down on the floor near Mr. Blurton, and departed again for the clockwork railway.

The boy and girl sidled up to the wooden mansion and stared dazedly at it. Even the dirty-faced baby in the red frock woke up from an uncomfortable, hungry slumber, and manifested a certain amount of interest in the proceedings.

"You're a fine bloke," said the boy admiringly. "Fancy 'avin' the money ter go

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about an' mike people 'appy. Yer must 'ave a grand time, guv'nor."

Mr. Paul Blurton coloured slightly. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he had only tried to make himself happy, and had not made an unqualified success of that undertaking, unless being head of a prosperous city firm, with an income bordering on ten thousand a year, could be called happiness.

In due course they arrived with the railway track in sections, at which Ippy's face fell somewhat. The worried-looking youth explained how it could be put together.

"Where shall I send them, sir?" asked the lady with the auburn hair.

Mr. Blurton turned inquiringly to the boy.

"Tike 'em wiv' us," said the youth cautiously.

"Very well. By the way, you might include that writing-desk there—it's that one with the weird ornamentation. Do it up separately; I want it sent home. I'll give you the address in a moment. How much does all this come to?"

The lady with the auburn hair went through a rapid mental calculation.

"The dolls' house is three pounds, sir, and the railway complete is five guineas, the desk one guinea—that's nine pounds six shillings, sir."

The small urchins' eyes opened to their utmost limit, and Mr. Blurton casually took out his letter-case. Then he frowned; it contained one five-pound note, and he knew that the contents of his sovereign purse was only two pounds.

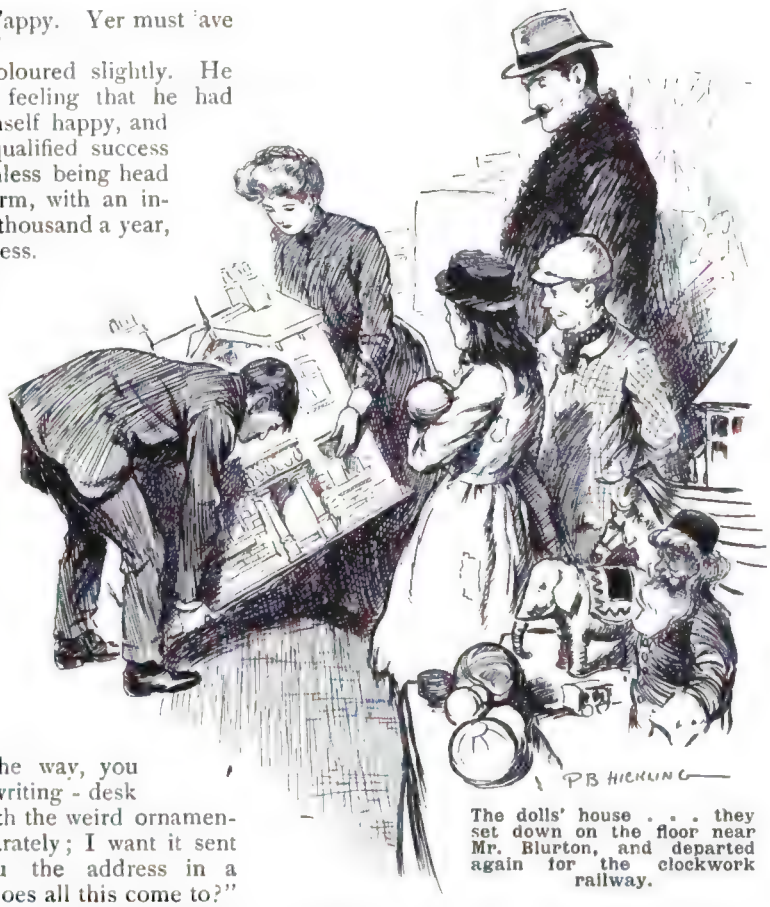
"I'm sorry, I haven't enough on me to pay for the lot," he remarked awkwardly.

There was a silence. The assistants eyed him suspiciously and the children apprehensively.

"Of course——" began the lady with the auburn hair, when Mr. Blurton sharply interrupted her.

"Have you a telephone here?"

"Yes, sir," broke in the worried-looking youth, "up on the first floor. Do you wish to use it, sir?"



The dolls' house . . . they set down on the floor near Mr. Blurton, and departed again for the clockwork railway.

"Why the deuce do you think I should ask if you had one if I didn't?" snapped the bachelor. Then, noticing the anxious look on the children's faces, he said in a voice that his friends would not have recognised: "You youngsters look round the shop; you'll be able to take your things away presently."

The city man went upstairs to the telephone, rang sharply and gave a number, the number of Blurton and Jackson, stockbrokers, Threadneedle Street.

Presently, after a short, sharp conversation, he put up the receiver and turned to the youth.

"A messenger will be along with the money in a quarter of an hour or so. I'll stop about the shop."

"Certainly, sir," said the youth politely, all his doubts removed.

Downstairs the place was fuller, the army of shoppers was rapidly increasing, but he saw the boy and girl making their way round what to them was a species of fairy palace,

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with awed delight; the boy was now carrying the baby.

Mr. Blurton did not join them but stood in a deserted corner, wondering in a sort of shamefaced way what had made him act as he had. He would have liked to attribute it to generosity, but he knew he could not honestly do so.

"It was that worldly-wise, semi-cynical little urchin with the grimy face," he muttered to himself. "Hang him, he made me feel an awful ass just now! I wish to goodness that chap would come with the money."

"Where do you youngsters live?" asked Mr. Blurton when the two children sidled up to him

"'Obson's Rents," said Ippy.

Then, seeing the look of bewilderment on his questioner's face, the boy vouchsafed to explain. "Off 'Olborn, near the Inns o' Court 'Otel."

"I take it your parents are not well endowed with this world's goods?" said Mr. Blurton absently.

"'Ow much?" demanded Ippy with the peculiar, sparrow-like movement of the head he adopted when puzzled.

Mr. Blurton flushed, for close by a lady buying a monkey which ran monotonously up and down a string smiled, and looked at him curiously.

"I mean they are poor," he said irritably.

"Now you 'it it," remarked the boy cheerfully, hauling the dirty shawl closer round the baby's neck. "I should think we was, but we gets on orl rite some'ow, and farver's out for this Chris'mas."

"Out?"

"Outer quod," said the boy, but in a lower tone, and the girl looked at him reproachfully.

Five minutes later a junior clerk arrived with a packet which he handed to Mr. Blurton, and, raising his hat, hurriedly departed, endeavouring to conceal a look of astonishment at finding his employer in a toy shop. His astonishment would have been considerably greater if Mr. Blurton had not taken the precaution to stand well away from the ragged urchins during the short interview.

It was only when the money had been paid and the large boxes brought forward by the polite assistant, that a look of blank bewilderment overspread the face of the indomitable Ippy.

"Lumme!" he ejaculated. "An' a nice job I'm goin' to 'ave gettin' 'em 'ome. 'Ere, Mattie, tike the biby."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Blurton testily, "you can't carry them, boy; go out and get a cab—a four-wheeler."

The boy stared at him, scarcely believing he had heard aright, then departed on his errand.

The girl held the baby, who had wakened up and was making the fact manifest, and stared at the man in awed wonder.

Mr. Blurton, with his eye on the squalling baby, shuddered at the ordeal before him, but he had made up his mind to see the thing through while waiting for the messenger to arrive.

A few minutes later the incongruous party were seated in a shabby four-wheeler proceeding slowly eastward—the cabman was not worrying himself about pace.

Mr. Blurton did not speak a word during the drive, but the two urchins fully made up for it. The cynical bachelor was reluctantly coming to the conclusion that his generosity, despite the howling baby who was endeavouring to secure his watch and chain, had given him pleasure.

Near the Inns of Court Hotel the cabman pulled up.

"What did yer say the address was?" he asked suspiciously.

"Nine, Hobson's Rents," said Mr. Blurton shortly, prompted by the boy, "and for goodness' sake make that beast move a bit. I'll give you half-a-sovereign if you get there before midnight."

The cabman gasped; his manner changed instantly.

"Very sorry, sir," he said. "Lot o' traffic, and the roads is that slippery. I'll soon be there now, sir."

He whipped up his steed viciously.

"I thought he was an hinspector o' Cruelty ter Children," he confided to himself. "E's one o' them bloomin' toffs wot's good one day in the year to make up for the three 'undred an' sixty-four wot they're bad in. It's a rummy world, but yer lives an' learns."

To say that the arrival of the cab in Hobson's Rents caused a sensation would be to put it mildly. Every inhabitant took an interest; those outside the barracky-looking dwellings crowded round the vehicle, and those inside stretched as far out of the various windows as was compatible with safety and their various states of *déshabille*.

"Bli'me," said a thickset man with a head of closely-cropped iron-grey hair from a second-floor window, "bli'me if it ain't our Ippy and Mattie wot's drove up wiv a toff, an'

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'e's bin and give the cabby 'alf a thick'un — wot a wicked waste."

The tired-looking woman with a saucepan in her hand had sidled up to the window.

"Wot's 'e meanin' of it.." she gasped.

Mr. James Saunders took the clay pipe from his mouth.

"That we shall precious soon know," he observed, "for I can 'ear 'em on the stairs: but the pawcels, did yer see them pawcels? Tork of—'ulloa, 'ere they are!"

First came Ippy with the railway, then Mattie with the baby, and last of all Mr. Blurton with . . the dolls' house.

The door was burst open. First came Ippy with the railway, then Mattie with the baby, and last of all Mr. Blurton, with a sheepish look on his face and the dolls' house in his arms.

"I've got a railway trine, stashins, an' all complete!" gasped the boy, "an' the cove's bought Mattie a dolls' 'ouse wiv windows an' doors wot opens an' shuts——"

"Green'ouse an' stables wiv 'orses an' kerridges," murmured the girl.

Mr. Blurton was silent, though everyone waited for him to speak. Mr. James Saunders eyed the parcels with ill-favour. He withdrew the pipe from his capacious mouth and spoke sullenly.

"An' wot's the good o' the likes o' them to the likes o' us?" he demanded. "A tanner's-worf of grub nah would——"

"Stow it, old'un," said Ippy severely; "'old yer jaw, can't yer. D'yer call that the proper way to tork to a cove wot's done us prahd. Santa Claws, too! Bli'me, where's yer gratitoode, farver—you ain't talkin' to a beak."

The man seemed to wince under the rebuke of his crippled son—Ippy was the one thing he held dear in Heaven or earth. The ugly, bulldog face flushed slightly, and he touched his closely-shaven head.

"I begs yer pardon, guv'nor. No offence meant, 'ope none taken."

"That's all right," replied Mr. Blurton awkwardly. "Christmas, you know—thought I'd give the kids a treat. Infernally silly, but I did it. Here, I suppose a sovereign would be useful to you." He strode across and slipped the coin into Mr. Saunders' open palm. "Now, don't spend it all on drink, and if you've got any feeling in you at all let the kids keep their toys until they are tired of them."

Before anyone could speak he was at the door. With his hand on the latch he paused.

"Merry Christmas," he said, as though the words came with difficulty, and the next instant he had disappeared.

"That bloke's mad," was Mr. Saunders' comment as the door closed, "but bli'me 'is 'eart's in the right place. 'Ere, muvver, tike the quid, an' we'll 'ave a do ter-morrer."

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IN TOY-LAND

A Description of Wonderful Christmas Toys Destined for Lucky Children.

By Charles V. Allen.

To most children, the mention of Christmas at once calls up thoughts of new toys. Santa Claus, childhood's universal toy-provider, receives innumerable commissions, which he prepares to execute, and toy-manufacturers put forth their best efforts to insure that the expectant children shall not be disappointed.

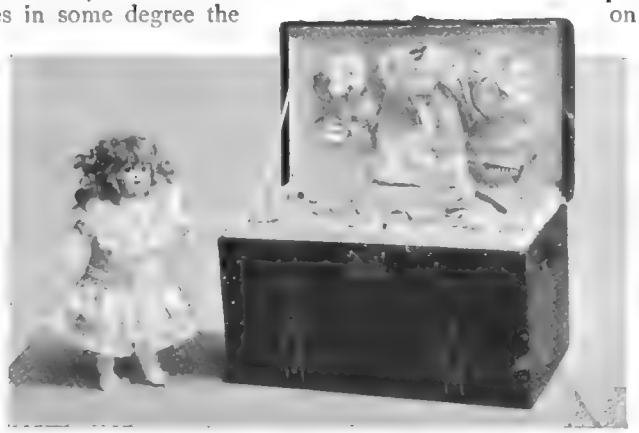
Some while before Christmas, crowds of boxes and crate-loads of toys are dispatched from the workshops of the various toy-makers to the warehouses. A visit to one of these warehouses just before Christmas, when all the toys are collected there, is a revelation of the high standard of excellence to which toy-making has attained; at the same time, one realises in some degree the tremendous amount of money spent on toys each year.

Thousands of dolls, large and small, in cardboard boxes, fill one corner of the warehouse up to the ceiling. Here in another part will be a large case of model railway engines worth perhaps five or six thousand pounds. Automatic figures stand on the floor in grave attitudes, a military gentleman of almost Falstaffian proportions side by side with a queen clad in regal scarlet. In another place is a collection of model yachts whose snow-white sails suggest summer trips.

Between the two extremes of simplicity and complexity, cheapness and costliness, there is a great variety. Indeed, the list of toys is practically endless; the modern parent has undoubtedly a difficult task in making a selection from so bewildering a collection.

There are many shops where one hundred pounds can be spent on a single toy for some lucky child; not infrequently even a higher figure is reached. It is not by any means a rare thing for a Christmas toy of a special character to cost two hundred pounds.

Chief of all these toys *de luxe* is the aristocratic Parisian doll.



The most particular bride could not desire a better or more elaborate trousseau than those frequently supplied with Parisian dolls. Such outfits include sets of furs for winter, and are perfect in every particular.

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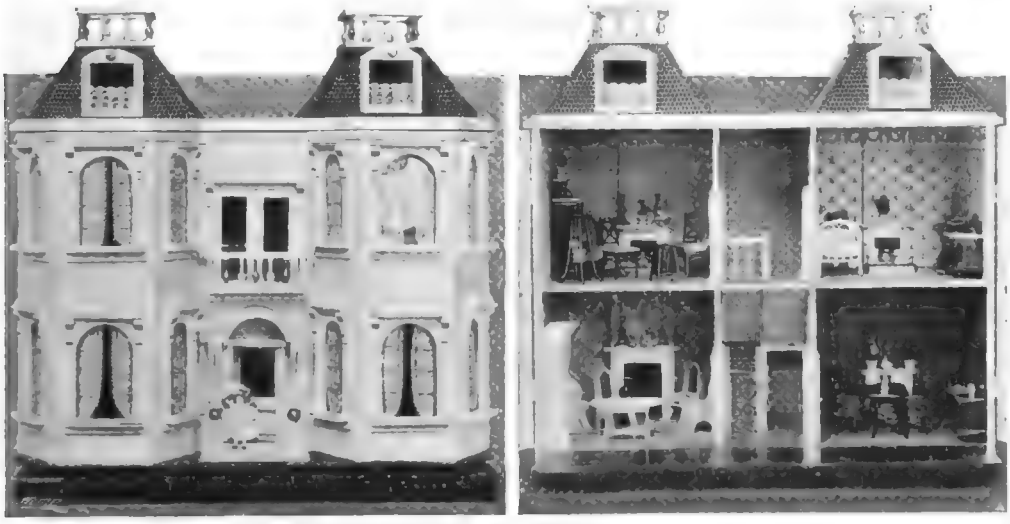
She is dressed in a beautiful silken gown, lace embroidered, and made in the latest fashion. A clever artist modelled her face, the delicate colouring of which is all that could be desired—pink cheeks, black, arching eyebrows, and red lips. She is prettier than a picture. She goes to sleep, of course, and she calls for "ma-ma" and "pa-pa" in an almost natural voice.

All her clothes are made to take off, and altogether, from the tiny buckles on her high-heeled shoes to the handkerchief in her pocket and the feather in her hat, she is a dainty creation, and can hardly be regarded as dear at fifteen pounds, though the average price of the really good-class dolls is something between eight and ten guineas.

in. These are made in precisely the same way as cradles for human babies are made, with iron frames covered with cloth and padded with cotton-wool and hung with silk and lace.

Apart from anything which may be specially ordered and made, there is no more expensive toy than a set comprising doll, trousseau, and cradle; the cost of such a set will easily reach one hundred and fifty pounds.

It might be thought that the recipients of these wonderful toys would regard a broken or disfigured doll with indifference, knowing that a new one could be obtained readily. But, as a matter of fact, toy-dealers get dolls back time after time to be mended. Broken



Twenty-five pounds will purchase a very desirable doll's residence. A graceful balcony, curtains, blinds, even drain and waste water pipes down the side of the house, are features of it. Some even have a bathroom supplied from a cistern on the roof, which can be heated with a little spirit lamp.

Naturally, it is an expensive matter to keep such dolls as these supplied with clothes. For one set of clothes is often not considered sufficient, and when it comes to providing Parisian dolls with appropriate outfits, the cost begins to mount up.

The most particular bride could not desire a better or more elaborate trousseau than is frequently supplied with these dolls. Without going into details, it may be said that such outfits are perfect in every particular, and include sets of furs for cold weather. Sometimes instructions are given that each article of clothing is to be embroidered with the initials or monogram of the doll's owner.

Dolls who go to sleep want beds to sleep

limbs, shattered noses, can all be set right, and at least one firm is proposing to open a "dolls' hospital" for the reception of maimed dolls.

Dolls which cost some seven or eight pounds originally, but which are now so dilapidated as to be almost valueless, are sent to be repaired. The toy-dealer may point out that the cost of the repairs will be more than the doll is worth; this, however, does not matter. The reply is: "My child wants the old doll, and will not have a new one," and so the old doll is patched up.

A sum of twenty-five pounds will purchase a doll's house that an auctioneer would describe as "a very desirable town residence, containing noble reception-rooms, spacious

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A perfect model engine costing £30, reproduced from a locomotive on one of the great British railways. The engine will reverse, whistle, and blow off steam. Comparison with the small, penny article beside it will indicate its size.

bedrooms, and possessing many other attractions; suitable for a nobleman, member of Parliament, or a gentleman of position."

There is a balcony of graceful design around the outside of the house on the first floor, curtains and blinds to the windows an imposing front door, even drain and waste-water pipes down the side of the house. The rooms are furnished in luxurious style. There are pictures and mirrors on the walls, a billiard-room, a motor garage. a lift to all floors, lock and key to the front door—in fact, there is nearly everything.

In some dolls'-houses the tiny billiard-table has billiard balls made of sugar. The bath-room is supplied from a cistern in the roof with water which can be heated by a little spirit lamp. One can only hope that the doll inhabitants will be painted with waterproof colours.

What the boys like best of all is something that works—something that "goes by itself."

One's mind at once turns to railway engines. Here is a perfect model, reproduced exactly from a locomotive on one of the great British railways, and painted in the proper colours. This engine will reverse, whistle, blow off steam, do all that an engine should. By itself it would cost thirty pounds, but when rails, stations, signals, signal-boxes, tunnels, cuttings, and viaducts are added, there is hardly any limit to the amount that can be spent. Some of the devices in connection with the signalling apparatus, including pneumatic signals, are remarkably clever; and so are the miniature mail-van arrangements, which automatically receive and deliver the mail-bag while the train is dashing along at full speed.

Fire engines that throw up quite a considerable volume of water are expensive toys in the mechanical line, and the excitements of a motor-car smash can be safely, if automatically, reproduced by a toy car that bursts in an awe-inspiring manner—and can then be put together again.

Model yachts, again, are wonderful Christmas toys. They are—the larger ones—some three or four feet long, and are made by

Gunboats that sail along for a short distance, fire a highly effective broadside, and then steer back to the starting point, will fascinate any boy.

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experienced boat-builders during their slack winter months. The yachts have little cabins, and are fitted with anchors. They are guaranteed to answer the helm; their lines are decidedly graceful; the rigging and tackle is properly arranged—indeed, the boat is scientifically accurate.

The naval spirit can be further encouraged by gunboats that sail along for a short distance, fire a highly effective broadside, and then steer back to the starting point.

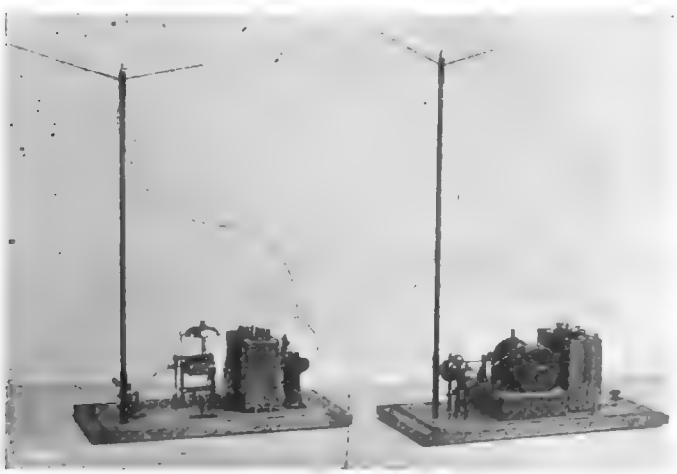
The natural bent of most children's minds is constructional. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the child has an inquiring turn of mind, the "want to see wheels go round" spirit. Hitherto, such children have had to exercise their constructional capacity in a decidedly negative direction, by taking their toys to pieces. And when they have tried to fix things together again, they have usually found some pieces of toy left over. But now all this is altered; or rather the necessity for destruction or reconstruction is altered, though it is doubtful whether children themselves will alter.

A miniature X-rays apparatus, by using which the bones of the hand can be seen quite plainly, is just the useful type of modern-day toy which ought to save parents much anxious thought.

A toy called "Simplified Mechanics" has been invented. It consists of a number of various mechanical parts, strips of steel, nuts, screws, hooks, pulley wheels, worm wheels, cranks, and spindles, all so made that they can be built up into a great number of working models, such as cranes, big wheels, and other familiar engineering examples.

When the child is tired of one model, this can be taken to pieces, and the parts used over and over again for different structures.

In dealing with electrical matters, it is difficult to tell when the limits of toy-land are reached. Small dynamos and motors cannot, perhaps, be catalogued as toys, and the miniature X-ray apparatus is on the border line. This little apparatus possesses a sparking coil, connected in one direction with a battery and in another with a Crookes tube. Thus a highly powerful light can be obtained in the Crookes tube, and if a hand containing a coin or other opaque object be focussed in front of the tube, the bones of the hand, and the coin, can be seen quite plainly.



Model wireless telegraphic apparatus is scientifically accurate, with air wires, Morse writing apparatus, and coherers complete.

Model wireless telegraphic apparatus is calculated to interest youthful

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In a model circus the figures are all jointed so that they can be made to balance in most grotesque attitudes.

minds in the marvellous. It is scientifically accurate, with air wires, Morse writing apparatus, and coherers complete, and young Brown and his dearest chums can annihilate space across the garden, or experiment in ether in the drawing-room. And not the least wonderful part of it is that a five-pound note will buy the whole X-ray and wireless telegraphy apparatus.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that the makers of some toys, the "Simplified Mechanics" just described, for example, claim that parents also will be interested in the toy, and can assist the children. Children will chuckle at this ingenuous announcement. Indeed, it is a standing joke with all children that fathers and mothers take a keen interest in many toys, often to the exclusion of the children's lawful rights. Father likes to help in working the magic lantern, as Herbert might set something on fire—and so on. But in the case of America's latest idol, the "Teddy Bear," which was just a toy designed for the tiniest infants, the children are out of it altogether. The grown-ups have quite monopolised the toy!

History has not yet recorded what President "Teddy" himself thinks about it; whether he regards it as a compliment or otherwise; nor is it possible to say why people should have gone so crazy about these woolly, stuffed things. They are simply white or brown bears, with heads, arms, and legs that move about in all directions. True, they have a "vurry cunning" expression that is somewhat fascinating, but no one can tell why so much affection is lavished on them.

An assortment of "Teddy Bears."

One day a well-known American actress motored through the streets of Saratoga with a big "Teddy Bear" at her side. That set a fashion, and presently everybody went forth driving or motoring with their "Teddy Bears." Meanwhile, the pet poodle languishes at home in uncared-for solitude.

Usually, these bears are about eighteen

All these figures actually do balance, and are not stuck on pegs.

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inches high, but some have been made as tall as three feet. And now "Teddy Bears" are having little electric batteries fitted in their insides, and electric lamps for eyes, so that a pressure of the hands causes the eyes to light up.

But to return to childish toys. The "Punch and Judy show," with dog Toby, is an institution that seems to be fast disappearing from the streets. But a child can now have a Punch and Judy show of his own at home, in which he can act the part of showman. These shows are made just tall enough for children. The puppets are small, but perfectly modelled; there is Punch ready to give blows and to receive them; Judy, the unfortunate wife; Jack Ketch, and a delightful gallows.

With a show like this, a child could "root-ti-toot" and amuse itself for many hours. For seven pounds an absolutely complete show can be obtained.

Apart from the initial cost of the stage, the addition of separate plays with the necessary scenery and characters is an endless matter.

These little plays are cleverly prepared, and range through all the favourite nursery subjects. They contain plenty of incident; in fact, they are all incident. "Buffalo Bill in the Wild West," for instance, is a most thrilling drama for the Grand Home Theatre, with redskins, cowboys, and a distressed maiden.

The "Magic Florifier," that makes paper flowers. It contains black cards and coloured papers. These are arranged in a certain order.

The result is eventually an imitation wild rose, petunia, or carnation.

In the case of the model circus, a tent is substituted for the stage. The "Humpty Dumpty Circus" is an original production. The figures are all jointed in such a fashion that they can be made to balance in the most grotesque attitudes. They actually do balance, and are not stuck together with pegs.

Paper flowers that copy Nature in all but scent can be produced with the aid of the "Magic Florifier." This contains little black cards and coloured papers. The cards have holes of various shapes cut in them, and you place layers of cards and coloured papers in a certain order; and then—One! two! three! four!—there is an imitation carnation, wild rose, or petunia.

The photographs illustrating this article are taken from toys kindly lent for that purpose by Messrs. A. W. Gamage Ltd.

A similar kind of toy is the model theatre, though here the arrangements are somewhat more elaborate. The model theatre has a stage front with ever-filled boxes and an ever-playing orchestra. There are oil or candle footlights. The stage is fitted with many little devices for holding the scenery in position. The pasteboard characters are fixed to thin sticks, upon which they are moved across the stage. Sky pieces hang from the top, and can be raised or lowered at will.

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HIS FIRST CURTAIN CALL

How a Tenderfoot Made Good.

By William Chester Estabrook.

Jimmy Alvord's love-making, till he met Helen Kemp, had been restricted to the stage, and when he realised the difference between the genuine article and the tawdry simulation of it, he knew why none of the half-dozen romantic *rôles* he had essayed had won more than indifferent success.

His friend, De Lacey, the veteran manager, had always declared that Alvord lacked neither talent nor push.

"What the boy needs is a part that fits," he was accustomed to say. "Wait till he gets a *rôle* that doesn't pinch at the neck or bag at the knees, and then watch him. After that these second-rate parts will go glimmering into the past."

And Alvord, who for an actor was really very modest, hearing the old, white-bearded fellow talk like that, would screw his courage up and wade into another season, only to have it prove as indifferently successful as the last.

This sort of thing went on for three years.

Then, one day, somebody brought De Lacey a play to read, and when he had finished it he summoned Alvord at once.

"I've cast you for the sheriff in this," he said, waiving preliminaries and tapping the manuscript with fat, capable fingers. "I decided on that before I'd finished the second act. I want a flesh-and-blood sheriff, too, and there's one I know way down in the Mohave Desert that's after my own heart. You've got to go right down there and study him for the next two months. I haven't seen Bob Kemp for eighteen years, but I shall expect to see him just as soon as you return and have a few minutes at your make-up. You'll find him a good old boy. He used to limp a little, and stutter just enough to sound picturesque. I s'pose he still keeps 'em both up. If he does, then you learn to limp and stutter. Study him as though your life depended on it, for all you've got to do, Jimmy, my boy, is to put Kemp, just as he is, in that *rôle* and your reputation's made."

So it came about that while his fellow actors were idling the summer away at Northern resorts Alvord was sweltering in the dust and heat of the Mohave Desert.

But never did a man swelter more willingly.

If it were an interesting task to study Bob Kemp, it was a blessed privilege to fall in love with his daughter, and Jimmy Alvord fell even more assiduously than he studied.

"Don't let Kemp get an inkling of what you're really down for or it's all off," De Lacey had cautioned.

For that reason, Jimmy's studies were carried out surreptitiously. But he made love to Helen with what seemed to her most terrifying frankness.

Frankness, however, was Jimmy's chief characteristic. It shone out of his honest eyes and beamed from his handsome, boyish face. It won for him the immediate good-will of the little desert mining-camp of Los Pinos, where Helen had spent most of her life, and where her father for so many years had been the long arm of the law.

"I hope you and my girl are going to like each other," Kemp had said simply that first night they had trudged up the trail to the little adobe house that overlooked the camp.

He was a strongly-built man of perhaps fifty, clad in brown corduroys, a blue flannel shirt, and a broad-brimmed hat.

"I'm sure that there's no question as to

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my part of it," Jimmy replied, with assumed enthusiasm.

He had been in Los Pinos less than twenty-four hours, and, in spite of his natural buoyancy, the place, with its ugly little houses and its desolate surroundings, had got on his nerves. Visions smote him of a scrawny, uncouth girl, with whose company he would be afflicted for eight long weeks.

Then Kemp opened the only painted gate in camp, and his daughter, seeing them, came down the walk to meet them; and Jimmy Alvord was lost.

She was a slender, dark-eyed little thing, with an ingenuousness that matched his own, and a poise and womanliness that astonished him. She had her father's humour, and—Jimmy was willing to swear—his bravery too.

During the second week of his visit Alvord saw the doughty sheriff enter an abandoned mine-shaft, and bring out three outlaws from where they were guarding the precious ore they had stolen.

Only one man could be lowered at a time, and Kemp had gone down to what seemed certain death as nonchalantly as if he were entering his own doorway.

Lounging lazily under the Kemp vines, and giving himself up utterly to the spell the girl was unconsciously weaving about him, Alvord wondered how he himself would behave under such tests as her father met.

But he was not permitted to spend all his time mooning about the little place on the hill.

"If it's desert l-life you're down here to see, you've got to go out of town occasionally," Kemp would say, grinning.

Then he would take Jimmy from his divinity and drag him off on a seemingly interminable journey through the heat and dust.

It was at such times that Alvord carried out De Lacey's injunction and studied every detail of the sheriff's smooth-shaven, weather-beaten face, every movement of his peculiar, limping walk, and every intonation of his voice. And when he got back to his hotel he would work away at his make-up cases till the countenance in the cracked mirror of his dressing-table was the sheriff's very own. He practised till he had acquired the limp that was known from the Needles to Yuma, and the slight stutter that seemed but to enhance the value of Kemp's laconic speech.

"Do you stutter all the time, pard?" a prisoner once asked the sheriff.

"No. Only when I talk," was the reply.

"But he never stutters when he shoots, you can bet on that," added the proprietor of the hotel, who told the anecdote to Alvord.

Returning one evening from a tiresome trip they had made, Kemp pulled his horse up before a deserted hut of tarred, wind-blown paper that sat on the face of the ridge.

"I had the hardest fight of my l-life in that hut," he said to Alvord. "I took a man named Brinkfort out of there. He was the w-worst man this country ever had. I got 'im, but I've l-limped ever since," he added, stroking his leg. "They sent 'im up for six years. T-time's up yesterday."

"Are you ever afraid that some of those fellows you've cinched might get back at you when they've served their time?" asked Alvord.

Kemp looked down over the camp in the hollow. It lay darkling in the violet shadows of the early evening, while to the right the Walapai Mountains blazed a gorgeous red.

His own house, with its vine-covered front, looked like an emerald against the light of the upper hills.

He turned to Alvord.

"That's what Brinkfort said he'd do. He's a b-bad man, but he was never known to b-break his word," he said quietly.

"You're not worried over it, of course?" demanded Alvord, roused at the new note in his friend's voice.

The sheriff regarded him with some amusement.

"No. But Helen is. Lord, but she's been a r-regular little m-mother to me ever since her own mother died," and his big voice trembled.

"She is splendid!" declared Jimmy enthusiastically.

"I've tried to bring her up like her m-mother would have wanted her," continued Kemp. "It's pretty rough here, so when she was b-big enough I sent her down to Phœnix school. I was mighty afraid it would spoil her. I didn't want it to change her into a baby with a l-lot of airs; but I needn't have worried. She's as brave as a p-pirate."

"What a value these people put on personal bravery," thought Alvord, as they rode on down the trail, still talking of Helen.

In spite of their open handed hospitality, he had come to know the innate prejudice against a tenderfoot and his world from which they were so widely separated, and of which they were as ignorant as he had been of theirs.

He wished desperately that something

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might happen that would enable him to prove to them that a man from out the East still retained some of the red blood of his fathers, that the great metropolis still held men who had not sharpened their wits at the expense of their manhood.

* * * * *

The afternoon atmosphere seemed fairly to sag with the heat. Alvord made ready for his usual call at Kemp's, and hurried from his broiling little room into the cooler corridor of the hotel.

Instantly his ears were assailed by a sudden commotion below.

There was the noise of hurrying feet on the broad sidewalk, of excited voices, and at last the rapid ping-ping of pistol shots.

The hotel proprietor came hurtling up the steps.

"Here!" he cried, thrusting a gun into Alvord's hand, "stand at the end of this passage; I'll guard the other one. Somebody's stuck up the bank—they think he's hiding in the building here—big fellow—white face—short hair—don't take any chances—shoot to kill!" and he hurried across to the other passage.

Another shot rang out, a window crashed, and above the din Alvord heard the proprietor's voice:

"It's all right. He's aiming for the north side. The tenderfoot'll get him!"

Then a man swung like a great spider through the shattered window at the end of the passage and darted forward.

Alvord's fingers clutched the unaccustomed weapon, but it seemed suddenly to have become a monstrous weight, which pulled his arm down irresistibly. Every fibre of him revolted against taking the life of this man, towards whom he bore no malice, whom he had never before seen.

Curiously enough he felt no fear for himself. Even in the instant he faced the desperado he wondered, with one of those almost irrelevant flashes that sometimes come to one under stress, whether disgust at life-taking, and not fear, were cowardice.

And in that moment of indecision the man, whose face was powerful in its sheer brutishness, gave him and his weapon a look of contempt and leapt from the opposite window.

Men rushed up the narrow stairs.

"Where is he—where is he?" clamoured a score of voices.

Alvord pointed to the window through which the man had leapt.

"I—I let him go," he said. Even then his frankness was inevitable.

Some, cursing his cowardice, bolted downstairs to join the crowd rallying in the street, others smiled at him derisively, and still others looked at him with open suspicion. Somebody took the gun from his hand and showed the magazine with not a cartridge missing.

He was as cool as they.

If fear had touched him he did not, in that acute moment, know it.

Among the crowd were two or three of his new friends. They condoled with him in a way that left no doubt as to their chagrin and disappointment, and left him.

He still wondered dazedly what cowardice was. Was it one thing in one man and something else in another?

He had not feared; he had been only unconvinced. It was all over so quickly. Los Pinos had presented its case, had stated its premises, and had closed its argument all in a lightning-flash, and he had stood by wondering! If he had only been given time to think!

Then, suddenly, every other question gave way before one that rang in his ears with maddening persistency—what would Helen say?

He went to the window and looked out over the hills towards her home.

A squaw was running down the path to the town, her blanket flapping crazily about her. It was Salamadai, a Walapai woman who worked for the Kemps.

While he watched her a portent of evil clutched at his heart.

Kemp was away for the day and would not be home until late that night. Had anything happened to Helen?

As the squaw came nearer, Alvord saw the piece of paper in her brown hand and the terror in her brown face, and ran down to meet her.

The proprietor had gone out on the veranda, and the few men not in pursuit of the desperado gathered about her.

She had gone, it seemed, to her wickiup for the afternoon, and upon her return had not been able to find her mistress; the paper she had found pinned to the door.

All this she explained brokenly while the proprietor held the paper up and read, every word cutting Alvord to the soul:

"To Bob Kemp, Sheriff:

"Your girl is safe till midnight tonight. If by that time you come to our camp at Pinnacle Rock, hands up, we will exchange her for you. Anybody else approaches at her peril.

"Brinkfort."

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The squaw had seen two men stop at the Kemp house, one of them a big man with a white face and short hair. She had heard the commotion in the town below, and thinking they had come for Kemp, who was away, had turned to her duties in the kitchen.

It was all plain now.

Brinkfort had picked up a confederate, and after holding up the bank had joined him on the hill above. Then they had taken the girl with them, and with her as a hostage were demanding her father's life!

Alvord staggered up to his room.

"God, if I had only killed him!" he muttered. "If I had only killed him!"

A moment later the proprietor followed him. He was an old man, and his eyes blazed from beneath their white brows contemptuously.

"Pack your trunk, you beastly little coward," he roared, "and get out of my house!"

The man . . . gave him and his weapon a look of contempt and then leapt from the opposite window.

Alvord got together his things and put them in his trunk. His make-up cases he left on the dressing-table. He wrote a few letters—to his mother, to De Lacey, to Kemp and the girl—even one to the proprietor.

* * * * *

A man clad in brown corduroys, a blue flannel shirt, and a broad-brimmed hat made his way across the lava-cluttered moonlit waste towards that part of the ridge crowned by Pinnacle Rock. He walked slowly, and with a limp that was known from the Needles to Yuma.

He stopped at the edge of the last shallow depression that marked the foot of the ridge, and breaking a branch from a mesquit-bush, tied a white cloth to it and waved it above his head.

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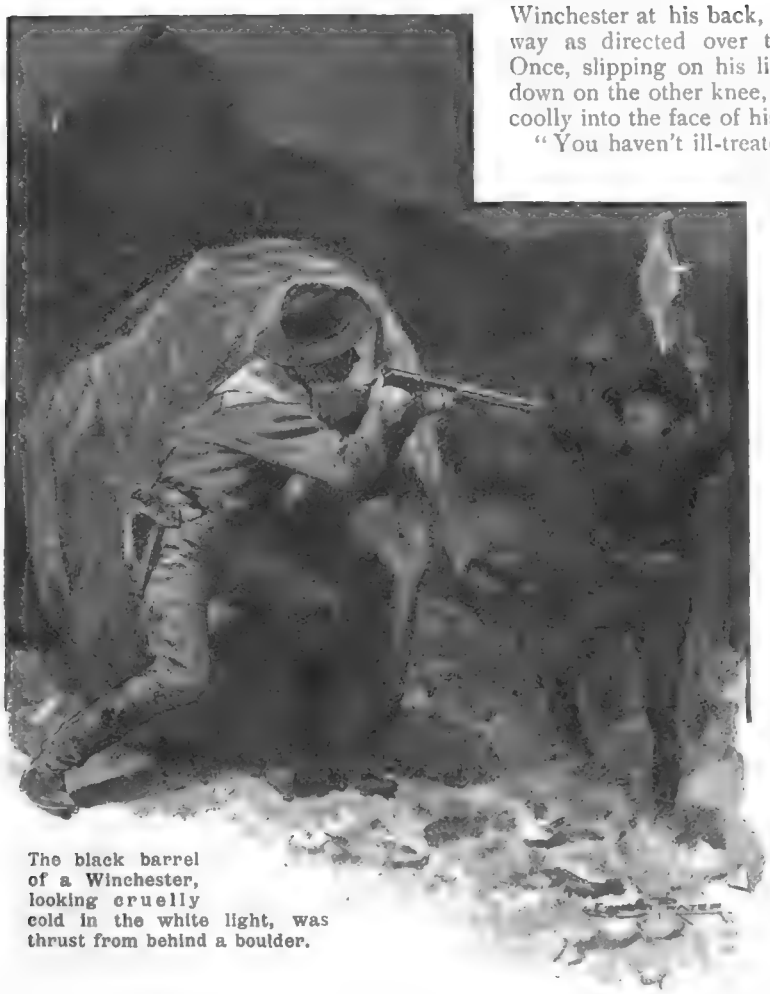

The black barrel of a Winchester, looking cruelly cold in the white light, was thrust from behind a boulder.

Instantly someone called a challenge from the hillside, and the black barrel of a Winchester, looking cruelly cold in the white light, was thrust from behind a boulder.

"Come along," commanded a peremptory voice. "Keep your hands up."

The man did as directed, and crossed the depression to the rock.

Brinkfort stepped out, a look of unholy gloating in his black eyes.

"It's you, eh? I thought you'd come. And I call the turn at last," he leered triumphantly.

"That's a little matter now," replied the man quietly. "Let my girl go. After that, all I ask is, b-be quick."

"Quick!" repeated Brinkfort sarcastically. "For every year you gave me I intend to give you one day—in Hell!"

With his hands still held high and the Winchester at his back, the man picked his way as directed over the precarious trail. Once, slipping on his limping leg, he came down on the other knee, and turning, looked coolly into the face of his captor.

"You haven't ill-treated her?" he asked, and something in the awful sterness of his eyes compelled a respectful answer.

"I left word she'd be safe if you showed up by midnight. She is," said the convict.

He did not ask anything more till they reached a projecting shelf of rock, where a smothered fire glowed softly above them. Brinkfort's confederate stood guard on the ridge.

"I am to see her," said the man. It was more a command than a request.

Brinkfort nodded a surly acquiescence.

Miss Kemp, hearing the familiar voice, came from the fire into the shadows where the man stood.

"Oh, daddy, why did you come? They would never have dared to harm me. Daddy, dear, what made you do it?" she implored, torn with the agony of the awful sacrifice that was demanded of them.

She put her arms about him, pressing her soft cheek close to his and lavishing all her endearments upon him.

"I'm not going," she cried. "They can't make me leave you. We'll stand together, daddy, dear, till—the last!"

Into the face that bent over her there came a look that glorified it.

"I'll get away—it's all fixed," the man whispered. "Go when they t-tell you, dear. Everything depends on your coolness."

Hope flared suddenly in her heart, although she knew that human life was as cheap as dirt to the men in whose power they were, and that Brinkfort had sworn that once out

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of prison he would kill her father as he would kill a dog. Nor did she doubt that upon her going he would speedily wreak his vengeance. Could aid of any sort now outrun the mere pressing of a trigger?

She felt a quick, blighting suspicion that her father, in his love for her, was trying to make easier the ordeal of her going.

She reached up in the darkness, and with a movement of infinite appeal put her hands to his cheeks, and holding him so, peered searchingly into his face.

"You wouldn't deceive me, daddy, just to make it easier, would you?" she asked.

The moon came from behind the wind-worn Pinnacle and shone full upon them, revealing the man's face, which till then had been in the shadow.

The girl stood transfixed.

She had looked into her father's eyes for the parental love that had been her lifelong blessing, and in its place, as by a miracle, there was a lover's love, thrilling, overwhelming, in its wondrous apotheosis.

"Oh!" she breathed, "oh!"

She would have pushed away from him, but he held her close.

"For your own sake and your father's, don't betray me," he whispered. "Forgive the deception—it was necessary." Then, aloud: "Go, now, and God bless you."

Brinkfort was calling to them.

The man released her, and she ran across the ledge, where she stood panting under the emotions that in a single moment had worked in her.

Then she went back to him.

She was sobbing softly, and the sound of it mingled weirdly with Brinkfort's rough commands to hurry.

Alvord opened his arms to her and crushed her to him.

"Was it true—is there a chance? Tell me the truth," she pleaded.

"There's still a chance," he said. "It all depends on your going."

For a moment longer he held her to him, and then, opening his arms, let her go. Brinkfort helped her over the ledge, and his confederate led her down the trail.

The man watched them till the shadows engulfed them, and then stood looking out over the scattering lights of Los Pinos in the valley below.

"There's *always* a chance," he thought to himself, "but mine seems pretty remote."

Once in the familiar trail, the convict left Helen, who sped for the camp.

As she ran down the unlighted street a half-dozen horsemen came from the opposite direction.

In the combined light of the stores on the principal corner she recognised her father.

He flung from his horse, and was pouring question after question into the crowd, when they saw her coming, and made way for her with a cheer that carried to the convict camp on the ridge.

Brinkfort heard it and grinned his demoniacal grin. Alvord heard it also, and turned coolly to him:

"I'm ready," he said, "any time."

* * * * *

At daybreak the next morning the man-hunt ended. Twenty miles away in the hills Brinkfort and his companion were overtaken, and asking no quarter, were given none.

They found Alvord later.

It was Kemp who stumbled upon him in a heat-blinding depression, handcuffed and chained to a monolith of granite that weighed tons. He had experienced two days of the thirsty torture that had been planned for the sheriff, and was more dead than alive when they returned to camp with him.

Back in New York De Lacey, alarmed by the letter Alvord had written in his stressful hour, wired inquiries, and had his anxiety allayed by Kemp's prompt reply. It was almost time for the rehearsals of the play from which he expected so much when he got his first direct word from the actor. Jimmy wrote:

"Some time I'll give you the details of my second public appearance in plays built for me here. My first, as I wrote you, was a fluke. The other was not altogether a failure.

"Never have I seen all the parts taken with such unalloyed enthusiasm and carried to such realistic success. My sheriff's *rôle*, though prepared at separate rehearsals, filled in nicely, and I believe I acquitted myself with some honour.

"I shall be in New York next week.

"Mrs. Alvord is to accompany me.

"Her intimate knowledge of the Mohave sheriff will, I'm sure, help me materially in that *rôle*.

"At all events, it was down here that I got my first curtain call, and she is responsible for it."

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THE WOMAN BEAUTIFUL

In a really well-groomed girl, one may compare the lips and cheeks with the red berries of the holly overhead, and the pearl-like berries of the mistletoe are not more beautiful than her teeth.

No. X.—THE GIRL WITH THE MISTLETOE COMPLEXION.

By Augusta Prescott.

At Christmas Time, When Dances and Other Evening Festivities are in Full Swing, the Advantages of a Clear Skin and Good Complexion Cannot be Over Estimated. This Article Gives Practical Directions as to How They may be Attained.

"She has the prettiest skin in the world," was the tribute paid by one woman to another. "It is a kissable skin.

"I have seen her frequently for two years or more, and never have I beheld her when her complexion was out of sorts. It is always perfect. Her face looks as if it were just groomed. Eyes clear, lips red, teeth sparkling, and skin as clear as peaches and cream.

"At this time of the year one involuntarily compares her lips with the red berries of the holly overhead, for cheeks and lips vie with the holly in brilliancy; while the pearl-like berries of the swinging mistletoe are not more glistening than her teeth. Truly, she is a beautiful woman!"

To be praised by one's own sex means much. And the woman who can win approval at this time of year, when holiday perplexities crowd fast, can be pretty sure in her own mind that she is attractive.

For this is the season when beauty faults crop up. It is the season when life is spent indoors; when fresh fruits are scarce, and when houses are overheated. The body suffers from too much clothing, and the change of atmospheres from house to street is too sudden. Then, too, the worries of holiday shopping tell upon the health.

And the result shows in the complexion. Nearly everybody is mottled; nearly everybody has pimples; scarcely anyone but shows some spots, brown or red, or brilliant scarlet. And, with all this, the skin of the midwinter woman is not apt to be alluring.

The remedies for a poor skin are numerous; and each remedy has its own particular merit. There is a remedy for each brand of blemish; and the trick lies in picking out the right remedy and using it as it should be used.

Into a beauty-shop there came the other day a woman whose face looked dark. From a distance she might have passed for an olive-skinned woman. Yet, as she came nearer, you saw that she was dark only in spots. Her face was peppered with blackheads, and dull, ugly lines of them were traced around her nose and mouth.

"What shall I do?" asked she.

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"Go home and steam your face," was the reply. Take a kettle of water and let the steam from the spout gently play upon your complexion; meanwhile, rub your skin with your fingertips. Then wash with ten hot waters, putting a little borax powder in each water. Finally, cold-cream your face well."

The woman took the advice, and was rid of the peppery dots that marked her face.

Take a kettle of water and let the steam from the spout gently play upon your complexion.

The trouble with home-made face steaming is that the amateur nearly always burns her skin. She uses more vigour than judgment, and the result is bad. Sometimes she covers her face and head and inhales the steam, which is almost sure to give her a cold when she goes out. And, more often, she boils the water in such close proximity to her face that the skin is parboiled, and the cuticle peels off as though it had been sunburnt. She should use just enough steam to set the face perspiring.

The main cause of a poor complexion at this season is the diet. One does not eat enough fresh fruit. There is a "cure" in Germany to which women go simply to eat grapes. They are given nothing else as a diet except some toast and a little weak tea. They stay until the complexion begins to improve. It takes two weeks.

There is a "cure" in Germany where women go simply to eat grapes to improve their complexions. It takes two weeks.

The woman with the mistletoe and holly complexion should take fresh fruit with each meal. Many people take it after the meal as a sort of acid digestive. But there are persons who like to take it before. The fruit seems to clear the skin as nothing else will do.

The woman who wants a nice skin must not forget the gospel of cold water. A cup of clear, cool water,

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A cup of clear, cool water, taken in the morning, tones up the stomach.

taken in the morning, tones up the stomach, and there is less craving for coffee or tea. Again, there should be a glass about eleven o'clock. And there should be a quantity of water taken in the middle of the afternoon and late at night. It is not a good thing to drink with the meals, as water taken with food makes one stout.

The girl who wants a skin as clear as the mistletoe-berry and cheeks like holly will "treat" her skin now and then to make it clear. Treating the skin is not difficult; and each treatment does the complexion a world of good. It is really worth while to study one's general tone and to doctor the skin as often as possible.

I know a beautiful women who bleaches her skin once every week. She has four bleaches, and these she uses for a month, beginning all over again next month.

Her simplest of all bleaches is the pure juice of a cucumber. She buys a cucumber and lets it simmer in water, which she afterwards strains. To this she adds a little borax powder. Taking a tiny sponge, she saturates it and binds it on her forehead. Another sponge is bound on the back of her neck; meanwhile, she bathes her cheeks in the lotion. In a little while she is bleached. Neck, forehead, and face are whitened. It takes but a short time, and avails her much.

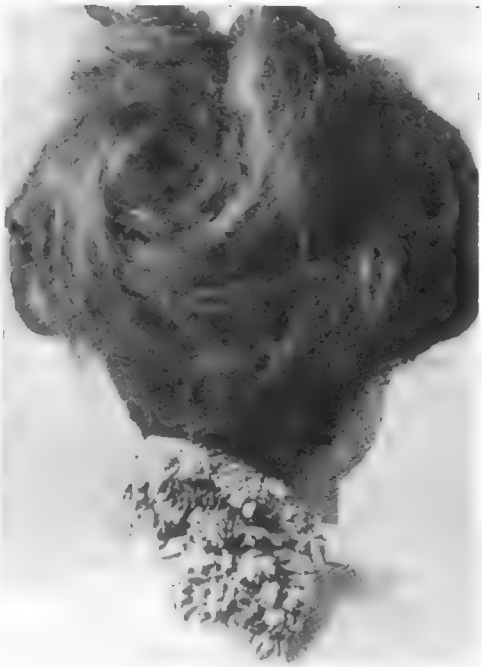
Once in a while she bleaches her skin with pure peroxide of hydrogen. This is excellent for taking off blemishes of all kinds. She does not let it stay on too long, nor does she use it too often.

A very effective bleach is pure lemon juice, and this takes its turn among the bleaches. The juice is, however, diluted one-half with water. And, after it has been washed off, the skin is massaged with some very good skin food. This keeps it from getting rough.

When the pores are open, this woman uses pure alcohol for closing them; and she applies it wherever the face feels oily, for certain pores in the face are more active than others. Finally, she rubs in some good powder, for there is nothing in the world so beautifying as a little touch of really hygienic face-powder.

This woman, who keeps her skin so clear that it is the talk of society, has a special bleach which she calls her own. In making it, she is assisted by the chemist, and in handling it she uses the utmost care. Taking a big basin of tepid water, she drops into it just a very little carbolic acid.

"My chemist tells me to use six drops to a quart of water," she says, "and I follow his directions."



Take a sponge, saturate it in a bleaching lotion, and bind it on the forehead. Another sponge is bound on the neck, and meanwhile bathe your cheeks in the lotion.

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This produces a slight tingle, whitens the skin, and keeps it soft and nice.

And there are other bleaches. The cut half of a grape-fruit will whiten the skin; the sliced tip of a banana will oil the skin and soften it, and it is possible to get face creams that will actually make the complexion much lighter in tone.

The woman with the mistletoe complexion should have a well-stocked toilet shelf. She should keep upon it at least a dozen bottles of various lotions, and she should use each in its turn as needed.

"When I have been out shopping—and one does shop these days," said a pretty woman, "I take care to remove all dust from my face before dinner. Taking as much cold-cream as will go in the palm of my hand, I rub my palms together, and then I pass them over my face.

"I now go over my face with a lather of soap, which I leave on. Then I wash my face in many hot waters. I could not say how many!

"A man has a fine skin simply because he lathers it every day, and scrapes it, and rubs it afterwards with a towel, following the whole operation with alcohol and bay rum. A woman does not do this, and her skin gets clogged.

"I believe, also, in a hygienic diet, and not for worlds would I combine sweets and sours; not for millions would I drink cold drinks while eating hot foods. The result shows too quickly upon the complexion. By remembering these things one stands a good chance of having a nice skin."

Once upon a time it happened that a wealthy woman went to a skin specialist. "It is winter," said she, "and I must go to the opera and the dance. Yet I am a sight. What can you do for me?"

The specialist looked at her. Her face was red as a beetroot, and her nose had the glow of a ripe tomato. "Congestion of the skin," said he. "Go home and diet."

The woman dieted, living upon fruits and well-cooked grains. She ate healthy hot breads—not too hot—and she took plenty of stewed dried fruits. She ate the white meat of fish and chicken, and she took grilled chops and steak. But she let fat alone, and kept clear of creamy dishes. She likewise stopped eating between meals. And in a little while her skin had improved wonderfully.

"And to think it was all my food!" she said.

A clear complexion is largely a matter of habit. Do the right thing and your skin will be clear. There are a few complexion laws which should be hung up on the walls of every dressing-room and committed to memory by every woman.

Don't go out in the frosty air for at least half-an-hour after washing the face, is one of these.

Don't expose your skin to an open window directly after taking it out of the hot soap-suds, is another.

Don't steam your face or heat it by the fire or otherwise open the pores without immediately rubbing in some skin food, is a third. And a fourth, and just as important, is—don't be afraid of soap. It is your best friend, and greatest, surest beautifier.

Massage your face daily, rubbing across the lines, not in them, is a further important precept. And there is one that should never be forgotten, namely, that the line of to-day may be the furrow of to-morrow.

The woman who is going to be a holiday success, either as hostess or guest, must have a pretty skin. Without a nice complexion nothing will be becoming to her, and without a soft, velvety skin there is little hope that she will make a pleasing picture.

Photo Thomas Fall.

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TWO'S COMPANY.

With pretty Phyllis at my side
I'd gladly walk all day;
There's something in her dainty stride
That takes your breath away.
She moves with such a tireless swing,
Her step's so swift and light,
That London stares like anything
And marvels at the sight.

But oh! when London's shoved behind
With furbelows and frills,
And, clad in tweed, we chase the wind
Across the moors and hills;
When down the cliffs our way we win
To saunter by the sea,
We're just a god and goddess in
The vales of Arcady.

F. E. B.

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THE QUESTS of PAUL BECK.

No. X.—THE UNSEEN HAND.

By M. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C.

Mr. Beck, the Famous Detective, Unravels Another Thrilling Mystery.

(A Complete Story.)

The train checked its speed and rumbled slowly into Suberton Junction.

"Tickets, please, all tickets ready, please." Brisk men in uniform bustled up and down the platform, and carriages were opened and banged.

"Tickets, please. Oh! my God! What's this!"

The formal voice broke into a cry as the ticket collector pulled the carriage door open. For there, stretched on the floor in a crumpled heap, a man lay dead.

Unmistakably dead. No living body ever lay huddled up like that. There were great blotches and streaks of blood on the whitey-grey face, and, stooping a little, the ticket collector found that a portion of the skull had been battered in. A foul, sickening odour filled the carriage.

The sight and smell made him faint and dizzy, but he was a man of coolness and resource. He locked the carriage door and raced for the station-master—only just in time. The train was trembling into motion when at a word from the collector the station-master rushed on the platform and stopped it.

An instant tumult broke out amongst the passengers. There had been an accident on the line a short time before, and the public nerves were still unstrung.

By magic the word got about—a man found dead in one of the carriages—and the curious crowd poured from many openings on to the platform. But the station-master, with his back to the door, drove them away.

"Take your seats," he shouted, "take your seats, or you will be left behind. We will side-track this carriage and send the train on."

Still the crowd pressed and fought for a peep into this chamber of horrors, fought as for some rich treat, the women worse than the men. In spite of the station-master, noses were flattened against the carriage window, and there were guttural mutterings of horror, tainted with a repulsive enjoyment of the tragedy.

A tall young man, well built but languid, came out of a smoking carriage immediately in front—a good-looking young fellow, with straw-coloured moustache and light blue eyes, a cool, imperturbable dandy. He did not press and shoulder with the rest of the crowd, but with glass in his eye sauntered leisurely up to the station-master.

"Excuse me," said he politely, "my name is Albert Malwood. I think it possible it is my uncle. May I look?"

At a word from the station-master, one of the porters made way for him to the window.

One look was sufficient. The eye-glass dropped from his eye, and his face was paler than before as he turned from the window, but his drawl was expressionless as ever.

"It was a good guess of mine, station-master; it is my uncle. I will stay and see this thing out."

He coolly took a seat on one of the wooden benches on the platform, and with fingers that trembled a little took out a cigarette and lit it.

The carriage in which the dead man lay was quickly side-tracked. But it was nearly half-an-hour before the train, with its load of excited, impatient occupants, again began to draw out of the station.

There had gone before them to the London terminus a note of their numbers, and a brief description of each. Two of Scotland Yard's

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sharpest men met the train on its arrival, and all the passengers were interrogated and closely examined—all except one.

A tall, graceful woman, who had been foremost in pressing to the window at the Suberton Junction, managed, by accident or design, to slip unobserved through the vigilant cordon of the police at London.

Before the train left the platform at Suberton Junction, the station-master wired for instructions to headquarters, and in less than a quarter of an hour had his answer:

"Mr. Paul Beck goes down by next train to take complete control."

The station-master had never heard of Mr. Beck, but Albert Malwood had.

"Met him once," he drawled, "queer-looking cove in baggy trousers. Wouldn't take my fancy as a detective, but they say he's too awfully clever for anything."

When Mr. Beck arrived from town an hour later, he surprised Mr. Albert Malwood by recognising him at once.

"Sad business about your uncle, Mr. Malwood, very sad." His voice was as impersonal as an undertaker's.

"Of course, it is all very sad, and all that kind of thing," said Albert, and his light blue eyes blinked rapidly, "and I'm very sorry for the old chap, who was always very decent to me. But I don't deny I have my consolations. I believe he has left everything in the world to me."

It sounded heartless, and the honest station-master stared at him aghast. But it did not need eyes as sharp as Mr. Beck's to see that his was a pose, and that the young fellow felt his uncle's death deeply.

"Have a care, Mr. Malwood," said Mr. Beck; "you are not suspected of murdering your uncle. You have most to gain by his death, you know."

"I'm sure I don't care," replied Mr. Malwood indifferently; "if it pleases the public to suspect they are quite welcome."

Together the three had come to the door of the carriage that held the ghastly murder mystery. Mr. Beck sniffed inquisitively as he unlocked and opened it.

A wave of foul air met him full in the face.

"Asafœtida," he said. "Why on earth was he drinking asafœtida?"

"He often took it," volunteered the nephew, "as a stimulant for weak heart. Rather liked the beastly smell of the stuff. Hated smoking, though; that's why I travelled in the smoker by myself."

But Mr. Beck seemed not to hear. He was busy examining the glass and woodwork of the door. If he found anything he made no sign, but stepped softly into the carriage.

The dead man lay in a crumpled heap on the floor. There was that horrible wound on his head, plainly a blow from some dull weapon struck with superhuman force. The skull was beaten in as an egg-shell is beaten in with a spoon.

"He was alone, you say, in the carriage?" queried Mr. Beck.

"Quite alone, sir," answered the station-master. "Here is the collector who found him."

The man came forward awkwardly, yet eagerly withal. Plainly he was a little afraid of Mr. Beck and his clues. One could not tell where they might lead.

"You looked under the seats, my man."

"Yes, sir; there wasn't a mouse in the carriage."

"Don't suppose there was."

"The far door was locked," the station-master chimed in, "but both windows were down. I have had this man stationed at the door since the carriage came in. Nothing has been stirred."

Mr. Beck nodded approvingly. Braving the abominable stench, he closely searched the carriage—a handkerchief pressed tight to his nostrils. A Gladstone bag was in the rack, and a book lay face downwards, marking the place, on one of the seats. There was nothing else in the carriage but the corpse, which lay huddled on the floor.

With a curious tenderness Mr. Beck examined the dead man, having first very gently closed the staring eyes.

The station-master—a puffy, self-important man — grew impatient at the prolonged silence.

"Must have struck his head as he fell—a fit, or something of that sort," he ventured.

He spoke in a whisper to the nephew, but Mr. Beck heard, and pointed to the ghastly wound.

"No fall did that," he said; "no ordinary man could do it. There was two men's strength behind that blow, whoever struck it."

"But how?" the nephew asked. "The carriage was empty; there was no one to strike it."

"That's just what I've got to find out," said Mr. Beck.

"A troublesome riddle," replied the other. "I wish you luck in solving it."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Beck gravely.

The young man spoke lightly, but Mr.

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Beck could detect a note of deeper feeling in his voice.

"He and I were very good friends always," he added after a moment, as if excusing himself for his levity. The languid look had passed from his face. He was plainly much affected, as he turned aside from the carriage window and walked back alone along the platform.

Robbery was not the motive of the crime. The old man's money was in his pockets, his rings on his fingers, his heavy gold watch in his fob.

On the watch Mr. Beck concentrated his attention. The pocket that held it lay under the corpse, and Mr. Beck had to shift the body gently round to get at it. The watch must have struck the floor hard, for the mainspring had snapped with the shock, and the watch stopped. But Mr. Beck was not satisfied to take things for granted. It was only after a minute examination that he convinced himself that the evidence was not faked, that the fall had really broken the mainspring and stopped the watch.

Together the three had come to the door . . . Mr. Beck sniffed inquisitively as he unlocked and opened it.

"My luck again," he said to the station-master.

"Got a clue already?" asked the younger man, who had strolled back.

"A brace of them," answered the detective cheerfully. "I've found all I'm likely to find here," he added after a moment.

"There must be an inquest, I suppose?" Alfred Malwood said tentatively. "You see, I'm a child in these matters; never had a murder in the family before."

Mr. Beck looked at him steadily for a moment. The genuine feeling in his face belied the silly affectation of his words.

"Of course there must be an inquest. Where would you wish it held, sir—in London?"

"Oh! no, not in London if it can possibly be avoided. Why not at his own place, Oakdale?

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It would be more convenient for the funeral arrangements; the family burying place is close by. Besides, I'm anxious, I must confess, to keep the beastly business out of the newspapers as much as possible."

"I see no objection," said Mr. Beck, after a moment's pause. Then to the station-master: "You can send the body back by a special train?"

The station-master nodded. "Certainly. I suppose I will be wanted over to give evidence. I can arrange that, too."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Beck. He knew the man could give no evidence to the point, but his ready assent made a fast friend of the station-master.

"To-morrow, then, at two," said Mr. Albert Malwood. "That suit?"

"I'm afraid not. There are formalities to be observed. We must communicate with the county coroner and all that. We might manage the day after to-morrow."

"All right then. The day after to-morrow. I am anxious to have the business over and done with."

"The business won't be over and done with," Mr. Beck objected gently, "until I catch the murderer or murderess as the case may be."

"If you ever do?"

"I have a notion I will."

"That's all right. Meanwhile we might be making a move."

In half-an-hour Mr. Beck and Mr. Albert Malwood were in the first-class carriage of a special train on their way to Oakdale. The body of old Squire Malwood returned in a van to his ancestral home.

Mr. Albert Malwood smoked cigarettes incessantly, and talked of the murder with languid wonder.

"Couldn't be suicide, of course?" he ventured.

Mr. Beck answered an emphatic "no" to that. "There was no weapon of any kind in the carriage," he explained, "the blow killed instantly. It was a blow that the old man could not have struck even with the full sweep of his arms and a heavy weapon in his hand. A blacksmith's hammer struck with a blacksmith's arm might have given such a blow. Count suicide out of the case, Mr. Malwood."

"But how——?" began Mr. Malwood again, when he was interrupted by the train's grumbling to a standstill at the station, and a porter's voice shouting "Oakdale."

"Our station," he said to Mr. Beck pleasantly enough. "I have telegraphed for a trap to meet us."

The trap—a light, high dog-cart—was in waiting, drawn by an American trotter, and the two men drove together to Oakdale. The languid Mr. Malwood proved himself a superb whip. With wrists of steel he held the fresh, hard-mouthed trotter steadily to his work, while they flew at motor speed along a switchback country road bordered with great elms

It was a still, calm, sunshiny afternoon, but the swish of the cool air was pleasant in their faces with a breeze born of their own speed. The rise and fall of the road gave momentary glimpses of a country fair and rich with many handsome houses showing through the trees. Mr. Beck, who was a keen lover of Nature, was seemingly absorbed in the calm beauty of the landscape, while Mr. Malwood impassively smoked cigarette after cigarette, seemingly oblivious alike of the great beast that tugged at the reins, of the detective who sat by his side, of the pleasant country through which they sped, and of the ghastly mystery in which he was so nearly concerned.

They had gone nearly a quarter of an hour in silence, and were a good four miles on their way, when Mr. Beck spoke.

"I want to get to London to-morrow," he said; "important business. I can be back for the inquest next day."

Mr. Malwood nodded.

"How are the trains?" asked Mr. Beck.

"You can catch the morning train after an early breakfast, the one my poor uncle and myself caught to-day. There is a fast train that brings you here from London about twelve next day. Suppose we say one o'clock for the inquest?"

"That will do nicely," assented Mr. Beck genially, as if they were fixing the day and hour for a picnic.

Presently the road widened a little, and a great gate of wrought ironwork showed on the left. The pulling horse was brought to a stand as sharply as a motor by the brake.

"Gate!" cried Mr. Malwood, and an old woman, apple-faced and comely, came out of a red-tiled Gothic gate-lodge smothered in roses, and with an old-fashioned curtsey turned the big key and swung the heavy gate wide.

Mr. Beck was astonished at the extent and splendour of the grounds. The oaks which gave its name to the place fenced the avenue in stately double row, standing well back in the grass. Clumps of oak dotted the lawn, and in the middle distance merged into a wood. Rabbits tumbled over the grass under the trees. Now the graceful form of deer

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showed through the windows of the wood, and now and again a pheasant hurtled up clumsily from the underbrush, as if he would tear the thick shrubs up by the roots.

The horse went with a rush through the long avenue, and was brought up almost on his haunches on the wide gravel sweep opposite the stone steps, broad and high, that led to the massive door which opened of itself at their approach.

The news of the tragedy had come before them. It was writ plain on the faces of the footmen who stood at the open door under the portico at the top of the high steps beside the tall, Ionic pillars of grey limestone, their gay liveries strangely out of keeping with the sombre background. Plainer still the tragedy was written on the face of the stout, middle-aged man who stood behind the footmen in the great square hall.

That face startled Mr. Beck with a sudden twinge of recollection. He knew it and he didn't know it. He found the key to the puzzle in a second. It resembled closely the face of the man murdered in the railway carriage. The resemblance was not so much in shape or feature, but in curious identity in expression that grows between people—husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, servants and masters, who have lived long together in close association.

"Jennings, the butler," said Mr. Malwood, following the questioning look in the detective's eyes. "Lived with the squire, man and boy, for over fifty years. Surly old cock—never liked him myself."

Mr. Beck caught the momentary look that Jennings gave his new master from under lowering brows, and decided there was no love lost between them.

"I would like to have a word or two with the butler," he said, "if there is time."

"Lots of time," the young man answered lightly, "we dine in an hour."

Mr. Beck found Jennings cautious, almost sullen at first. To the detective's discerning eyes it was plain that the man laboured under some deep emotion in which grief and anger struggled for mastery. But he was one of those men whose feelings are not articulate. If he were sorry for his master with whom he had lived so long and so intimately, he at least gave no sign of sorrow. But there were few men—or women for that matter—who could resist Mr. Beck's genial persuasiveness.

"Sit down, Mr. Jennings," he said. They were alone in a small study to the right of the hall. "You know I have been engaged to find out who murdered your master?"

Mr. Jennings sat down, but for a long minute he spoke no word. Mr. Beck waited patiently.

"You will have your work cut out for you, sir," said the butler at last. "The man that did that deed don't mean to get caught."

"I want your help," Mr. Beck went on smoothly. "You need not tell me you were fond of the squire; I know it, and I know, too, you will help if you can."

The butler merely nodded with face wholly expressionless.

"Did the squire intend yesterday to go to London to-day?" queried Mr. Beck.

"No, sir, I'm nearly sure not. He would have told me."

"What made him go?"

"A letter he got at breakfast. It was in a woman's handwriting, and the squire opened it carelessly, as if he did not know the writing. But it caught hold of him the very first line. His face turned red and white as he read, and the tears were in his eyes. He sat for a minute with the letter open on the table under his hand, thinking. Then he seemed to make up his mind. 'Read that, Albert,' he says, and passes it over across the small, round table to his nephew.

"Master Albert read it slowly in that quiet, easy way of his. It might have been a paragraph in the newspaper for any sign he gave.

"'You must go up to London at once, sir,' he said immediately, 'it's your plain duty.'

"I never in my life saw a man so pleased as what the squire was at that. He bounced up from his seat and stretched a hand across the table to Mr. Albert. 'You're the best chap in the world, Albert,' he cried, 'and the most generous. I always thought it, now I am sure of it. I'll take care you don't lose by this, my boy. You're right, you're right; I'll go at once. You've made it very easy for me. Jennings, tell them to have the brougham to meet the morning train.'"

"Who kept the letter?" asked Mr. Beck.

"Mr. Albert, sir. I saw him ram it into his pocket as I left the room."

More and more it was made plain that Jennings hated the young man and would fix suspicion on him if he could.

"When I came back to the breakfast parlour," he went on, "through the room we're in now, I saw Mr. Albert standing at the desk there in the corner. He crossed from that over to the big medicine chest yonder. The squire always kept a medicine chest. You see, he was at the medical profession before he came in for the estate, and liked to physic the

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tenants. Mr. Albert was standing opposite the medicine chest with his back to me when I went into the squire.

"'Look alive, Jennings,' the master cried, 'or we'll miss the train. I have been an old fool, my man, but things have come right in spite of me.'

"I never saw the squire looking better or happier in my life. Five minutes later I saw him step into the brougham. Mr. Albert followed him. That was the last I saw of my old master—the last I ever will see of him." The old man's voice shook.

Mr. Beck was examining the writing-table. He turned to the butler with that look of genuine sympathy with which he so often captured confidence.

"It was a cruel murder, Mr. Jennings," he said. "You would like to catch the man that did it?"

"And hang him," cried Jennings, with a sudden burst of savagery. His voice implied that he suspected someone. Perhaps he meant Mr. Beck to press him for his suspicion, but Mr. Beck went on quietly examining the little table.

It was in perfect order. Letters neatly arranged in piles under paper-weights. One bundle of letters, however, took his attention. It had fallen sideways on the desk. He took a paper or two, and glanced through them. Then he beckoned to Mr. Jennings.

"Had your master more paper-weights than those two?" he asked.

Mr. Jennings seemed startled.

"I didn't notice it before, sir," he said; "but there was another weight, the biggest of the three—a square of black marble with a bronze Cupid on top."

"Ah! indeed," observed Mr. Beck, and moved to the medicine chest. Every thing there also was in perfect order. The squire was plainly a man of method. The cork of the bottle of asafœtida had been drawn and replaced. A third of the contents was gone.

Mr. Beck drew the cork again, and held the bottle to the nose of the butler, who sniffed in violent disgust.

"Ever know the squire to smell of this stuff?"

"Never, sir, never," he spluttered emphatically.

"Thank you, Mr. Jennings, that will do. I won't trouble you any more."

"Dinner will be ready, sir, in half-an-hour," said Jennings, at once relapsing into the formal butler, as he glanced at a solid gold watch. "Shall I show you to your room, sir?"

There was no allusion to the murder at dinner by host or guest. Young Mr. Malwood was plainly a man of deeper feeling than his lackadaisical appearance and manner would suggest. He seemed to shrink from the very thoughts of the tragedy, and Mr. Beck respected his feelings by silence.

The detective was up betimes next morning, before Mr. Malwood was out of bed. He had a solid breakfast by himself, and through Jennings' intervention got the fast trotter harnessed, and was at the railway station an hour and a-half too soon for his train.

Nor did he waste his time of waiting. First he had a friendly chat with the station-master, who in his turn had a word with the guard.

Then with a permit from the station-master in his pocket, Mr. Beck set out for a walk along the line which ran from just outside the town between two high and smooth embankments.

Mr. Beck walked slowly, with his eyes searching the ground. He walked about a mile on one side of the line and found nothing.

Then he crossed over and walked back on the other. He was half way back when he came upon a few scraps of white paper lying beside the rails. Plainly it had been raining when they were thrown from the window of the carriage, for instead of drifting away with the wind, they lay fairly close together.

Kneeling down, Mr. Beck gathered the fragments tenderly into his big hand. With fingers and eyes dexterous from much use, he set a few of the pieces together like a puzzle map, and read. Not a dozen words he read, but it was enough. Plainly he read what he expected to read, for he dried and smoothed the bits of paper tenderly with a silk handkerchief, and put them gently away in his capacious pocket-case.

"My luck," he said softly. "The rest ought to be easy to find."

The rest *was* easy to find. Two hundred yards farther on he found, half hidden in the grass, a small squirt, such as druggists sell and children love to play with, the body an indiarubber ball, the nozzle of black bone.

Mr. Beck smelt the nozzle. It had the smell of asafœtida.

Plainly this part of Mr. Beck's work was over, for he walked back at once to the station, filled his pipe, got a morning paper, smoked and read complacently, especially the political news, for a good half hour, until his train puffed impatiently into the station.

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He found a first-class carriage reserved to himself.

With a cheery "Good-morning, sir, the guard knows. It will be all right," his new-found friend, the station-master, walked by the carriage door, quickening his steps to keep up until the train outpaced him.

Mr. Beck took out his watch as they cleared the station. "Twenty-five minutes," he said, put the watch back, and resumed his paper. Twenty minutes later, however, the paper was put aside in its turn for the watch.

His eyes were glued on the dial as the minutes went slowly by, one to each mile.

"One! Two! Three! Four!" At four, Mr. Beck jumped from his seat and jerked the communication cord. The brakes suddenly gripped the wheels, and, jerking and jarring, the train pulled suddenly to a standstill.

Every head was out of a window as Mr. Beck, stepping briskly from his carriage, got down beside the train, and waved a signal with his handkerchief to the guard.

Almost instantly the train again stole into motion, and the long row of carriages, with staring eyes at every window, swept past the imperturbable Mr. Beck.

The train had vanished round a distant curve before he made a move. "Should be on the same side," he said, as he paced slowly along the line with head bent close to the ground.

This time the search was short. He had timed the place to a nicety. Not fifty yards from where he alighted he found a heavy paper-weight—a square of polished black marble with a small bronze Cupid at the top.

"That ends it," said Mr. Beck; "now to find the woman and bring her back with me."

Another set of passengers were astonished a little later to see the next fast train for London stop short in mid career to pick up a solitary passenger who sat waiting for it on a bank beside the line as a countryman might wait for a cart at a cross road.

When Mr. Beck drove over to Oakdale next day at about noon for the inquest he brought with him a handsome, dark young woman, tall and well formed, though a little thin and worn as from mental strain or watching.

Her pale face was pleasant to look at until she came in sight of Mr. Malwood; then for a moment it darkened with a sudden spasm of anger or fear, or both.

"An important witness," said Mr. Beck pleasantly, but made no further effort to introduce them to each other.

Mr. Malwood, for his part, seemed as easy and unconcerned as ever. No casual onlooker would imagine that an inquest was about to be held on the murdered body of the uncle who had been a father to him.

But Mr. Beck's keen eyes looked through the pose and saw the man was deeply moved.

With all his easy ways, Mr. Malwood had been indefatigable in making ready, quickly and quietly as possible, for the inquest. Not so quietly, however, as he could have wished. One London newspaper had somehow got hold of the news and sent down its representative.

The business was promptly got under way. Half-an-hour after Mr. Beck's arrival the jury was sworn and evidence begun. The collector told of the finding of the body. Dr. Hudson described the nature of the wound. There was no formality. Everyone asked what questions they chose, and swore what they chose, regardless of the laws of evidence.

Dr. Hudson believed that death was from fracture of the skull, with several hard medical names superadded. The wound, he swore, was caused by a powerful blow from some heavy object. He laid particular stress on the tremendous violence of the blow which had cracked the skull like an egg-shell. Death must have been absolutely instantaneous.

Jennings the butler told again the story he had told Mr. Beck of the letter and the hastily determined journey to London.

No one paid much attention. They were waiting for the London detective, who, so the rumour went about, had "got a clue."

As Mr. Beck stepped into the witness chair, the two policemen at the door straightened themselves up as for a superior officer. Mr. Malwood at the far side of the room, and the girl close beside, both turned their faces in his direction. The reporter from London sharpened a pencil at both ends.

The beginning of Mr. Beck's evidence was merely formal. Curiosity grew sharper as he recounted his search on the railway line. He told how he had found the scraps of torn paper. The squirt and the paper-weight were produced in turn.

"The dead man's watch," he explained, "told me, not merely the time the murder had been committed, but the place. As the train passed the same place at the same second next day, I got out and found—well, what I expected to find."

"Those scraps of paper, Mr. Beck?" said the coroner curiously. "I suppose you kept

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With pistol levelled, the smoke oozing softly from the barrel, **he made for the door.**

them—had they any special bearing on the case?"

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Beck. "They were the torn pieces of the very letter which brought the squire on his fatal journey. I have brought the writer of the letter with me from London."

Instantly all eyes were turned, with a half-frightened curiosity, on the girl's face. Was this the clue? Was she the murderess?

"Shall I read the letter, sir?" asked Mr. Beck.

"If you can."

"Oh! I have put the pieces together as good as new. I will hand it up to the jury when I have read it. The letter is in a lady's writing, very clear, and not long.

"'SIR'—it begins—'You must forgive me for writing. Your son does not know. He is very ill; I fear, dying. For a while he got odd work to do for the papers, and we lived somehow. Three weeks ago he fell sick, and since then we have begun to starve. What little we saved has gone for his food and medicine. My son and myself have no food. If you have a heart at all, come up at once and save your only son. You cast him off because he married me in spite of you. We were fools enough to think we could live our own lives. Well, I give in beaten. I give him back to you. You have conquered; you can afford to have pity. I will go away for ever. I can earn my own living as a governess as I did before I met and loved your son. I will swear never to see my husband or boy again if you will only save them. You need not fear to meet me. I will leave the house as you enter it. Only for God's sake come at once, or it will be too late.

"'Yours faithfully,

"'ANNIE MALWOOD.'

"I called at the address, sir," Mr. Beck went on in an even voice, while the jury examined the letter, "and I made arrangements for the comfort of young Mr. Malwood, who is so much better that I was able to induce his wife to accompany me here.

"I also called on the family solicitor while in London and learnt that the squire had disinherited his son by a will made shortly after his son's marriage. The squire left everything he died possessed of to his nephew, Mr. Malwood."

"All this is very interesting, Mr. Beck," said the coroner a little pompously, "but it hardly bears on the purport of our inquiry."

"You will forgive me, sir, but I think it does," rejoined Mr. Beck meekly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon; then you have formed some theory of the manner of this most mysterious murder?"

"Certainly, sir. It is exceedingly simple. The murderer squirted asafœtida into the carriage where the squire was seated. The stench compelled the old man to keep his head out of the window. The murderer from the next carriage struck him with this heavy paper-weight—a terrible missile. With

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the speed of the train, sixty miles an hour, added to the force of the throw, it crushed the skull like a hazel nut. The old man tumbled back into the carriage where the porter found him. The weight fell beside the line where I found it."

The coroner and jury gazed at Mr. Beck—open-eyed, open-mouthed in amazement. The sudden and simple explanation of the mystery took their breath away.

Even the impassive Mr. Malwood was affected. He uttered a sharp cry of surprise, and half rose from his seat. Then he dropped back heavily into his chair, which in the dead silence creaked uneasily under his weight. All felt there was something more coming. The hot air of the crowded room seemed to quiver with excitement. A big bumble bee blundered in through the open window, droned in great circles round the room, and blundered out before the coroner spoke again.

Mr. Beck waited, as placid as ever. But the coroner stammered and gasped, and his voice was dry and husky with excitement. His question was wholly illegal.

"Have you formed any idea, Mr. Beck, who the murderer is?"

"There is no room for doubt," said the detective, speaking very slowly, his eyes fixed on Mr. Albert Malwood, who sat with his head bowed between his shoulders.

"The murderer is the man whose interest it was to stop at any cost the squire's reconciliation with his only son; the man who took the letter, the squirt, the paper-weight from here; who travelled in front of the squire's carriage, who——"

Crash!!!

Albert Malwood suddenly faced round on his accuser, a revolver in his hand. Before the flash left the barrel Mr. Beck dropped from his chair, and the bullet smashed into a mirror behind him.

The murderer fired no second shot. With pistol levelled, the smoke oozing softly from the barrel, he made for the door. The crowd gave way before him; the police, cowed by that pale, fierce face and levelled weapon, moved aside. In a moment he was through; then they jumped after in pursuit. But Mr. Beck was before them. He was at the murderer's heel, through the corridor, and across the broad hall. The front door stood open. But Malwood tripped as he crossed the threshold, and, with the momentum of his great speed, shot out head foremost. With a crash his skull struck the sharp angle of the lowest step. He rolled over on the gravel like a shot rabbit; a quiver shook him from head to foot, and he lay, his face to the sky, quite still.

Mr. Beck was beside him in an instant.

"It's all over," the detective said to the two constables who came up panting, "Sergeant Death has arrested him."

A SABLE MUFF

My love has heaps of finery
And pretty things enough,
But one I envy most of all—
It is her sable muff.

It's large and soft, and lined with silk,
Or some such costly stuff,
And her dear hands repose all day
Inside that sable muff.

I don't know how it seems to you,
I call it rather rough
That *I* mayn't hold her hands instead—
I wish I were that muff!

Grace Miller.

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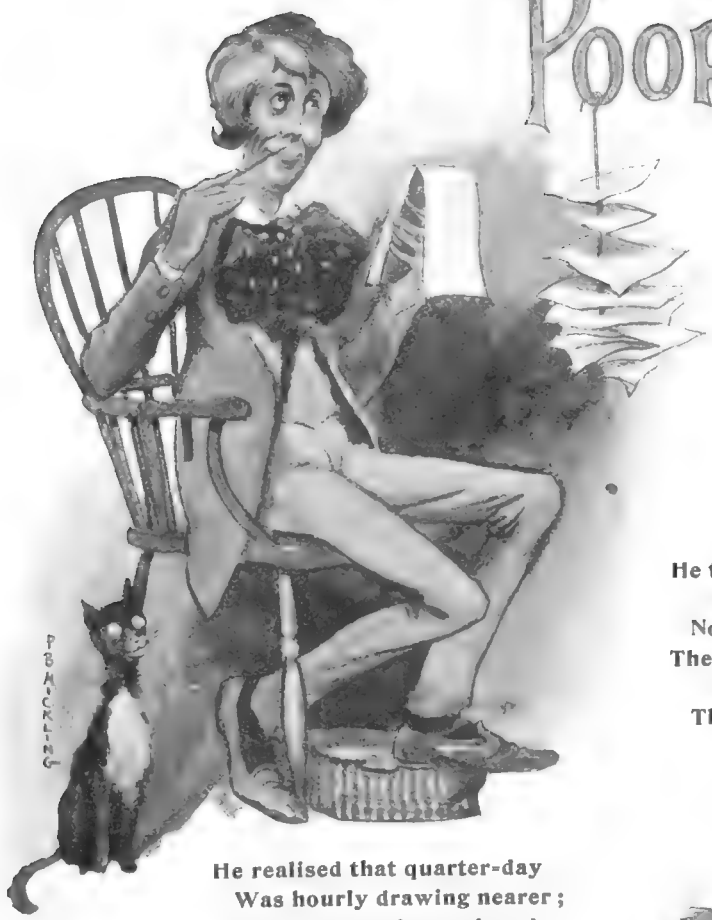
POOR POET!



"Home is the dearest
place on earth"
The poet scribbled
down;
He paused, and o'er
his mobile brow
Gathered a pensive
frown.

✣

He thought of all the many
bills
Now waiting to be paid;
The rates and taxes over-
due,
The wages of the maid.

✣

He realised that quarter-day
Was hourly drawing nearer;
That gas was going up in price,
That coal was getting dearer.

✣

He thought of clothes his wife
would buy,
Despite his frenzied threats;
How editors returned his verse
With frigid, curt regrets.

✣

And as he called to mind these things
His brow grew black as thunder;
He swore, and underlined those words,
He knew their truth—no wonder!

Charles Vivian.

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THE LIFE HISTORY OF AN ELEPHANT

By Sarath Kumar Ghosh

Moolraj, the Chief of Shikaris, Continues the History of Salar Jung, the Great Elephant whose Wild Life was Set Forth Last Month, and Describes His Training to Fit Him for the Service of Man.

THE PRIDE OF THE PALACE.

The taming and training of a wild elephant practically begins from the time of its capture. Without delay Salar Jung was brought to the training ground, and his hind leg securely chained to a stout tree; then the bonds that had fastened him to the tame elephants were loosened. From that very moment his training began.

Two men came with leafy boughs, stood on either side of him at a safe distance, and began to fan him and whisk off the flies; and all the time they spoke to him soothing words.

"Accept the services of thy servant, O Splendour of the Forest!" said the first.

"Be appeased in thy just wrath, O King of the tribe!" said the second.

And a number of other men pushed towards him the choicest food, each with appropriate words of offering.

There was a deep significance in all this. First to accustom the elephant to the sound of the human voice. And then a deeper purpose. A tame elephant is taught to kneel for the load, to arise, to march, stop, eat, drink, sleep—in fact, to do its daily work—each at a set formula of words. In special cases a highly-trained elephant will obey the mere pressure of the hand or knee, or even a gesture; but in daily routine work words alone are used. These words are not merely shibboleths or catch-phrases, but intelligent words that might be used to men for a similar purpose. Hence it is advisable from the beginning to use the same phrase to indicate the same act, and thereby to enable the captive elephant to associate each act in his mind with its own proper phrase.

Thus, on the next day, a trained elephant was brought within easy hearing of Salar Jung, and bidden to perform a certain definite act repeatedly, which it did. Salar Jung heard the phrase used, and saw the act done—and that repeatedly; hence it began to dawn upon his mind that an elephant might perform that specific act on hearing that particular phrase.

At first there was a positive inducement for obedience by way of an instant reward; for the trained elephant was given a piece of sugar-cane after each act. But that reward was intended solely to impress Salar Jung's untrained mind, not to insure obedience on the part of the other elephant. For an elephant obeys naturally, after it has learnt its lesson—even if that lesson has been initially learnt for the sake of a reward.

In that respect an elephant differs from most other intelligent animals, and is superior to them all. A dog may be taught to jump over bars and other obstacles, and perform various feats of agility; but there is always some reward in view, food or petting. In some cases the dog obeys merely because it likes the sport. The elephant alone can be taught to perform duties foreign to its nature and repugnant to its taste implicitly, as a mere matter of course, without the

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inducement of a tangible reward. But of that more anon.

Such object-lessons were repeatedly given to Salar Jung in the first hours of his captivity. Then at nightfall his education was carried one step farther. Each of the trained elephants was tethered to a wooden peg by a rope tied to the hind leg, and left for the night. They could have kicked the peg out, or snapped the rope with ease, and wandered into the jungle; and Salar Jung as he watched them in envy probably expected them to do so. Yet not a single elephant went beyond the limit of the tether. Each regarded the length of the rope as the extent of the freedom it was allowed for the night, and implicitly obeyed the tacit command. Salar Jung saw, and noted, and inwardly digested.

A few days afterwards he was escorted to a small stockade, with a tame tusker on either side, and one behind. No actual force was required, the show of armament being merely precautionary. Salar Jung walked quite willingly; indeed, he felt it a positive pleasure to use his limbs after the previous restraint.

On reaching the stockade the portcullis was dropped after him, and he was left alone in the inclosure. He had just sufficient room in it to exercise his limbs, for this was to be his home till his taming was practically completed. The palisades were constructed with sufficient strength to withstand any possible onslaught, but the special feature in their structure was the foot-wide space between the piles, so that Salar Jung could easily see what was happening outside. And the scene outside was the daily routine work of the trained elephants.

Meanwhile, a constant supply of food was thrown to Salar Jung between the bars to the accompaniment of the prescribed formula. In the inclosure there was a small, shallow stream—in fact, a narrow artificial canal—entering under the palisades on one side, and flowing out in the opposite way. Thus Salar Jung could drink freely, and give himself a showerbath whenever he pleased. What more could he want?

In fact, the whole scheme was contrived with a deep-laid purpose. It was to make Salar Jung think! Here he had a constant supply of food, and that of the choicest, without the trouble of foraging for it; likewise a stream of water actually at the end of his trunk.

In the jungle he had to roam for hours daily to supply his needs, sometimes through brambles and thickets and thorn-bushes; and in dry seasons, when the vegetation was burnt and withered by the sun, he had to tramp many miles to gather the coarsest food, to drink the muddiest water. Thus in the jungle he had sometimes suffered the pangs of hunger, and at all times had lived precariously—literally from trunk to mouth.

And now in association with man he lived in luxury—albeit in confinement. But was that restraint necessary? Might he not have all that luxury without the restraint?

He looked out of the stockade, and found the answer. He daily saw the other elephants enjoying the same luxury—for they were made to drink from the same stream just outside the stockade, and to feed beside its bank—and yet they were not in confinement.

Gradually the lesson sank into his mind. He noted the points in common between their lot and his, and the only two differences—namely, their freedom and performance of duties on the one part, and his captivity and idleness on the other. Thus the inference that he, too, might obtain his freedom by obedience to the voice of man was allowed to dawn upon him.

Then one day an actual experiment was tried. He was kept without food for a while. A few hours later an armful of sugar-cane was brought near the inclosure, but kept just outside the reach of his trunk.

Then a trained elephant was brought beside the stockade, and bidden to kneel, and a few minutes later to arise. It obeyed implicitly, and a sugar-cane was given to it, which it ate with much relish. Then, holding another piece of sugar-cane in his hand, the trainer turned towards the hungry captive and bade him kneel. But Salar Jung merely thrust out his trunk and tried to snatch the food.

The trained elephant was again bidden to repeat its genuflexion. Salar Jung was thoroughly puzzled. On other days the sugar-cane had been given to him without demur; now he was merely tantalised with it. When commanded to kneel he stood quite still, and seemed to be thinking. He, indeed, watched the other animal closely as it knelt once more and was instantly rewarded. Then it seemed to dawn upon him that there was some connection between the two—the genuflexion and the sugar-cane.

So he, too, went down on his knees, and arose a few seconds later at the word of command to receive from the delighted trainer the long-deferred delicacy.

A few days later he was released from the stockade. A team of six tame tuskers faced the portcullis ten yards away, and on either

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side of the gate stood another facing the team. The portcullis was raised, and Salar Jung emerged joyfully. Immediately the two tuskers by the gate ranged themselves beside him, and a chain was slipped round each of his hind legs and attached to the adjacent leg of the animal on either side.

Then the team ahead right-about-turned, and marched to the exercise ground, followed by Salar Jung and his companions. For the next few days he was kept attached to the two, except that each chain was lengthened to about twenty yards—so that he had ample space for individual movement, and yet, if viciously inclined, would have been unable to attack either of his custodians.

An armful of sugar-cane was brought to the inclosure, but kept just outside the reach of his trunk.

Then came the most important step in his training; his personal acquaintance with his future keepers. For a few days he was kept without the luxury of a bath, till it ceased to be a luxury, and became a necessity.

Then a number of men came with buckets and brushes to his companion on the right, placed a bucket before the tame tusker and bade him take a shower-bath, which the delighted animal did at once, emptying the bucket in two draws of his trunk. They bade him lie down on his left side, and the animal went down on his knees, and rolled over on his side as commanded, so that the men could stand over him and give him a thorough wash and scrubbing. Afterwards he was bidden to turn over on the other side to complete the process.

Similarly they washed and scrubbed the other tame elephant. Meanwhile Salar Jung had been watching with envious eyes. At last they came to him. One of the men timorously placed a bucket just within reach of his trunk, and stepped back quickly.

Salar Jung was too pleased to resent the action. He simply dipped his trunk, emptied the bucket at a single draught, and showered the water over his head and back. Just to humour him the men gave him two more buckets, so that Salar Jung was in a most gracious mood. He went down on his side, and quite enjoyed the scrubbing.

Slowly, gradually, almost imperceptibly, one of the washers came frontwards. So far they had all stood at the back of him, out of any possible danger. Now one of them started with the top of the head, then the forehead—while still standing at the back of the elephant—and rubbed gently the base of the trunk.

Emboldened, he stepped round the head, and continued the rubbing down the trunk, though he kept a watchful eye on its tip; had it begun to curl upwards he would have fled at the ominous sign. But Salar Jung was enjoying his first massage. It was an unprecedented pleasure.

More than that. It vaguely suggested to him that the close proximity of man need not be alarming; it might even be pleasurable.

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That was enough. He permitted the washer to come forward gradually and rub the whole length of his trunk.

And when an elephant permits that to be done, his taming is at once begun and ended.

In the service of man an elephant has to work his way upwards like a human being. He has to begin with menial duties, receive promotion for efficiency, and rise to the highest grade only when he has proved his ability. So, when thoroughly broken in, our hero was sent to the timber yard at Rangoon to learn first the roughest work. He was shipped with thirty-nine others bound for the same port.

The steamer discharged its remaining cargo at a neighbouring port, and then anchored for the night off a small island at hand. It had no other cargo except the forty elephants. Then a mysterious incident occurred. The sea was as smooth as a mirror, and yet the ship began to roll. At first very slightly, then in increasing oscillations.

The elephants were naturally kept in the upper hold for the sake of ventilation, and as the ship had no other cargo it rode very light, with its centre of gravity dangerously high. Much perplexed and in great alarm the captain went to the hold. A most extraordinary sight met his gaze.

Now, elephants are naturally most restless creatures. especially those recently captured. Their habit in the jungle of browsing continuously from bush to bush—for in a wild state they have to denude a few dozen bushes and trees to get a full supply of fodder—renders any narrow confinement most irksome and obnoxious to their nature. But in the ship-hold there could be no movement of any kind except by the sole method of oscillation—and they had discovered that!

There were the forty elephants, twenty to starboard, twenty to larboard, swaying their huge bodies from side to side—all in unison!

It was a case of the cumulative effect of persistent small motions. Each single motion of even the combined forty might have had only a very slight effect on the whole ship, but the persistent repetition of it served to add its own impetus, however slight, to the previous ones, till the accumulation was sufficient to sway the ship in an increasing degree.

And the elephants seemed to be enjoying the rocking motion, not merely for the sense of relief it afforded them in their narrow confinement, but also as a positive pleasure. The only thing that had not entered into their calculation was the danger to the ship, and consequently to themselves. Their natural intelligence had not reached so far.

The captain hurriedly summoned the keepers, who threaded their way, mounted their respective animals, and made them "break step" by the mere act of swaying the opposite way to what they were doing—which served gradually to neutralise the motion of the ship.

But the trouble was not yet ended. The elephants had obeyed; hence it was advisable in the special circumstances to reward them with instant food. A few coolies laden with fodder were sent down the space between the two lines of elephants. Then Salar Jung, the evident ringleader in this escapade, felt as mischievous as any schoolboy; for at times the soberest elephant enjoys a little horse-play.

Salar Jung stretched forth his trunk and laid the foremost coolie by the heels, while some of the others snatched his bundle of fodder. Then the other coolies met with the same treatment from the nearest elephant, which they took in good part, knowing that at such times it is best to humour the mighty creatures.

On arrival at Rangoon Salar Jung was separated from his companions of the voyage. He was taken to the timber-yard and made to watch the trained elephants at work. First the simplest duty—to pile *planed* timber. In length about twenty feet, and the sides planed down at right angles to a uniform width and thickness, the centre of gravity of each piece would naturally lie about midway between the ends; so at that point a chalk mark is made by the overseer.

Then the elephant kneels down on his forelegs before the mark, thrusts his tusks under the timber and draws it over the tusks with the aid of his trunk—all the time keeping his eyes on the chalk mark, so as to have it evenly between the tusks. Now he rises, raising the timber with him, walks to the stack, places one end upon it, and lowers the other to the ground. Then he goes to that end and *pushes* it with his tusks, stepping forward at each thrust. When half the timber has gone over the pile the free end rises in the air, and the elephant's task is simplified; he continues the pushing by merely marching forward till the entire log is in position.

Next, if the log be too large for an elephant to balance on his tusks, he raises one end, while a second elephant pushes at the other, both animals moving towards the pile. On reaching it the former elephant places his

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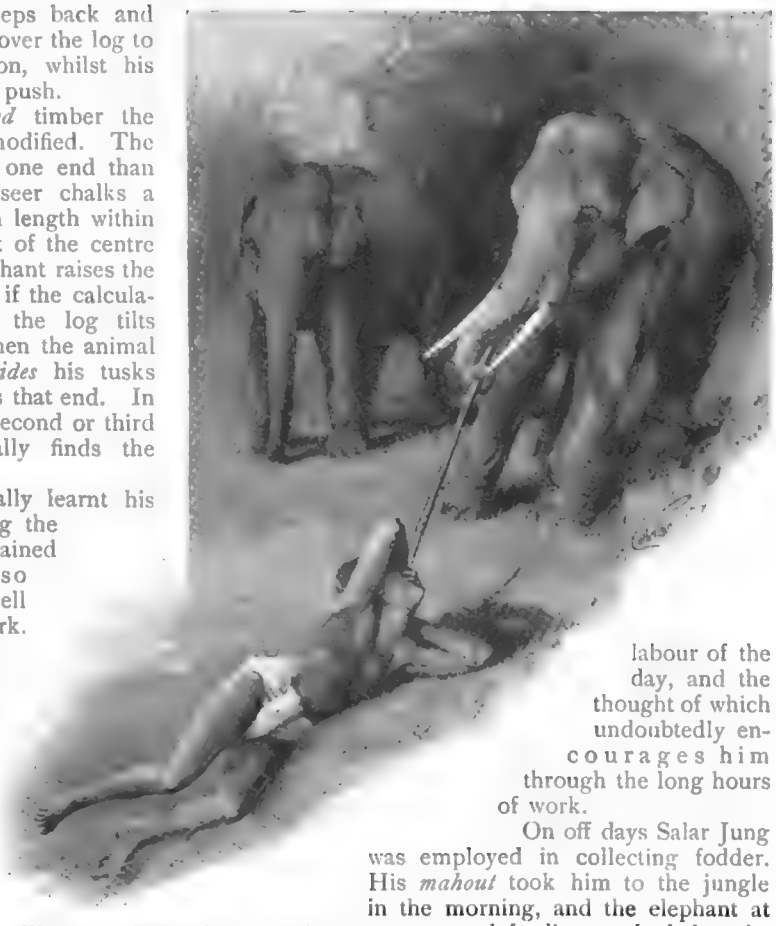
end on the stack, steps back and puts his tusks lightly over the log to guide it into position, whilst his comrade continues to push.

In piling *unplaned* timber the method is slightly modified. The log being thicker at one end than the other, the overseer chalks a space about a yard in length within the approximate limit of the centre of gravity. The elephant raises the log at the mark, and if the calculation be wrong, and the log tilts down on one side, then the animal kneels again and *slides* his tusks under the log towards that end. In this manner, at the second or third adjustment he usually finds the point of support.

Salar Jung gradually learnt his work by following the example of his trained comrades. He also learnt to obey the bell to begin or cease work. For after the morning's wash and meal the great bell of the timber-yard rang out, and all the elephants went to their duty like human workmen. At about noon, when the sun was blazing down fiercely, the bell rang again to cease work, and the delighted animals hastened to their midday meal and siesta. Likewise for the afternoon's work and final stoppage for the evening.



With a cry of terror the man awoke, but the elephant pulled the bamboo and dragged him along the ground.

Then came their chief meal of the day. A working elephant entitled to full rations consumes daily 400 lb. of *green* fodder—that is, grasses, fresh boughs of trees, and sugar-canes. Or in lieu thereof he may have 240 lb. of *dry* fodder, consisting chiefly of stalks of cut grain, especially the stalk of the *dhall* or lentil, which is highly nutritious.

But over and above the daily allowance of green or dry fodder, huge pancakes of wheaten flour and rice are often added at dinner; and finally a kind of tipsy-cake made of flour and flavoured with treacle, pepper, ginger, and cloves, with about a pint of rum or arrack. This is a delicacy that cheers and comforts an elephant's heart after the heavy labour of the day, and the thought of which undoubtedly encourages him through the long hours of work.

On off days Salar Jung was employed in collecting fodder. His *mahout* took him to the jungle in the morning, and the elephant at once started feeding on leafy boughs and stalks. But after a while the *mahout* bade him "hand up," and he obeyed by handing up of his abundance; for while chewing one bough he would tear off another with his trunk and hold it out to the *mahout*. In this manner he was able to collect fodder and feed simultaneously.

The *mahout* stripped the bough and thrust the leaves and twigs into two huge bags slung over the elephant's sides. When the bags were getting full Salar Jung was commanded to turn homewards, which he did, though still feeding and collecting, so that on reaching the camp the load was full. Several trips were made during the day, the elephant varying both his collection and his diet by uprooting succulent plaintain-stalks with a mere push of his forefoot, and reaping the long grass with a swish of his trunk.

At the end of the day the net result obtained was that, besides satisfying his hunger, Salar Jung collected enough fodder for two

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days' keep. Against that may be offset the day's wages of the *mahout*; but since that is less than the cost of a single day's keep for the animal, an elephant may not only be self-supporting, but even a profitable investment, especially if an ordinary animal be used to collect the fodder for his more powerful comrades employed in heavy labour.

After he had learnt his work at the timber-yard, Salar Jung was employed in engineering works, such as bridge-building and pipe-laying. In the former his strength was his main use, that is, he was used as a movable crane in shifting girders, pillars, and sections of arches.

But in pipe-laying his intelligence was essential; he would balance the nine-inch iron pipe on his trunk by the middle, and insert the smooth end of the pipe into the socket of the last (already laid), then release the pipe he was holding, come to its socket-end and grip it in the tip of his trunk, as between forefinger and thumb, and actually twist it with a screw-driving motion, so that the smooth end of the pipe was now firmly inserted to the full in the socket of the last. His education in the service of man was now practically completed, for he was spared the humiliation of being used merely as a beast of burden. An elephant will indeed carry a load of half-a-ton, and march with it nearly all day at the average rate of five miles per hour; nay, he has been known to do thirty-five miles at one stretch with a full load. But Salar Jung was destined for a higher purpose. As soon as his training was completed his owner ordered his return to the palace of Mysore.

His home-coming was almost the cause of a tragedy. Five years had now elapsed since his capture, and he was thoroughly tamed and trained, and was most gentle and docile. But justice had yet to be done. Soon after his arrival he caught sight of Ganesh Ram, the first *mahout* that had ridden him, and who had ill-used him most cruelly. Knowing his guilt, the man kept at a safe distance from the elephant; and at night, when Salar Jung was tethered by the hind leg, Ganesh Ram spread his sleeping blanket out of the elephant's reach.

But one night a long bamboo pole happened to be at hand. Salar Jung pulled the pole out of the ground with his trunk, and chewed one end of it till the fibres were loose and brush-like. Then he pushed the bamboo gently towards Ganesh Ram, whose long hair lay loose, and twisted the bamboo till the fibres were entangled in the hair.

With a cry of terror the man awoke, but the elephant pulled the bamboo and dragged him along the ground. Nearer and nearer came the unhappy man; then in despair clutched both hands on the hair above his head. The fierce tug-of-war lasted a brief, critical moment. Then the hair parted, and the man escaped with his life by the loss of his hair. Thenceforth he kept out of the elephant's way, for whom another *mahout* had already been engaged.

In accordance with the law, Salar Jung had to stand his trial for attempted murder, as if he were a man. But he was acquitted on the plea of grave provocation received when he had been only just captured.

He had already killed a man under even greater provocation; but as that had been done in a wild state and out of jurisdiction, no cognisance could be taken. Here is an account of it from a contemporary newspaper which the Heaven-born may like to translate. It refers to Salar Jung, for it was I who first reported it. Thus:

"Pargana Barahabhum went to his paddy field and found a herd of elephants destroying his crop. His rage rose, he shot arrows from behind a tree, and he killed a young elephant.

"Then the greatness of his crime fell on the mind of Pargana Barahabhum, and he fled to his cottage for refuge. But the elephant's father and mother were stricken with rage, and they and their fellows charged the cottage and razed it to the ground.

"Pargana Barahabhum was wily, and he climbed a tree to the topmost bough. The elephants surrounded it, and trumpeted, but they could not reach Pargana Barahabhum. But their sagacity was great, and with their trunks they brought water from the *bund*, and they watered the ground at the foot of the tree.

"When they had watered well, and the earth was soft, they uprooted the tree. Then they avenged the death of their young by trampling the life out of Pargana Barahabhum."

That incident raises the eternal question as to the natural sagacity of the elephant. Torrents of argument have been wasted between two rival theories. The one maintains that the elephant is not more intelligent than other animals, is incapable of taking the initiative, and can only learn what it has been carefully taught; and if the result obtained be greater in the case of the elephant than of any other animal, it is merely because the elephant is more docile and obedient, and

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more amenable to discipline. Let an exponent of that theory speak for himself. He says:

"I have an elephant which kneels, trumpets, hands up anything from the ground, raises his trunk to break a branch or passes under one in silence, stops, backs, and does other things according to the exact requirement of the moment—and an onlooker might well think that the elephant did all that of his own initiative. In reality, though sitting in apparent silence and immobility upon his neck, I had my knees behind his ears, and by a push, pressure, or other motions communicated my orders."

Pargana Barahabhum went to his paddy field and found a herd of elephants destroying his crop. His rage rose, he shot arrows from behind a tree, and he killed a young elephant.

But is not that very discipline and implicit obedience even to tacit commands a proof of the elephant's high intelligence? Remember that he does not do all that fitfully, or at stated intervals, or in contemplation of some tangible reward. His obedience is constant—from hour to hour, day to day, year to year. It is a part of his routine work. Does even man—the working man of any nation—obey his overseer as constantly, quickly, and implicitly, without the incentive of oaths, blows, or threats?

But enough. Let us consider actual examples in support of the opposite theory—namely, the elephant's capacity to reason for himself. Two such instances in the case of Salar Jung—his entanglement of Ganesh Ram's hair and the rocking of the ship on the sea voyage—have already been given. Let us consider one or two others.

Salar Jung was told to pump water into a trough about ten feet long and two wide. The trough was placed on two logs, one at each end, so that harnessed cattle could drink from it in comfort. The pump was situated at one end, and Salar Jung was told to work the handle with his trunk till the trough was full.

He did this for several days. Then, by accident, or perhaps the carelessness of the cattlemen, the log at the far end happened to be displaced. It rolled away several feet, so that the trough rested on the ground at that end. Hence, when Salar Jung came to his work he pumped away as usual, with his eye fixed right below on his end of the trough, but apparently there was no result.

He knew from experience that he had to pump till he saw the water rise and fill the end on which he had his eye. But the water did not rise; in fact, when he stopped

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working there was no water below the pump. He was puzzled, and came to the far end to investigate. He saw the trough quite full there, and the superfluous water pouring over and flooding the ground; but about half way up the sloping trough there was no water. He went back to the pump, perhaps encouraged by the fact that there was water *somewhere* in the trough, and worked hard. Still there was no result.

Thoroughly perplexed, he began a close scrutiny. He came to the far end and took stock of its circumstances; then he returned to his own end and did likewise.

The reasoning was quite obvious. He wanted water at his end where there was none, but at the far end there was water. Now, in what particular condition did his own end differ from the other? In all respects the two were similar except one. There was just one difference at his end—the log. If he removed that one difference, then in all respects the two ends would be under similar conditions. So he kicked the log away, pumped, and soon filled the trough.

The next instance was very simple. Salar Jung was lying down in the courtyard of the palace, when a small boy in passing threw a walnut to him. Salar Jung stretched forth his trunk to take it, but it had fallen just too short by about a foot. He could easily have got up and picked up the nut; but to arise with a huge lurch, as he must, might have frightened the child. So he laid his trunk along the ground in front of the nut, and blew it back to the child—who now threw it with greater force within the elephant's reach.

Years after there came the supremest test. In full maturity Salar Jung had now reached the highest rank in the service of the palace. One of the highest duties of the royal elephant is to adjudicate in a case of disputed inheritance in the extreme instance where human wisdom availeth not. Then the Maharajah, the final court of appeal, delegates the task of adjudication to the royal elephant. Thus:

It happened that a rich *zemindar* had died and had left his motherless infant in charge of a foster-mother, who had nursed the boy at her bosom with her own son. A few weeks later she died suddenly of cholera, vainly trying in her agony to say something. The two babes were taken from her bosom, but none knew which was the high-born and which the other. But when the boys were about three years old the case came on for final adjudication.

It was a vast throng that surged before the palace gate. Salar Jung was brought to the gate in full panoply, with trappings of gold and silver on his sides, a silver *howdah* on his back placed well forward to be within reach of his trunk; but there was no *mahout* upon him. Instead he was led to the gate and bidden to stand there.

Upon a carpet before the elephant the two boys were placed, side by side, nude. There was an instant hush. The solitary voice of the *Dewan* rang out in the stillness:

"Choose, my lord! Choose the child of high degree!"

Salar Jung looked at the boys; there was nothing adventitious to favour the one over the other. Then suddenly he stretched forth his trunk and picked up one of the boys, raising him in the air. The child cried out in terror.

Gently, very gently, Salar Jung put him back on the carpet, and picked up the other child. And this boy smiled and crowed in childish delight. The higher he rose in the air the more he crowed. Salar Jung brought him up straight before his eyes, and the boy, seeing himself raised over the heads of the multitude and taller than all, clapped his hands in delight. Then the royal elephant hesitated no more. He raised the boy still higher and placed him upon the silver *howdah*.

The surging populace gave tongue to the verdict in a mighty roar.

"A Suleiman! A Suleiman! The judgment of Suleiman, the All-Wise!"

For blood must tell. The high-born child would sit upon the silver *howdah* by the right of birth, and would not fear the beast that had come to do him hereditary service. For the elephant serves the high caste, who alone are wont to sit upon him in state.

Is not that so? In classic times the elephant test was applied to reveal the paternity of even a royal babe. A king may die sonless, but palace intrigue may set forth the claims of a substituted child alleged to be his; or the king may leave an actual son, but a changeling may be put forth in his place in furtherance of some plot or conspiracy. If such a case arose in classic times some final test, independent of the judgment of man, was necessary, and the royal elephant was chosen as its instrument.*

* Apart from the tribute to the elephant's sagacity, this method of adjudication shows the strong hold the caste system has ever had on the people of India, and their belief in the hereditary principle. They would never abolish the House of Lords! On the other hand, they would never have permitted any new accession to it.

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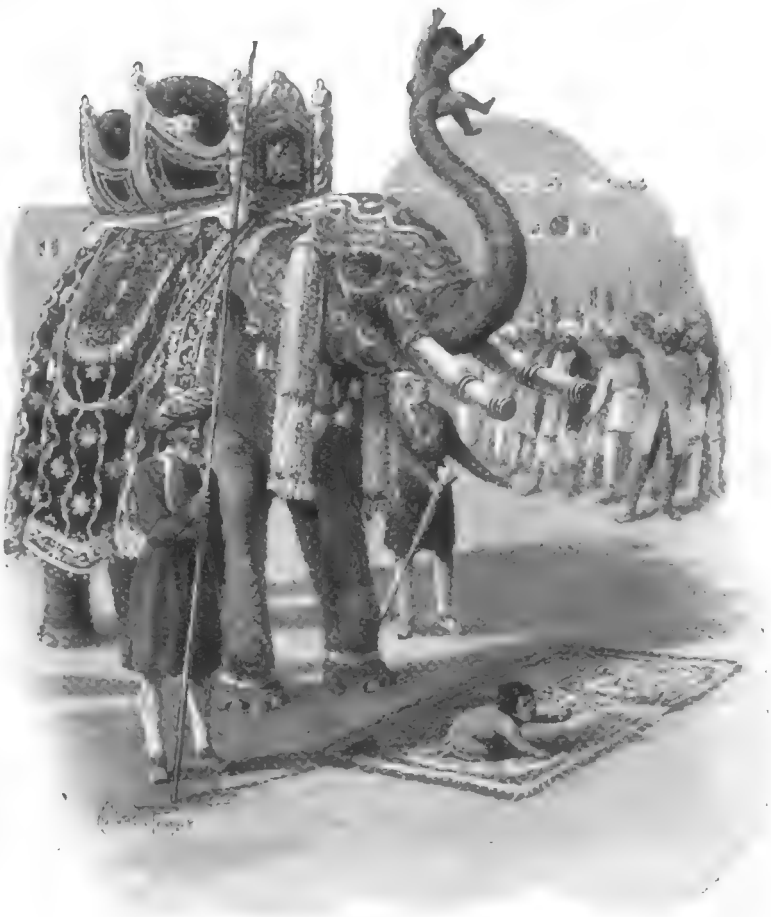
Having attained his highest destiny, and used by his master only on solemn or state occasions, there seemed to be no higher ambition open to Salar Jung.

But there was!

An event of the supremest importance was about to take place. The Great Queen—upon whom be peace!—was to be proclaimed Empress of India (January 1st, 1877). A hundred and one potentates and high dignitaries were to take part in the Durbar and procession, and being the record elephant of the world, Salar Jung was lent by his master to the representative of the Great Queen, so that he might sit upon the towering form and be the central figure in that gorgeous array.



This boy smiled and crowed in childish delight. The higher he rose in the air, the more he crowed

Salar Jung was specially robed for the occasion, and the process occupied two entire days. First, he was carefully bathed, which was as usual. Then came the most difficult task, the painting of his forehead, trunk, and ears. This was a work of art, and had to be done by a real artist.

The designs had already been prepared on paper, and were not unlike those on first-class shawls, brocades, and cloth-of-gold. The actual painting of the designs on the elephant's body occupied a day and a half, during which he had to keep very still. The *howdah* pad was girthed on with cotton ropes riding over smooth flaps of leather to prevent any irritation of the skin, and upon the pad the silver *howdah* was fixed.

Finally two pieces of splendidly embroidered cloth-of-gold were hung down the sides, and the tusks ornamented with huge rings of solid gold incrusted with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. At last Salar Jung was ready.

But he had to wait a few hours in that array before the procession could be formed—and an elephant is but human and childlike. Dress a small boy in fine clothes, and forthwith he will want to make a mud-pie. In like manner an elephant in full panoply wants to fling dust, leaves, and fodder stalks over his back, especially if he be kept waiting. So the keepers had to coax Salar Jung with soft words

"Patience, my lord, patience!" they kept chanting to him. "Even now the Great One who is to ride thee cometh!"

It only remains to add that when the Great King who now reigns—and long may he reign!—was likewise proclaimed Emperor of India twenty-six years later, Salar Jung was also the leading elephant in that Durbar procession. And if he lives the full 150 years of a healthy elephant's life he may participate in other Durbars yet to come.

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Real Life Romances.

The Editor is Always Pleased to Purchase Real Life Romances, Which must be True and Five Hundred Words in Length.

An Indian Civil Servant's Heroism.

DOWN A WELL WITH A MADMAN.

SOMEWHERE about the middle of the last century, there was considerable excitement at a small Indian station. It was in the old John Company days, when the Indian Civil Servant had to combine in his proper person all the duties of the various departments of the India Office.

One of the villagers had gone mad, violently mad. He wanted to kill himself, or somebody else (it was not very clear which), so, tearing off all his clothes, he prepared to run amok, when the police fell on him and bore him off to the Commissioner. The Commissioner, though he could not restore him to his right mind, had him clothed and taken away to safe keeping.

Of course, there was no lunatic asylum in the station; in fact, there was no stone building at all, so the unfortunate man was stowed away in a strong wooden hut and left to himself.

His first action was to take off every scrap of clothing, his next to tear it into shreds, his third to swarm, with marvellous agility, up the side of the hut. After which he tore a hole in the roof, clambered through, dashed wildly through the village street, still in his "birthday suit," pursued by the police, and finally took cover by jumping down a well, of the ordinary circumference and eighty feet from coping to the water.

Notice was duly conveyed to the Commissioner, and he was quickly on the spot. His duty in the interest of humanity was to get the man out: it was also his duty in the interest of the public health. An Indian well was not always a healing spring—when the bucket came up, you were never quite sure whether you would find a cobra, or a toad, or a lizard, or something in the water, and its flavour was not likely to be improved by an admixture of dead lunatic, for that a man could jump down a shaft like that without being smashed seemed incredible.

The incredible, however, had happened. The man was sound as a bell, except in his head. A rope was thereupon lowered to him, but he had no use for that.

What was to be done? He had to be got out, but how?

Now, with the Commissioner was his assistant, an active young fellow in his early twenties. Without more ado he fastened the rope round his waist, and gave orders to be lowered away.

After a short struggle he overpowered and bound the lunatic.

The civilian's strength was equal to his courage, and after a short struggle he overpowered and bound the lunatic—all this, mind you, whilst out of his depth. Then he gave the word to haul away.

The police obeyed, and hauled him up forthwith.

The civilian, in the meanwhile, waited coolly, supporting himself with his hands against the wall of the well, when he noticed, to his horror, that the madman was making desperate efforts to unknot the rope. The civilian could do nothing but urge the men above to pull, which they did with a will, with the happy result that the lunatic was drawn out before he could disentangle himself. The rope was then lowered again, and the civilian was brought to the surface.

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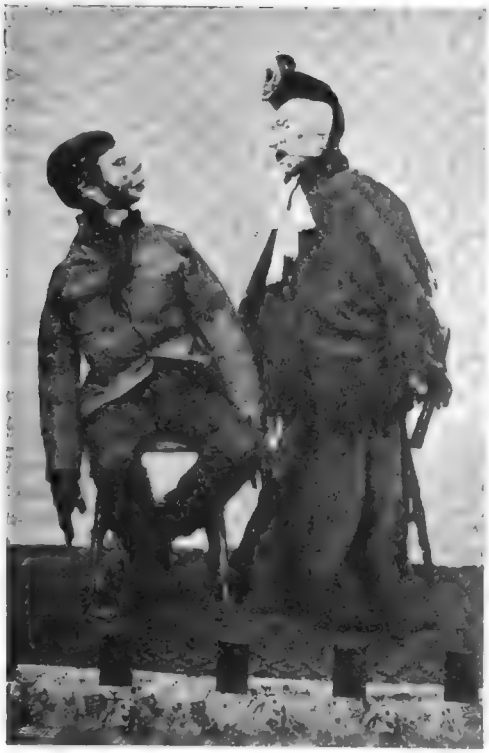

The dummies sit perfectly motionless for about two minutes after the "professor" has made his exit. Then they slowly turn their heads so as to face one another, and nod with ludicrous solemnity.

stout linen, or, better still, the whole of the face may be glued inside a duplicate.

Suitable "patter" is very easily written by anyone who has studied the kind of thing in vogue among legitimate members of the "profession." It consists largely of repetitions, and on this account is readily committed to memory by the trio of conspirators. A dialogue which contains an abundance of "local colour" is always heartily enjoyed both by the audience and the actors.

The following is a portion of the dialogue spoken by the Bogus Ventriloquist and his confederates Uncle John and Aunt Sarah, at one entertainment:—

UNCLE. Hullo! What a crowd of people to be sure. What are they staring at, boss? What is the little fellow with the big nose—

VENTRILOQUIST (*interrupting*). Silence, sir! You must not make personal remarks. These good people have assembled here to be entertained and amused.

UNCLE. Entertained and amused?

VEN. Precisely.

UNCLE. Who's going to entertain 'em?

VEN. *I* am.

UNCLE. What? *You!*

VEN. Certainly.

UNCLE (*surprised*). You don't mean it! What is *my* part in the play?

VEN. Your part, Uncle? Well, I suppose I should describe you as the leading dummy.

UNCLE. The leading dummy!

VEN. Yes, that is your *rôle*.

UNCLE. And what part is the old woman on my left taking?

VEN. The *lady* on your left is supposed to be the wife of the leading dummy.

UNCLE. The wife of the leading dummy—*my* wife! (*Turns his head sharply in the direction of the other figure.*) *That?*

VEN. Certainly.

UNCLE. I shouldn't have believed it to be possible! I'm glad we're only *acting*. (*To ventriloquist*) And what are *you* supposed to be?

VEN. (*shrugging his shoulders*). Oh! I'm simply a ventriloquist.

UNCLE. A ventriloquist? How very strange! I thought you were the biggest dummy of the three!

VEN. Not at all. I'm a professor of ventriloquism.

"Well, I'm not going to sit here and be laughed at any longer," declares Aunt Sarah, rising to her feet. The "figures" then join hands and make a dignified exit.

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UNCLE. Ah! You're not a swindler, then? You've never been *convicted* of obtaining money by false pretences?

VEN. (*angrily*). Have I ever been convicted of obtaining money by false pretences? Certainly not, sir!

UNCLE. You've had a merciful escape! Some people are born lucky!

VEN. (*furiously*). What do you mean, sir? Explain yourself. (*Shakes him.*)

UNCLE. What do I mean? Just ask the audience in about ten minutes' time what *they* think of you. You're a bounder!

VEN. A bounder who knows how to reward insolence, sir! Take that! (*Strikes him.*)

UNCLE. Here, now! Don't be so ready with your hands. Don't you know that you could be prosecuted for damaging an old ruin!

VEN. (*impulsively*). There — I apologise, Uncle. Forgive me! I was hasty.

UNCLE. And if there's anything I've said that I'm sorry for, I'm sure I'm glad of it!

AUNT. Now, that's the kind of spirit I like! It's magnanimous!

UNCLE. The kind of spirit *you* like isn't magnanimous at all. It's called——

VEN. (*interrupting hastily*). Don't take any notice of him, Aunty. He's an insolent old rascal! Will you oblige us with a song?

UNCLE. Give me a dose of chloroform.

AUNT. Shall I sing you a song of my girlhood?

UNCLE. You never had any!

VEN. Why don't you be quiet, sir? (*Turns to Aunt.*) By all means sing us one of the old songs, Aunty.

AUNT (*singing*) "I cannot sing the old songs——"

UNCLE (*interrupting*) No, nor the new ones either!

VEN. Silence, sir! Pray proceed, Aunty.

When recalled, the "figures" may reveal their identity to the audience.

AUNT (*singing*). "Oh! where is my wanderin' boy to-night——"

UNCLE. If he's anything like you, I should advise you to try Colney Hatch.

* * * * *

When a song or a recitation has been rendered by each of the "figures" in turn, the dénouement may be sprung upon the audience in a variety of ways. Perhaps the most effective plan is for one of the "figures" to send the "ventriloquist" away on some pretext, say for a glass of water. The "dummies" sit perfectly motionless for about two minutes after the "professor" has made his exit. Then they slowly turn their heads, so as to face one another, and nod with ludicrous solemnity.

"I thought as much," says Uncle John in a tone expressive of deep disgust.

"Don't you think that he'll have the decency to come back and pay us for our share in the fraud?" asks Aunt Sarah anxiously.

"I don't think it is at all likely," replies the other. "I consider that a man who can impose upon the public in this way is bad enough for anything!"

"Well, I'm not going to sit here and be laughed at any longer," declares Aunt Sarah, rising to her feet. "I'm surprised to note that our fellow-townsmen seem to regard this lamentable affair as a colossal joke. Personally I consider it to be a very serious matter."

"Perhaps it is," says Uncle John, also rising. "But I fancy that the laugh is on our side, after all! (*Addressing the audience.*) What do *you* think?"

The "figures" then join hands and make a dignified exit.

When recalled, the "figures" may reveal their identity to the audience.

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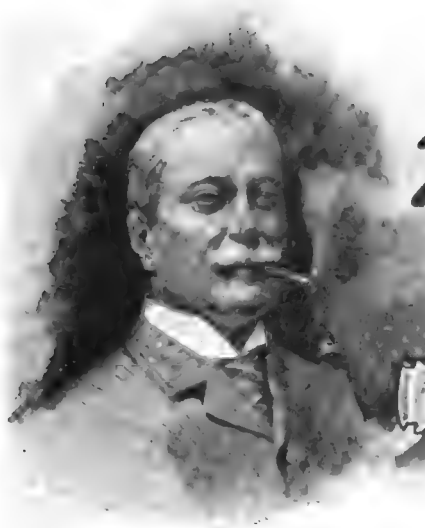

My Nephew "Max"

By Fox Russell.

Max's First Love Affair; How it Began, Progressed, and Ended.

Dear Uncle Charlie,

A grate change hass come over me since riting to you last. It makes a feller feel a diffrent sort of feller orltogether, by gum it does. Please brake the orfle trooth to Aunt Mollie—of coarse, it will sepprate us for ever, for you know I orlways sed I would mary her if you kicked the bucket, but now orl is over. So do brake the orfle troo——oh, I sed that before, didnt I—well please do.*

It hass come about so suddinly. Johnson *ma.* and I were jest rotting about, one afternoon,† when he sed: "Let's take old Stoggins' gate orf its hinges, and chuck it into the duck-pond." I sed: "No; let's go to the tuck-shop and do a gorge, and then have a smoak" (I had still got two cigrets I bagged, Uncle Charlie, when we were stoping with you). So I went to the doormattry and got the cigrets, and then‡ we went into the tuck-shop. Johnson *ma.* sed: "That's the new gurl," nudging me. And there, behind the counter, standing out in bold relief in the midst of the surrounding buns, and more lovely than any of them, was the butiflest gurl, with hair a sort of poached-egg shade, and stunning eyes, with long latches, witch lay on her dammosk cheek, ass the story-books say.

Well, I sort of dried up, and didn't know what to say when she asked me what I'd have. It took my appytight away. Johnson *ma.* sed: "Wake up, you old rotter, what are you going to stuff?"

I felt indiffrent, and sed litely: "Oh, I dunno—ennything 'll do—what do *you* rekermend?" to the butifool gurl, who sed: "Oh, I'm sure I don't know what young gentlemen like," and giggilled.

Then I giggilled, too, and after that we got on stunningly, and then Johnson *ma.* sed: "Aren't you coming for that smoak?" And I sed: "Oh, blow smoaking!" but he sed he'd smoak, so I gave him the cigrets. He *was* sick, later on.

Well, soon ass we were left in the shop alone, blowed if I could think of ennything to say, and then she sed: "Have a jelly?" and that made me think sumhow of a feller being jellus. How orfle it would be spose Martin *ma.*, whose one of the big fellers and's got a merstarche, was to fall in love with this gurl? I should fite, orltho I take a licking from him in the ordnery way. But big ass he is, I bet I'd have his blood, even if I had to bite him!

I looked at her, and sed: "I say, I've got an aching void here," and prest my hand to my hart; and she sed: "Well, have a strorbry jam tart—seven for sixpence—they're orfly filling;" but I sed: "It's not that sort of a void. I mean that my fewcher life is empty."

Then she side hevvily, and opened a bottel of ginger beer and handed it to me. I made her drink half, and then we both felt better.

When I sed I'd rite her an ode, she sed:

* But what *is* the "orfle trooth"?—Uncle Charlie.

† But what of the "orfle trooth"? Am burning to know.—Uncle Charlie.

‡ Shall really go distracted unless I hear "orfle trooth" very soon.—Uncle Charlie.

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"Oh, you know we seldom give tick here, it's nearly orl reddy money—not owed." I sed: "I ment a potry ode—verses, you know." And that nite I wrote these lines in the doormattry:

Ode to Mord.

1.

Were I a knite in armer clad,
I'd ride the lists for thee,
And brake a lance with any cad
Who dared dispewt with me.

2.

Were I a Creasus, rich in wealth,
And strong as enny ox;
Instead of witch, I'm out of health,
With holes in both my socks.

3.

Should unkind Fate say we must part
Whenever term doth end,
I'd never eat another tart
Unless——

And then, Uncle Charlie, I'm blowed if I could think of ennything that rimed and still made sense.

I hope it won't be a grate blow to our famly, this maridge—of coarse, I sharn't mary yet for another ten years or so, but I think I'm inkaged. I go to the tuck-shop every day, in spite of the fellers rotting me about it, and eat strorbry jam puffs till I can't eat enny more.

She ses her name's Mord Vaversaw (Wilkins *ma.* says its Susan Slummers, but Wilkins *ma.* is an ass), and that she is of nobel birth. Ennyhow, she's a ripper, and when you come to see us I shall be orfly jellus of you, Uncle Charlie, though you *are* quite old.

Half the school's in love with her, and the shop must be jest coining money. I've had two fites orlreddy with fellers for saying she powders her nose.

Yestiddy Martin, whose a big chap, sed to me: "She's a jolly site too pretty for you to be orlways hanging about, so bunk!" I began to bunk becos I'd eaten five rarsbry puffs, and it was orlmost time to go; but I cocked a snook at him ass I went, and he shide a tart at me, witch mist and smashed on the winder.

Next term I'm going to bring her back a ring. Praps the Mater or Aunt Mollie will give me one of their's—or I'll get one of those jolly half-crown one's, gold, with a small dimond in it.

Praps you'd better not tell the Guv'nor. I bleve he objecks to erly maridges, specially to gurls in tuck-shops. It's orfly funny my falling in love like this, ass, up to now, I've orlways despised gurls, and never thought of matrymoney before.

A suddin thought has struck me: I wonder if a feller's aloud to go up for the army exam. if he's orlreddy marid? I must ask the Guv'nor, but not dirrect; it must be done dellicatly, and with serkumlowkewshon.

To-day she gave me a speshally made bun ass a keepsake; it had an extra number of currands in it, and though I picked a few of 'em out, and eat 'em, I have preserved most part of the bun becos it came from her. I keep it wrapt in my pockethankerchief and in my brest pocket nearest my hart.

I say, Uncle Charlie, do you think I mite ask her for a kiss? Do you think it's rather cheek, or doesn't a feller do that till he's marrid? You see, this is the first time I've been inkaged, so I really dunno the ettyket of the thing.

Young Stinker scores orfly. Yestiddy I gave him thrippence to go when I wanted to be alone with Mord. Stinker *was* pleased.

I do hope Aunt Mollie wont be enoide now that I can't mary her if you're a widder—I mean if I'm a wid—oh, no, if you—*she*, I mean—is ever *your* widder. After orl, she'd be rarther old for me, though I don't spose Mord is very mutch younger. She says she's twenty-four. Johnson *ma.* giggilled and said: "Rats! she's a jolly good thirty-five." But you know what I think of Johnson *ma.* He can't help being an ass, I spose. Some fellows *are* asses natchraly, and sometimes a feller *makes* an ass of himself, doesn't he, Uncle Charlie?*

My house master sed to-day that I had lost my appytight. I know what it is, though I daren't elude to it. Being in love orlways makes a feller indiffrent to dinner (unless it's all the jam puffs—rarsbry—they're stunning—a feller gorges when he's torking to the gurl of his tart—hart, I mean).

Yestiddy she looked pencesively at me, and then side hevily, ass she et a pepmint-drop, and sed "you are the man I shall ever love," or sumthing like that. I dunno quite egsackly the words, but they were very poetickle. Of coarse I risponded in the same strane, and sed shyly, "Oh, rot!" and turned away, feeling rarther an ass. And then we both giggilled again.

Love—no, it wouldn't be rite now to send

*Yes. I have remarked that fact in reading this letter.—UNCLE CHARLIE.

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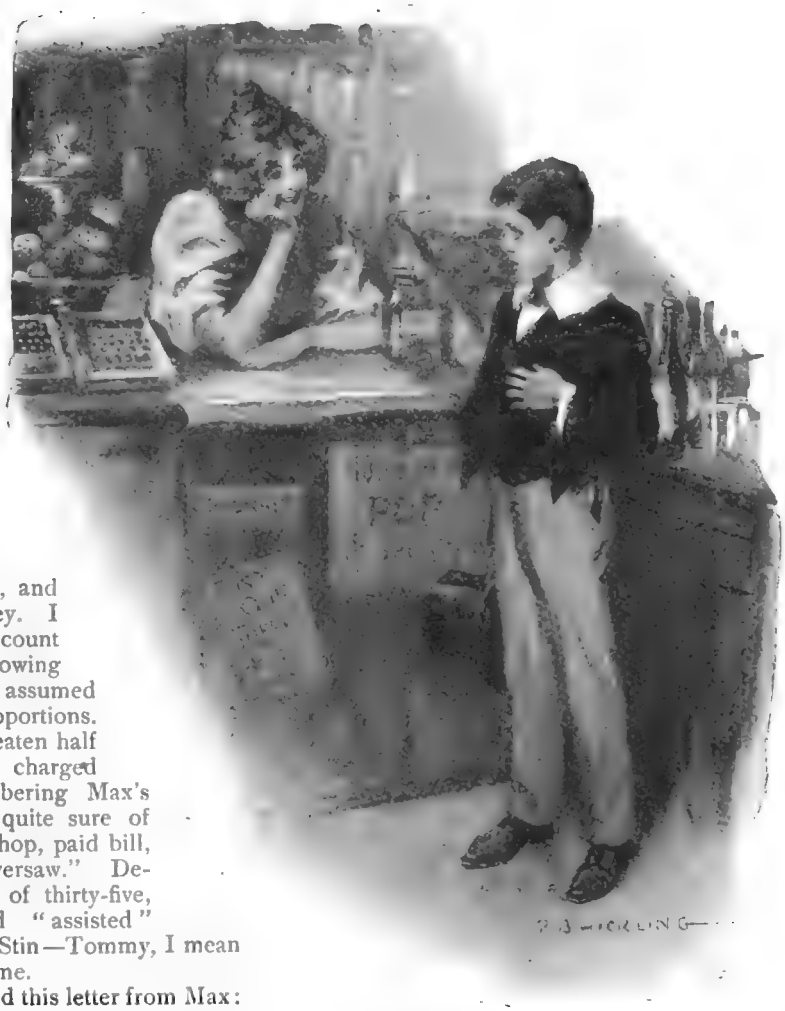
love, would it? Say *kind regards* to Aunt Mollie.

Your affekt^e nephew,
MAX.

Monday. — Really, this is getting beyond a joke. Must see my too enterprising nephew at once.

Tuesday. — Have seen Max. He assured me that his earnest passion would only cease with life. However, after short negotiation, he agreed to give up all ideas of matrimony in exchange for new cricket-bat, pair of rubber-fingered gloves, and a sovereign ready money. I also to pay present account at tuck-shop, which, owing to this love affair, has assumed rather alarming proportions. Boy could never have eaten half number of tarts, etc., charged for; and yet, remembering Max's "appytight," am not quite sure of this. Called at tuck-shop, paid bill, and saw "Mord Vaversaw." Decidedly vulgar female of thirty-five, with golden hair and "assisted" complexion. Tipped Stin—Tommy, I mean—also, and left for home.



"Were I a kn'te in armor clad,
I'd ride the lists for thee."

Thursday.—Received this letter from Max:

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,

I promised to let you know the result of my orfle sackryfice, so here it is. I rote to Mord V. imeajetly you left, of witch following is a copy:

MY DEAREST MORD,

This is the last time I shall address you in this term—I mean in these terms. Orl is over—my cruel fellertives (that's you, Uncle Charlie) have sepprated us for ever. He pointed out the soshal diffrence in our scale witch is a grate gulf fixed, and sed that there was too mutch dissparroty in our ages—well, there is a jolly good lump, isn't there? He erged lots of important famly reasons. He orlso stood me a criket bat, pair of batting gloves (rippers!) and a quid "down," and *praps* another 10 bob to foller. Do not think however that mine is sawdid reasons for breaking orf our inkagement.

Still, it isn't every day a feller gets a chance like that, is it? You shood see the bat—by gum, it's a better one than Ripley *ma.*'s, cane-splice and orl, and rubber handel. I'll show it to you sum day—wen I can trust my feelings not to overcome me at site of your fare face amid the buns witch once was so dear to me.* That reminds me that my uncle sed the bill for tuck seemed very dear to *him* and espeshally the item for rarsbry tarts was sumthing orfle. *Sumone* has been cocking it on, as I really had no hart for pastry wile our brief, sweet caughtship lasted.

Ass a parting gift I send you a bag of oranges (blood ones, they're stunning!). I always make a hole in 'em by shoving my thumb through the top and putting a lump of sugar in, and then suck 'em; that's the best way. Try it and think of me.

Good-bye Mord for ever.

Your former admirror,
MAX.

I thought that a very nice farewell letter ass I did not wish her to feel the blow too mutch. I sent it to the shop by the knife boy

* Face or buns?—UNCLE CHARLIE.

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who retterned with her reply in his beasely dirty fingers. But kindness was throne away, *vide* (that's Latin) the inklosed:

23, High Street.

YOU SILLY BOY,

I have just read your absurd letter and mean to show it to all the boys of the Upper School. Of course I was dying with laughter at you all the time.

This was rarther a sell for a feller, wasn't it, Uncle Charlie? To think she'd been playing with a feller's afflickshons — I mean affektions — was a blow. Blow it!

Orl life, except the cricket bat, looks gluemy. When a feller's deprest there's nothing cheers him up like sossidges. So please send us ass many ass you can spare — oh quite a lot—say 2lbs. — we don't mind 'em a bit high.

Love—yes, I'm once more at libbetty to send *love* to Aunt Mollie.

From your affekte,

MAX.

I sent it to the shop by the knife boy, who retterned with her reply in his beasely dirty fingers.

N.B.—You can tell Aunt Mollie that if she ever is a widder I *can* mary her now. And (if you think she'll bleeve it) you mite say that, through orl my *affaire de chore* (this is a French egspreshon) I reely and truly was faithfool to her—to Aunt Mollie, I mean, not Mord.

P.S.—I hit a five in yestiddy's match with the new bat. At least, it would have been a five, but we only ran three for it becos one of the big fellers fielded it, and so we only got three witch was a beasely shame. There's a fog here to-day, and I'm riting this in Smearyun darkness, so egscuse scrawl.

P. P. S. — Tell Aunt Mollie that even at the height of my passion for Mord I had aranged with Stinker that he should take my place and mary her if you'd snuffed out.* I inklose note from Stinker.

And the note from Tommy ran:

I'm sending this by Max insted of by post—at least it *is* by post, but I haven't got a stamp so use Max's. He *is* an ass—one minit he ses he scored jolly well in getting that cricket bat, and the next he ses he shall never get over his loss—but whether he means the gurl or his left hand batting glove witch he can't find, I'm blowed if I know, and dunno whether he does himself.

I hope those sossidges will come orl rite. We toast 'em over the gas-jet on a hair-pin. It drips on the counterpin of the bed, but ass they're Stoggins' beds not ours, that doesn't matter. I rote to the pater for a new pennife but he didn't stump up; if you see him, do give him a hint about it. I spose you couldn't spare me one of yours, could you?

Love to Aunt Mollie.

From your affekte, nephew,

TOMMY.

Thursday (diary continued).—I hope and think we shall not hear anything more about "Max's first love affair."

---

* So thoughtful of my nephews.

UNCLE CHARLIE.

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CAP AND BELLS

USELESS DELICACY.

"John," said the mistress, "I should like you to find out, if you can, without letting the new cook know, whether there is any of the tinned salmon left, as she may have eaten it, and I wouldn't like to make her feel uncomfortable."

"If you please, ma'am," said the butler, "the new cook *has* eaten the tinned salmon, and she feels very uncomfortable indeed."

* * * * *

YOUTHFUL PERTINACITY.

WARBURTON: "Mamma, may I have a slice of bread and jam now?"

MAMMA: "No, you must not think of eating now, because you will spoil your appetite for dinner. It will be ready in three hours."

WARBURTON: "I only had lunch three hours ago, didn't I?"

MAMMA: "Yes."

WARBURTON: "Then I don't see how the bread and jam can spoil my appetite for dinner, when my lunch did not spoil the appetite I have now for bread and jam."

* * * * *

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

It is a Welsh new-paper which prints the following anonymous memo., written in a frail, masculine hand, which was picked up outside a local church door after choir practice the other evening:

"Mention rise in salary. Mention loneliness. Mention pleasure in her society. Mention prospects from Uncle Bill. Never loved before. Take right hand. Slip on knees."

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitts were out driving.

"I wonder," said she, "just what the poor horse's feelings are? It must be horrid to be driven and dragged about without an idea as to where one is going, except as someone directs."

"I think I can appreciate his feelings," replied Mr. Fitts, "I imagine that he feels just about as I do when you take me out on a shopping expedition."

* * * * *

UNREASONABLE.

CUSTOMER: "These nails I bought here yesterday are in a terrible condition. Half of them are rusty."

SALESMAN (indignantly): "Well, what if they are! You don't suppose we can manicure every nail we send out, do you?"

"Mummy, may I get married?"

"Why, dear?"

"Oh, just to amuse the children; they've never seen a wedding."

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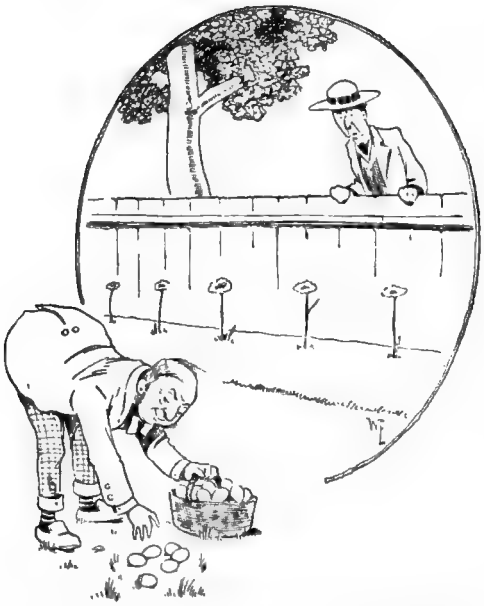

"Are you still troubled by your neighbour's chickens?" asked one man of another.

"Not a bit," was the answer. "They are kept shut up now."

"How did you manage it?"

"Why, every night I put a lot of eggs in the grass very carefully, and every morning, when my neighbour was looking, I went out and brought them in."

NEED FOR A CHANGE.

DINNIS (to assistant at country post-office): "It's toime we had a new postmaster."

ASSISTANT: "Why, Dinnis?"

DINNIS: "Begorra, I ain't had a letther in sivin months."

* * * * *

STOLEN PROPERTY.

You stole a glance at me beneath your lashes
When, quite by chance,
We met, and so reduced my heart to ashes—
You stole a glance.

Then, not content, as might have been expected,
With such a start,
Almost before the damage was detected,
You stole that heart!

So do you think, under the circumstances,
'Twould be amiss
If, having first returned some stolen glances,
I stole a kiss?

Then, having once secured this priceless treasure,
I'd not delay,
But, silently, for fear of your displeasure,
I'd steal away!

Ada Leonora Harris.

* * * * *

A DEFINITION.

"That's what I call hush money," remarked the father, when he put down the cash for a bottle of paregoric to take home for use in the infantile portion of the house.

GUARDIANS OF THE PEACE.

MRS. D'AVNOO (at front window): "Officer!"

POLICEMAN: "Yes, ma'am. What's wrong, ma'am?"

MRS. D'AVNOO: "Nothing's wrong; but I wish you'd step into the kitchen and tell the cook not to burn the meat as she did last night. I'm afraid to."

* * * * *

QUITE SO.

"A kiss, I'm told," said pretty Susie Brown,
"Is both a common and a proper noun."
"That's true," her lover said, "but you will find
It is a noun not easily declined."

* * * * *

NOT SURPRISING.

A YOUNG woman lately returned from America was talking to a friend about her experiences. If she is correctly reported, it must be admitted that a foreign tour is not of necessity a liberal education.

She was telling about the wonderful smoothness and pleasantness of the homeward voyage.

"It is a little surprising that you should have had clear weather and nothing else," remarked her friend, who felt obliged to say something.

"Not at all," answered the young lady, "I was told that the captain swept the horizon with his telescope the first thing every morning."

* * * * *

QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY.

DRAWING MASTER: "Now, boys, I want you to draw something out of your own heads."

SMALL BOY (handing master a hair): "Please, sir, will one hair do, 'cos it hurts to pull out many?"

* * * * *

NO OTHER INTRODUCTION NECESSARY.

"May I have the honour of this waltz?"

"But I don't think I have the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"Oh, yes; I trod on your foot about half-an-hour ago, and I heard you say you would remember me as long as you lived."

"O! course, they've put up a 'Danger' notice; but I guess the ice on this cake is thick enough to bear anything."

[CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf.]

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BREAKING IT GENTLY.

PETTED DAUGHTER: "Papa, what has come over you? I never had a wish you were not anxious to gratify, and you even anticipated my wants, and handed me money for all sorts of things I hadn't even thought of. But now I have to ask you for every penny I need, and now you growl and grumble, and ask if I think you are made of money, and you rail at woman's extravagance, and invariably ask me what on earth I did with the last cheque, or sovereign, or half-crown you gave me. Don't you love me any more?"

PAPA: "My darling. I love you as much as ever, but you are soon to be married, and I am trying gradually to prepare you for the change."

* * * * *

A SUPERFLUOUS QUESTION.

FIRST NURSE-GIRL: "So you've got a new place?"

SECOND NURSE-GIRL: "Yes."

FIRST NURSE-GIRL: "Do you like it?"

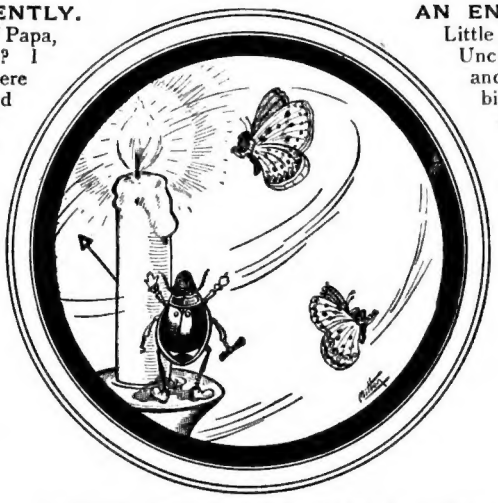
SECOND NURSE-GIRL: "Like it? Why, it is right in front of a police-station!"

* * * * *

COMMON TO BOTH PROFESSIONS.

Maudie's papa is night editor on a newspaper, a fact which Maudie apparently hasn't learnt; for when someone asked her a few days ago what her father did for a living, she replied:

"I div it up. I fink he's a burglar, 'tause he's out all night."



Policeman Beetle (to Moth Motorist): "Now then, we can't have any 'scorching' here!"

AN ENFANT TERRIBLE.

Little Claude has been told that Uncle John has a glass eye, and forgets that he has been bidden to say nothing about it.

"Will you lend me your eye for a little while, Uncle John? My other marble has rolled down a grating."

* * *

THE OTHER WAY ROUND.

Unlike its use in photography, the dark room in courting is mainly used for developing affirmatives.

* * *

COULDN'T DOUBT HIS WORD.

MR. PEDAGOGS: "Benny Bloobumper, how do you know that the moon is two hundred and forty thousand miles distant from the earth?"

BENNY (alarmed at the teacher's manner): "Y-Y-You said so yourself, sir."

* * * * *

MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

"What shall I play?" asked the organist of an absent-minded clergyman.

"What sort of a hand have you got?" was the unexpected reply.

* * * * *

AN ABBREVIATED PARTING.

"Well, Aunt Rachel," said the young lady in the travelling dress, "I shall have to bid you a long farewell."

"If you are going by this train, ma'am," said the guard, signalling to the driver to go ahead, "you'll have to make it pretty short."

IMPOSSIBLE.

MONTY: "Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?"

ZELIA: "But how could you expect me to love a perfect stranger?"

* * *

MARVELLOUS!

"I saw a goblet to-day made of bone."

"Pshaw! I saw a tumbler made of flesh and blood last night."

"Where?"

"At the circus."

Mistress of the House: "Whatever has possessed you to cut your hair short like that?"

Maria (a good-looking housemaid): "You see, ma'am, the regiment has been ordered to leave the town, and so I have had to part with a lock of my hair to one or two of my acquaintances."

SILLY FELLOWS.

RIFLEMAN (after repeated misses): "Hang it! If those fellows haven't gone and stuck up the target in the wrong place again."

* * *

A MATTER OF ECONOMY.

"But what earthly use is it to discover the North Pole, I can't see."

"It will save future expeditions."

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BEYOND ALL QUESTION.

MRS. BRYDEN: "And is this chair really an antique piece of furniture?"

MRS. SWOLLY: "Antique, madam? There's no doubt about it. Why, it was so wormeaten when I bought it that I had to have a new back, a new seat, and three new legs made for it."

* * * * *

"TRY IT ON THE DOG."

"Here's a box addressed to you," said the wife of a prominent man. "I don't think you'd better open it, though."

"What shall we do with it?"

"I'll tell you what; we'll take it out and get the servant to open it. She has lit the fire with paraffin three times this week, and I don't think that dynamite will hurt her."

* * * *

A COMPROMISE.

FACETIOUS FRIEND: "Well, have you and your wife yet settled as to who is to be the speaker of the house?"

YOUNG HUSBAND: "Not yet. We usually occupy the chair together."

* * * *

ONLY FAIR.

LITTLE BOY: "I want you to write me an excuse for being late at school yesterday."

JEWELLER: "Eh? You are not my son."

LITTLE BOY: "N-o, but mamma says I had plenty of time to get to school, so I suppose the clock you sold her doesn't go right."

* * * *

A MEAN REVENGE.

"I've got even with Blimmins at last," said the society reporter.

"How?"

"You know how jealous his wife is? Well, I have alluded to him as 'a great favourite among the ladies.'"

* * * *

SUITABLE TERMS.

OLD GENT (proposing the health of the happy pair at the wedding breakfast): "And as for the bridegroom, I can speak with still more confidence of him, for I was present at his christening, I was present at the banquet given in honour of his coming of age, I am present here to-day, and I trust I may be spared to be present at his funeral."

* * * * *

THEY DID.

MRS. BILLUS (after the company had gone): "Johnny, you shouldn't have eaten those preserved fruits. They were not intended to be eaten. They were put on the table to fill up."

JOHNNY BILLUS: "Well, that's what I used 'em for, mamma."

Superstitious people claim that death is sure to follow the howling of a dog. It depends a good deal, we should say, on the kind of whack one gets at the dog.

WHERE USE IS SECOND NATURE.

"How habits cling to a man," said Mr. Sniff "I hired an old ex-barber to trim my lawn the other day, and he asked me if I would have it shampooed also."

* * * * *

SURELY NOT.

MRS. O'BRIEN: "I come in ter borry yer new hat, Mrs. Mulligan."

MRS. MULLIGAN: "I was goin' ter wear it mesilf, Mrs. O'Brien."

MRS. O'BRIEN: "Och, would yer wear it out whin it looks so much loike rain?"

* * * *

NOT CASH DOWN.

THE CLUMSY MAN (coming from the ballroom): "How can I repay you for that waltz?"

SHE (whose train has suffered) "Oh, you don't pay me. Settl with my dressmaker."

* * * *

OBEDIENCE.

MRS. NAGGSBY (impatiently) "Nora, drop everything at once and come to me."

NORA: "Yes, ma'am."

MRS. NAGGSBY: "Now, what's the baby crying for?"

NORA: "'Cause I dropped him, mum."

* * * *

IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY.

LITTLE MABEL: "I don't like my new doll. It doesn't know a thing."

LITTLE MAUD: "What doesn't it know?"

LITTLE MABEL: "It can't stand up, nor sit down, nor hold its arms out, nor nothing."

LITTLE MAUD: "When did you get it?"

LITTLE MABEL: "Yesterday."

LITTLE MAUD: "Pretty mother you are, expecting a baby to act like a grown doll as soon as it's bought."

* * * *

THE WAY OUT.

"Oh, father, there's a hole in my shoe; give me the money to have it mended. The water runs in like a sieve."

"My son, you should always save money when you can. Just cut another hole, and the water will run out as fast as it comes in."

* * * * *

SOLICITOUS FOR HIS RELATIONS.

The following telegram was sent home by the member of a football team:

"Nose broken—which do you prefer, Greek or Roman. Telegraph answer before the doctor sets it."

[*CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf.*]

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CONFORMED TO THE STANDARD.

"So you've been unlucky with your servants. My plan is never to engage one who has not been at least two years in a previous situation."

"Well, the butler who robbed us had been five years in the same place before he came to us."

"Where was that?"

"Portland."

* * * * *

A SINGULAR IDEA.

They wandered down a country lane,
A maiden and her youthful swain
And then they wandered up again;
The scene was truly rural.
"I long to kiss you once," he sighed.
"How singular," the maid replied;
But when he'd kissed her, then she cried:
"I mean, how plural!"

S. M.

* * * * *

KINDLY CRITICISM.

At a concert recently, at the conclusion of a song, "There's a good time coming," a country farmer got up and said:

"Mister, you couldn't *fix* the date, could you?"

* * * * *

EASILY SATISFIED.

QUICKSON: "What exclusive and brilliant circle would you most like to enter?"

MAY (demurely): "An engagement ring just now."

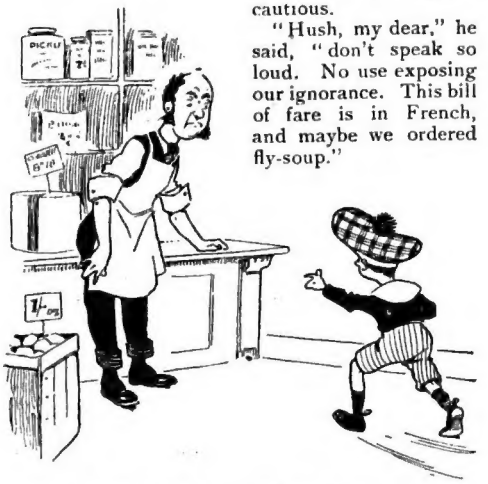
* * * * *

NEVER GIVE YOURSELF AWAY.

"O—o—o!" exclaimed Mrs. Parkins at a London restaurant. "There's a fly in this soup!"

Mr. Parkins has been about the world more than his wife, and has grown cautious.

"Hush, my dear," he said, "don't speak so loud. No use exposing our ignorance. This bill of fare is in French, and maybe we ordered fly-soup."



Boy (in great haste): "Me mudder sent me for some cheese. Got any what's good?"

Grocer (affably): "Yes, my lad; we've got some that I can recommend highly. It's made under our own direction at our own dairy from pure Devonshire cream, and is of exceptionally mild and pleasant flavour. About how much will you have?"

Boy: "Gimme 'nough ter bait a rat-trap with."

Voice from above: "Jackie, dear, what are you doing?"

Jackie: "Putting things away, mummy."

PART ONE.

The young man had not looked upon
The wine when it was red,
Nor had his mental balance gone;
Yet this is what he said:

"Come, amoret! To-day we can
On some agrestic lea
Taste love accrescent under an
Adiathermic tree.

"The season is æstival, and
The albespine in flower;
Why go to allophylian land
For apolaustic hour?

"Our anthomania we may
At leisure gratify,
The worst amercement we shall pay
Affusion from the sky"

He paused. The maiden, weeping, cried:
"Oh! is it sunstroke, sweet?"
"In twenty-three weeks," he replied,
"It ought to be complete.

"I've bought a dictionary, dear,
In weekly parts; to-day
The first appeared (oh, dry that tear!)
Comprising letter A."

V. H. Friedlaender.

* * * * *

POLITENESS ITSELF.

JUDGE: "You are acquitted."

PRISONER (to the jury): "Very sorry, gentlemen to have given you all this trouble for nothing."

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

Christmas Greetings and a Word or Two of Gossip.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

To all of you a Merry Christmas!

How time flies, to be sure! It seems only yesterday since I wished you all the compliments of the season, and as far as I can remember, in weather as unwintry as the present moment. For, as many of you no doubt know, a magazine goes to press a long while before its publication. To-day is the tenth of October—by to-day I mean the time at which I am writing—whilst you are reading this page and receiving my good wishes some time at the end of November or the beginning of December.

SOME DIFFICULTIES OF YOUR EDITOR.

This long period between going to press and publication, necessitated by the printing and elaborate get-up of the modern magazine, has its inconveniences. You can never publish an article on current events without the fear that it may be stale when it makes its appearance. A "scoop," or novelty, unless you are very secret about it, or buy it exclusively, is very apt to leak out in the daily or weekly Press before you come out with it yourself. And that, of course, robs it of half its value.

Some foolish editors, in order to be thoroughly up to date, have been known to publish special descriptions of events weeks before these occur. Naturally these misguided men select events which in all human probability are bound to take place at the time expected, and make their descriptions vague and general. But, alas! the best-made plans "aft gang agley." Just occasionally, it happens that these events don't come off. And then there's confusion in many an editorial camp.

King Edward's Coronation, for instance, was the downfall of many an "enterprising" editor—especially on the other side of the Atlantic, where quite half-a-dozen articles "from our own correspondent in England" appeared, describing in glowing language the gorgeous pageant which, as we all remember, was so tragically postponed. One journal outdid all its contemporaries in "enterprise." It actually published a detailed and rather carping criticism of the gala performance at the opera, which was to have taken place on the day of the coronation, but which, of course, was put off. I believe the operatic stars and authorities had something to say in the matter which was not quite to the liking of the magazine proprietors or the editor.

MR. MERTUN'S DETERMINATION.

Mr. R. Mertun, one of my readers, is evidently determined to see me. He sends me the following verses:

> The Editor I have not seen
> Who guides THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.
> I know not if he's young or old,
> Warm-hearted, or a trifle cold,
> Or tall or short, or stout or lean . . .
>
> I picture him alert and keen,
> With brain untired, with brow serene—
> How thick the clouds that now enfold
> The Editor.
>
> But, still, you know, I firmly mean
> To see him (lawful hours between)
> Some day, when I'm a bit more bold! . . .
> (Fate intervening) I'll behold
> And penetrate the walls that screen
> The Editor.

But really, my dear Mr. Mertun, I assure you I'm not nearly so well worth seeing or so hard to get a sight of as you seem to imagine. You've only got to call at this address any day, and I shall be delighted to shake your hand.

The editor who closets himself in what the comic papers call his sanctum, and is only approached by prayer and fasting, is a personage of the past or survives only in the works of lady novelists. To-day one of our most important duties is to see all sorts and conditions of men and find out through personal intercourse whether they may prove useful to our purposes or not.

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